THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated W
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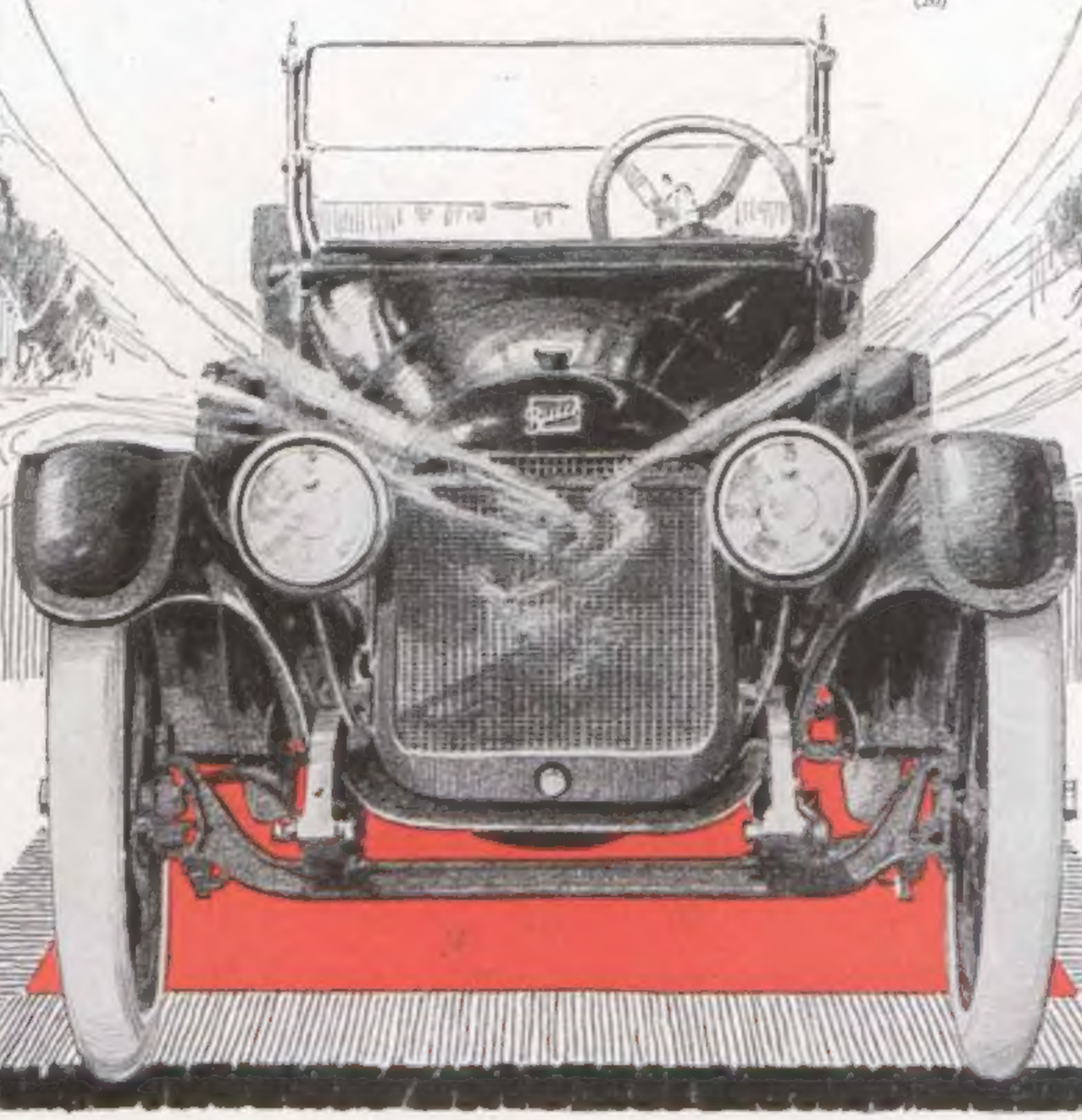

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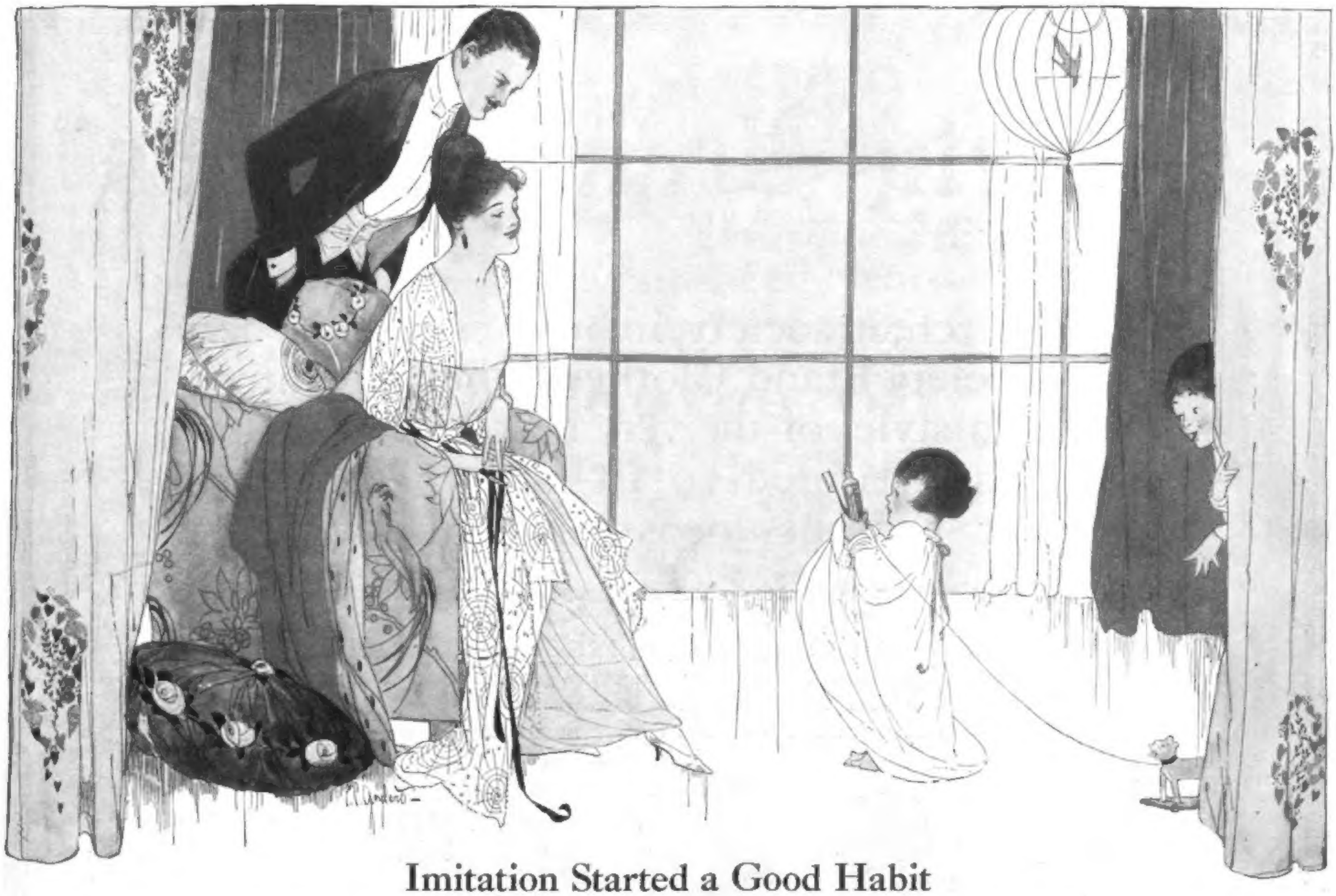

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THE BEGGAR'S PURSE

A Fairy Tale of Familiar Finance

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

EVAN TENNER was a man who pursued his way through life by fixed habits. He lived in Philadelphia. That was one of the habits. He ate regularly, slept regularly, rose regularly, worked regularly and went to the club regularly; all this within the limits of a very comfortable income. He never overstrained this income. That's what kept it so comfortable. It also kept E. Van Tenner comfortable. They were very comfortable together, which is fortunate, as there were only the two of them to look after each other. That is to say, E. Van Tenner was a bachelor. As to his age, face, form and apparel, the illustrator may, if he will, apprise you. Not I. They have no essential bearing upon this, my tale, which is no love story, for love and E. Van Tenner were strangers.

But though love had passed him by, war came home to him, touching him with intimate shock upon the income and then upon his habits; but this he endured, not without discomposure, indeed, but without resentment, for one of his best habits was to be honestly and thoroughly patriotic. In sundry phases war came to him; but the particular phase which, at the time of the beginning of this chronicle, interrupted him in the task of figuring up personal accounts wore white whiskers and an ingratiating expression and was a professional beggar, not for pay but for patriotism.

The professional and patriotic beggar fixed E. Van Tenner with a bright and amiable eye and said—that is, he would have said if E. Van Tenner hadn't first said:

"No." And then repeated it with level and considered firmness: "No. No. No."

"But ——" began the professional beggar.

"I subscribed liberally to the first Liberty Loan."

"I know. But ——"

"More liberally to the second Liberty Loan."

"Exactly. Nevertheless ——"

"As for War Savings Stamps—I see them in your glittering eyes—I know all the arguments ——"

"Except one," interrupted the beggar.

"Quite useless," said E. Van Tenner firmly. "However, proceed!"

"My argument," said the beggar, "is based upon the word 'savings'. War *Savings* Stamps. I propose that you shall start modestly with one of these stamps, purchased out of what you save on current expenses without giving up anything that you need or want or aren't better off without."

"I've Learned That Every Time I Spend a Dollar I Spend an Extra Quarter for Vanity and a Dime for Timidity"

"That," commented E. Van Tenner, smiling, "suggests magic."

"Magic, pure, deep and white," confirmed the beggar promptly. "What are your plans for to-day?"

"A trip on business to New York."

"Good! How long?"

"Twenty-four hours," said the precise E. Van Tenner.

"Do you carry a pocketbook—or your money loose?"

"Loose."

"Take this purse. It calls for but one condition: That you keep all your money—bills and change—in it and spend only from it. If this is faithfully done, within twenty-four hours you will have saved enough to buy one—no, two stamps; which at the present price will come to eight dollars and twenty-eight cents."

To E. Van Tenner's skeptical eye the purse placed in his hand seemed an ordinary-enough affair—a cheap, flattish wallet, without distinguishing mark until he opened it and found, set into the flap, a celluloid tablet flanked by a small pencil. Across the top of the tablet ran the legend "What's the good?"

"A colloquial expression of the philosophy of indifference," observed E. Van Tenner with a smile.

"On the contrary," retorted the beggar, "it is a serious and profound inquiry into first causes. The magic inheres in it. Understand, now: You are not to scrimp and scrooge at all. Parsimony by people who can afford to spend does harm, not good. And this magic, being white magic, works only for good. But if you undertake to remove money from that purse for any purely wasteful purpose the magic will be loosed; and you shall see what you shall see—or, more accurately, feel what you shall feel."

"The purse will stir in my pocket, I suppose," laughed E. Van Tenner.

"Much deeper," replied the beggar gravely. "In your conscience."

"I accept your challenge," said the other. He emptied his pockets and deposited all his money under the guardianship of the inquiry "What's the good?"

"To start from the moment when I leave my office for the train."

"I shall expect to hear from you on your return," replied the beggar, and vanished by the magical process of stepping into a bewitched compartment which, at the touch of a brass-buttoned wizard's hand upon a lever, dropped harmlessly down a frightful chasm and disgorged him unharmed upon the street.

On the punctual fifteen minutes before train time E. Van Tenner picked up his small, light traveling bag and walked the two blocks to the station. There he was met by an obsequious porter to whom he mechanically surrendered the insignificant burden. Instinctively he felt in his change pocket to see whether he had any silver. None. Nor in his trousers pocket. Why, what had he —— Oh, of course. The beggar's purse, in his breast pocket. He reached in for it and the purse bit him. At least that was his first startled thought, so queer and unpleasant a thrill ran up his finger. Then it was the porter's turn to be startled, for E. Van Tenner, retrieving his luggage, addressed to him a positive monosyllable: "None."

"Wha'—wha' that you say, suh?"

"Didn't you just ask me 'What's the good?'"

"Me? Lawd! No, suh!"

"Well, somebody did," asserted E. Van Tenner, vague but emphatic. "I'll carry my own bag, thank you."

"Ghos'es! He's hearin' ghos'es," surmised the alarmed African, staring after his escaped patron as that haunted gentleman made his way to the Pullman window.

Here he again felt for the wallet. Though there was no shock this time it seemed to come forth reluctantly, and the magic phrase as it met his eyes took on a quality of insistence.

"Well, what is the good?" repeated E. Van Tenner.

"Beg your pardon?" said the astonished agent from his window.

"I—that is to say—have you a chair for New York on this train?"

"Just one left, sir."

"Keep it!" the horrified Van Tenner heard himself say. Or was it himself that had said it? At any rate he was ten paces from the window on his way to a day coach before he recovered. Not until then did it occur to him that on his last trip the parlor car had been so hot and stuffy as to leave him with a headache all day. Perhaps he would be just as well off in a day coach; even better, possibly. He found a seat, disposed himself in it and essayed to return the beggar's purse to his pocket. It resisted. Its reluctance was quite uncanny until E. Van Tenner observed that in some way the pencil had got afoul of the pocket flap.

"Oh, that's it!" said he, enlightened, and proceeded to make the following entries of cash saved, on the magic tablet:

Station porter	$0.15
Parlor car	.55
Pullman porter	.25

Hardly had he settled in his place when he heard a familiar voice behind him. He turned. It was Welland, a near neighbor to his apartment. Welland was in the automobile business, from which he was reputed to draw from twenty-five to thirty thousand dollars a year in commissions. It was a surprise to E. Van Tenner to find so glossily prosperous a person, with a reputation as a free spender, in the day coach. He mentioned his surprise.

"War, my dear sir, war," said Welland. "This nation is at war. I haven't ridden in a parlor car since last summer."

"Economy?"

"Principle."

"I see no principle involved except economy."

"Don't you? The fewer heavy parlor cars the less demand on coal and rolling stock. Here I am, unable to get my normal supply of automobiles from the factory, because the railroads can't handle them. And, mind you, they're a necessity. They relieve the strain of suburban railway traffic. Men in every other line of necessary business are up against the same thing. So I'm doing my part to relieve the situation by riding in a light day coach, which seats a hundred or so passengers instead of a heavy Pullman, which seats maybe forty."

E. Van Tenner glowed inwardly with self-satisfaction in that he had taken the unaccustomed and plebeian coach. He felt sure that the beggar's purse would warmly approve of Welland. When that gentleman, on his suggestion, moved forward to share his seat he anticipated a pleasanter journey than he would have enjoyed in the parlor car. On the outskirts of the city the train was halted for a minute. Welland pointed out of the window to a great mass of scrap iron which was being pulled apart and loaded on flat cars by a busy gang of workers. To his astonishment he perceived that the workers were women.

"You see that," said his companion. "Why do you think they put women on such rough work?"

"Because they can be had for lower wages, I suppose."

"Not at all. They're getting men's pay; have been for months. I saw the advertisements in the papers, offering it. No, sir! It's because the railroad can't find men enough. Yet back in the parlor car there's a husky roustabout picking up towels and flicking dust off chair backs for tips, while those women hustle iron. He gets none of my money!"

The trip to New York was exceptionally brief, E. Van Tenner thought. At the terminus two Red-Caps swooped upon Welland and himself, only to be repelled in disorder.

"As long as women handle bulk metal I guess I can carry my own suit case," observed Welland, stepping easily along under the burden of a week-end trunk. "You've no idea how much good muscle one puts on, juggling weights like this. Regular traveling gymnasium. Well; here's where I leave you."

Bidding his companion good-by E. Van Tenner committed the following entry to his celluloid:

Red-Cap	$0.15

He made his way to the outer air, where a waiting chorus celebrated his arrival by bursting, full-throated, into song:

"Taxi! Taxi! Taxi, sir! Taxi t'yer hotel. Here y'are, taxi!" The familiar sounds led him unthinkingly to the nearest cab, operated by a youthful bruiser with the arms of an ape and the jaw of an alligator.

"Where to?" he growled.

E. Van Tenner laid a hand on his purse, drew it forth and ——

"What's the good?" it demanded in black and authoritative print.

"How much to the Hotel Von Gorder?"

"'Bout forty cents," returned the tough, as one disdaining such petty considerations.

"Thank you," returned E. Van Tenner politely, and entered the amount on his tablet. "I'll walk."

"Walk!" bellowed the outraged chauffeur. "Whaddaya tryin' to do—kid me?"

The protrusive jaw was thrust up under E. Van Tenner's retiring nose.

The small, greenish eyes bored into his. "Yuh took me," snarled their owner. "Now gid in!"

Ordinarily a pacifist in all personal relations E. Van Tenner would, unsupported by ulterior influences, have meekly obeyed rather than risk a verbal or possibly physical encounter. But magic is magic and will carry him whom it upholds by its might through the imminent deadly breach even to the cabby's mouth. Something tingled upward from the hand that held the beggar's purse; something that snapped back E. Van Tenner's spare shoulders to a springy squareness and fired his brain and nerved his voice; and with unutterable surprise he heard himself speak in tones that were more than peremptory, that had the flick and sting of a military command:

"Where is your draft registration card?"

The red and savage face turned pallid and receded. The gorilla frame drooped away, then gathered itself and sprang—not upon E. Van Tenner but upon the driver's seat of the taxi, which straightway departed with snorts of pain and terror.

"Never Mind That Call," Said the Perturbed E. Van Tenner. "I'll— I'll Write"

"Well, well!" thought E. Van Tenner, inexpressibly shocked at his new self. "In another moment I should have hit that fellow upon the nose. I am sure that I should."

A wild, infuriated yell from the motorman of a cable car, which the routed taxi had missed by a scant inch, drew E. Van Tenner's eyes to the legend on the car, which, he perceived, ran within one block of his hotel. To save time he jumped aboard, and reached his destination as quickly as he would have done in the taxicab. On the way he corrected his entry by deducting five cents for fare; then on reflection added fifteen cents as the probable tip to the chauffeur, this representing the sheer blackmail of the dread of being considered a short sport. At the journey's end his account read:

Station porter	$0.15
Parlor car	.55
Pullman porter	.25
Red-Cap	.15
Cable car vs. taxi	.35
Chauffeur's blackmail	.15

Making a promising total of $1.60 already. E. Van Tenner perceived that instead of by a beggar he had been visited by one who was perhaps a prophet. The last item in the account particularly pleased the accountant. He began to suspect that much of the change that he systematically dribbled out was simply the blackmail paid by vanity to extortion. At once he was to meet with a double verification of this. At the hotel desk he asked for room with bath.

"Something about five dollars, Mister—er—er?" inquired the official behind the register.

"Yes," assented E. Van Tenner, and instantly felt a pang in the purse. "That is—ah—haven't you—er—anything for four dollars?"

"Oh, yes; we have some as low as that," returned the clerk superciliously; "if ——"

He left unfinished a conditional clause that obviously was designed to conclude—"you don't feel that you can afford a good room."

So frail was E. Van Tenner's humanity—let him that is without vanity cast the first stone—that he hesitated. He didn't dare take out the beggar's purse and look it in the face. But, then, neither did he dare look the supercilious hotel clerk in the face; that is, until ——

"Reservation for J. Q. Smith; room and bath, three dollars," said a brisk newcomer at his side; and another clerk answered promptly: "Yes, Mr. Smith; Room 1118."

"I'll take the four-dollar room," said E. Van Tenner firmly; and the clerk, whose supercilious expression was worth thousands per year to the hotel, admitted defeat for once and said: "Very well; will you go up now?"

No; he decided that he would lunch at once; but first he would wash up. In the washroom he was beset by a human bluebottle who buzzed round him with a futile and superfluous whisk broom, despite his protests, and all but blocked his way when he sought an egress without paying for it in the form of a tip. But the spirit in the purse was having its way with E. Van Tenner now, and an inspired inquiry as to whether the brush brigand was of military age removed him from the path.

The next obstacle was more formidable. The door of the café was guarded by two young and unbeautiful descendants of the horseleech's daughters. Always before he had contributed automatically in response to their unspoken "Give! Give!" though he knew that he was only enriching some unknown capitalist in the background who rented this particular blackmailing privilege from the hotel for eight thousand dollars per year. But—what would the fearsome beggar's purse say or do should he attempt to extract the minimum of ten cents to protect him from their cackle of disdain? Fortified as he was he could now face the contempt of man but not of these befrizzled Amazons. Yet to pass them while retaining possession of hat and coat was impossible. Already their grasping hands were extended for his apparel. E. Van Tenner turned and fled.

Do not assume, however, that his retreat was caused by cowardice alone. Ingenuity, doubtless instigated by the beggar's purse, is entitled to half credit. E. Van Tenner took the elevator—free—to his room and hung his hat and coat—gratis—in the clothes press. The room, he noted with satisfaction, was precisely the same as the five-dollar variety except that it was a few floors higher. He entered one dollar saved on room, ten cents each on washroom and coat check; and descending passed, unarmored but unscathed, the gantlet of the disarmed horseleech's great-granddaughters. Already his total was two dollars and eighty cents. Good progress toward one stamp!

Upon his return to the room to resume his cast-off garments some indefinite discomfort in the region of his left big toe attracted E. Van Tenner's unfavorable notice. Could the magic wallet have established connections in that quarter? It seemed highly improbable. Investigation supplied a simpler reason—a large hole yawned in his sock. A block distant was a high-class department store. Thither he made his way, and was presently applying a rather exigent taste in hosiery to the consideration of some chastely fancy designs in striped silk. Three dollars was about his usual price. But, came the chilling thought, what would the purse say or do? Tentatively he drew it forth. It made no protest. The legend "What's the good?" had lost its accusing aspect.

"After all," reflected E. Van Tenner, "the beggar said that I wasn't to scrimp myself." Then to the clerk: "I'll take this pair."

Still maintaining strict neutrality the wallet gave of its wealth. He returned it to his breast pocket.

"Will you take them with you, sir?" asked the salesman.

"No. Send them to —— Ouch!"

"To where?" The man lifted startled eyes above a poised pencil.

"I'll have them sent to the —— Ugh!"

It was most astounding! The magic purse, quiescent during the deal, was now catching at his breath like an ice-water douche over the heart. Had it gone back on the bargain? Must he give up those chaste yet sprightly socks? Not without a struggle.

"Could you deliver them this afternoon?"

"We could if it isn't too far."

(Continued on Page 34)

AFTER DARK

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

The Flute Player Suddenly Turned Into the Doorway of a Whitewashed House and Disappeared Without Looking Back

IT HAPPENED while Dan Towers was acting as the Maharaja's financial agent at Mayaganj, awaiting the arrival of his friend Caltrop's "relief." Caltrop, the real financial agent, was on the high seas going home; the relief made no sign of arriving; the Maharaja, a rich landholder who had acquired that title by courtesy, remained unseen in his weary palace, or was asleep, or gone a journey, like Baal. And as for Dan's only friend in the village—Hury Seke, the lordling's spiritual adviser—that little fanatic had gone south to confound, overthrow and render God-fearing a missionary who was thought to have dabbled in real estate and grown too earthly and prosperous. The only visitors were candidates, native petitioners besieging the veranda, asking for posts of dignity with His Honor at His Honor's highest rate of pay and *pinshan*. So Daniel, being alone, found the days heavy, and so he employed a pundit to teach him "high-class" language. The low he already knew. Dan was no Pentecostal Brother, but worked hard for what gift of tongues he could get.

Every morning Bishambar Nāth, pundit, climbed the veranda stairs and with a clatter left outside the door his big brown-leather sandals, turned up at the toes like a pair of swan boats. Then he entered, salaaming, climbed into a chair like one who hated chairs, sat waiting to recover breath, and began to chatter. He was no *munshi* of the "allowance" type, but virtuous and antique. A turbaned, spectacled, chubby sage, oily and dark, he always chewed a mouthful of ginger or cardamoms and blew their hot apothecary flavor about the room in long sighs. His bare feet could not reach the floor, gray hairs curled from his nostrils and ears, and droppings of ghee were on his scarf.

After taking up a few knotty points of grammar, round which he twisted a greater nodosity, and after swinging his brown legs till their cadence had nearly put Dan to sleep, Bishambar Nāth dropped into poetry or narrative, and with an air of grandfatherly friendship began some such tale as that of Balmik the Robber, which had no connection with grammar or anything else on earth.

"This Balmik," droned the pundit, "was born at the latter end of the golden age, by Your Honor's permission, and was left an orphan. As to whether he had other relatives the learned disagree, but if so doubtless they ignored him, for Balmik was a very wicked child and utterly reprobate, as you shall see. At five years old he joined some Bhil highwaymen, with bow and arrows to infest the road, this evil babe, quite naked; and so went from bad to worse until he was a grown man."

Here Bishambar Nāth made a solemn rhetorical pause.

"There's nothing worse than a man, then, father?" inquired Dan, the sleepyhead.

"No," replied his teacher, quite sincerely, and crammed in a fresh chew of cardamoms.

"One day, therefore, on the road, the great Seven Saints overtook him.

"'Money or life!' said Balmik, bending his bow most wrongfully.

"'What? You, a Brahmin,' quoth the Seven Saints, 'to rob and murder on the road? Why this degradation, brother? Why do you evil?'

"'My wife and children starve on yonder hill.' So Balmik. 'I rob or they perish for food.'

"The Seven considered this in its fullness. 'Go ask wife and children,' said the Seven then, 'whether they would not rather perish than eat of bloodshed.'

"'It is a trick!' cries Balmik, who was very clever. The word 'clever,' Your Honor, is employed in a bad sense. 'You would run away meanwhile.'

"'We promise by the name of God to remain here.'

"So then goes Balmik up the hill to ask of his family, and returns.

"'You speak true,' says he. 'I perceive you are the Seven Wise Men. My wife called me hind heels of a goat. It is better to be dead.'

"'Therefore be so!' replied the Seven. 'But tarry thou till we come, and repeat ever aloud the word "*Mara, mara, mara*," which is to say "Dead, dead, dead." And at the end shall men behold a wonder in this place.'

"For twelve thousand years Balmik Robber stood by the road and called the word '*Mara, mara, mara*,' till it changed subtilely into 'Ram, Ram, Ram,' a name of the Most High. Nothing remained of Balmik but his bones upright, and those the ants covered with a hill of two-colored sand. When that way the Seven returned they paused and spoke, and lo, from the ant hill burst a form shining like the sun above a dust cloud, praising God with the same unending voice. So gat he his name Balmik, which signifies born of an ant hill."

In the middle of this or some other legend the fat pundit might drowse off and snore, with his worthy old eyes half open; but he always woke and continued, telling more yarns, that seemed longer than Balmik's penance. Dan usually put an end to them by delivering his professor into the cook's hands for mysterious refreshment behind the scene of our white man's world.

So things went on at Mayaganj, and every day it was a great bore, until one day when Bishambar the pundit was in full swing of legs and talk, and when the bungalow steamed in a heaviness like wet wool, suddenly from outdoors a high voice called:

"O she-ass of the potter, what have you to do with Ram?"

This proverbial saying, which might have been addressed to any of us, gave Dan's teacher great offense. His face changed color. He clambered down from his chair and waddled into the veranda, sputtering some feeble scholarly retort. The compound, garden and shrubbery were deserted, except for the punkah puller's family camping behind a gold-mohur tree; and they were all asleep, though Dan had been shouting "Punkah!" every ten minutes.

"A rude person trespassed in Your Honor's garden," said Bishambar Nāth, returning. He wore a look of dismay, like a man who had been shocked. The end of his lesson that afternoon seemed less coherent even than the beginning.

"I shall complain of that person," he declared while he shuffled into his brown sandals. "To shout coarse words in Your Honor's garden!"

Next day, while the pundit chewed and exhaled mythology along with hot-spice odors, he was fetched up in alarm by the same rude voice without.

"The donkey would not speak," it proclaimed, like a street call. "No; not to save his hide from the tanner. Behold, this is the second warning!"

Dan saw with surprise that his teacher began to tremble. The old gentleman glanced toward windows and doors, then went on expounding nervously and made a muddle of his grammar. Soon afterward he refused all kitchen comforts and took leave abruptly.

"If you will pay me now, Sahib," he faltered, "I shall be able to make a journey. My brother-in-law's married cousin lies sick unto death at Madaripur, whither I must go to-morrow and nourish her children. So our course of learning must pause, like a plow in the furrow."

Dan, asking no questions, paid. The oily sage did not appear again. Dan missed him; for his departure left a gap in the day, a yawning gap in the heat, when there was nothing to do but sleep or fail to sleep, think or become weary of thought, smoke or discover that tobacco was vanity. Towers was the only white man in that village. The Maharaja maintained his sullen privacy; the new agent wrote more apologies for delay; and Dan, having filed Caltrop's papers to the last scrap, remained there marking time, as it seemed his fate to do always, in a job which had no relish of action.

Dan thought he had never undergone such peaceful and wearisome days; no, not even under this brain-drugging sun of the tropics.

II

AFTER dark that evening he sat at his dinner table alone. The white-frilled punkah drew back and forth across his head, across the damp white cloth, making no coolness, but bullying the flame of the candles regularly so that they guttered blue and burned up again in their glass globes.

"If I had somebody to talk to," thought Dan, "maybe I could peck at this fodder."

There was not a soul. Even the servants had left the room. All that weary village by its river of mud lay still except for a drum beating on board some jute dinghy in the *kul*—a wooden rub-a-dub like an excited pulse—where paid-off coolies were holding a nautch with lady dancers.

"Hard work even to eat," said Dan.

He had dipped his spoon into a brown-water soup when something fell lightly among the candles.

Dan looked at it and picked it up. It was a beetle about as large as a June bug, with legs drawn together, dead.

"He died easy," thought Dan, pitching it out at the nearest window. "Knocked his head on the punkah boom, I suppose."

Insects at table were nothing new, and Dan would never have remembered this one if, as he made ready once more to eat, some other small object had not fallen with a thump at his right hand.

"Hello!" said Dan.

The body of a small lizard, a gecko, lay with its tail across the point of his knife. The gecko, like the beetle, was dead.

"That's funny. Two things running."

He had hardly tossed the lizard outdoors and taken his soup spoon again when a little white bundle sailed over his head, dropped and rolled silently along the floor.

Dan rose, went after it, stooped, and brought up into the changing candlelight—a dead jungle bird. It resembled a white egret, but had died not at all recently, and lacked many feathers.

"Three dead things," said Dan. "That ain't natural. That's artificial."

Still holding the bird, Mr. Towers walked forth into his veranda. The outer night was clear and full of stars. Halfway down the compound toward the road, under their gold-mohur tree, gleamed the small red camp fire of the punkah wallah's family. From beyond them came the hollow sensual thump of the coolies' drum, beating out the measure of an unwholesome dance. Everywhere else lay darkness and silence. Dan placed the egret's body on his veranda rail and stood listening, watching, considering.

"Chucked in," he told himself—"chucked in from the left, through that window; three dead things. The language of flowers, eh? Three things chucked in, and all dead."

He went quietly downstairs to the lawn and, turning toward the left, made for the nearest bit of cover in that direction. Against the starlight reared a pattern of black leaves tipped like swallows' wings—a rattan clump spreading high from a black wall of crotons. As Dan approached this foliage a voice spoke from behind it.

"Bishambar Nāth, the pundit, never talked to you," it said in good English.

"Think so?" replied Dan, halting. "He never did anything else." Behind the rattan stalks a white form appeared to move slightly. It laughed.

"But not," replied the voice there, "what I told him to say. Did Bishambar Nāth tell you the main thing, Mr. Towers—that you were to die to-night? Did he give you my letters?"

Dan suddenly found his life more interesting now than by daylight.

"What does that mean?" he asked. "No. Who are you?"

"Go back to your dinner, Mr. Towers, please, but eat nothing. Poison in the food for you to-night. You don't believe me? When the khansamah is not looking, put your curry into this bag."

Something like a small deflated football was tossed into Dan's arms, which caught it mechanically. It seemed to be a leather pouch.

"If you'll bring that to me later with your curry in it, I'll show you. The cook's new boy was bought over. Come when you hear me play on my mango stone. Really, truly, Mr. Towers, it's life and death. Do as I beg! Eat nothing, pretend to eat, and come here again when I play the Song of Sesame. *Au revoir.*"

The white shape flitted away behind the rattan clump and vanished in a gap of the hedge.

Dan went after it, but in vain. Voice and figure were gone quickly.

So was the last of Dan's appetite; but he did not mind that trifle, for the threat or warning left him consumed with curiosity to know what was going forward. He returned to Caltrop's bungalow.

When his gray-bearded khansamah brought in the curried goat's flesh and solemnly removed the untasted soup, Dan sat under his punkah in his chair as though he had never left them. With a ritual air the old man took a sort of silver-plated egg cup, and from the *burrah* end measured a peg of Scotch; then sedately withdrew when Dan waved him out of the room. Whatever might be going forward, this butler was blameless.

"The fellow used French, too, outside there!" Dan thought. "In this up-country mudhole!" He examined the leather pouch in his lap, and found it a greasy old native affair, quite empty.

"Let's play out the play," said Dan to himself.

Like Jack the Giant Killer feasting with the Welsh ogre, Dan held the bag open at the table's edge, and with fork and spoon shoveled his curry into it. After a reasonable time he rose, as one having dined, and carried into the veranda his glass of drink, which he poured quietly over the rail into a border of arrowroot leaves. Then he stood waiting and listening.

The night was all stars and mildness. Nothing moved but a shadow or two now and then, bending over the embers of the family camp fire in the middle distance. The evil dancers' drum had ceased. The world was very quiet, though full of that vague sleeplessness which hums in the Eastern night; and thus it remained so long that Towers began to doubt what he had heard and seen, and to feel rather silly.

"If it was a trick," he thought, "what's the point?"

Moments passed. Then from the darkness on his left Dan heard low music, thin and liquid—the sound as of a native flute. It played an old love song, The Lament of the Seed of Sesame. Dan knew the words of that air:

I was a seed of sesame,
They crushed me in the mill.
My body gave they to be ground,
And I, against my will,
Endured the pang of destiny.
But now, but now I burn!
Listen, O Lover, Moth!
Listen, O Moth, and turn,
Fly to my flame in the Lamp.
I burn!

Towers took his pudding bag by the neck, chose the heaviest walking stick from Caltrop's rack inside the door and went down toward the wailing signal.

III

AS HE drew near the gap in the hedge the fluting stopped. A voice, the same he had heard before, spoke quietly: "Keep me in sight, but don't try to overtake me till I go indoors. Then come."

"A Rude Person Trespassed in Your Honor's Garden," Said Bishambar Nāth

With that, the music began again and moved slowly toward the right, a pastoral melody departing in darkness behind the hedge. Brushing through the gap Dan followed it down a narrow lane which, overhung with trees and lofty tiger grass, led like a tunnel to starlight on the open road. Round the corner of Caltrop's front hedge, to the right again, along the road toward the town, a lover's complaint advanced and Dan followed. Gradually, as though tired, the Song of Sesame came to an end; but Towers could now discern the flute player himself, a slender white wraith loitering down the shadowy-floored corridor of black pipal boughs. He kept this wraith in sight at about thirty yards.

So, like a pair of nightwalkers taking by chance the same direction, they rambled along the dark water of the creek, approached the village, and came into its only thoroughfare—a lane of mud hovels and pillared shop caverns, lighted here and there by dull saffron lamps. A crowd wandered as always through the narrow street, to chaffer and gossip, lackadaisical, like creatures in a dream.

"Where's he taking me?" thought Dan.

He could now see the flute player clearly—a slender youth in white, who walked lazily, but with a spring in his brown ankles and calves, and who seemed to enjoy watching the shops.

"What's his game?"

The young native suddenly turned into the doorway of a whitewashed house and disappeared without looking back.

Dan thought he must have followed the wrong man; but a mixture of curiosity and prudence made him walk past the house, turn, wander back and then try the door.

Before he could knock, it swung open and shut rapidly; but between opening and shutting Dan was plucked indoors by the sleeve and stood in darkness.

"Well done, Mr. Towers!" murmured the voice of his garden visitor. It was a pleased and friendly voice. "Afraid you might think this all poppycock and refuse to come. Beg your pardon for the melodrama, and so on. Let's go up above."

The speaker struck a match and began to climb by its light a steep flight of narrow-treaded stairs built for bare feet. Dan, with bag and stick, stumbled up them after a white-gowned figure that mounted like a goat.

"Here we are in privacy."

They entered an upper room, limewashed, fairly clean, and bare except for an oil lamp burning on the floor, a brass bowl, and in one corner a glossy black-leather box or chest.

"Sit down, won't you, and have a smoke?"

He who said this, offering a cigarette and motioning Dan politely to a seat on the leather-covered chest, was a young man with a bold, thin-modeled, pale-brown face and dark eyes. It seemed to be a familiar face, but such as one might have picked out from a crowd and forgotten. Having lighted Dan's cigarette and another for himself he squatted, knees under armpits, blew out a long mouthful of smoke over the lamp chimney, and waited, looking upward keenly.

"Well?" Dan remarked. "There's a cat tied to this camel's neck, ain't there?"

The squatting youngster laughed.

"You mean a nigger in the woodpile?" he asked.

Dan, the American, looked at him sharply.

"Where did you learn our slang?"

The youngster laid on the floor his flute—a mango stone brown-polished by handling, and drilled with mouthpiece and finger holes like an ocarina.

"Where did you learn ours?" he retorted. "Not from your pundit, I'll wager a pony. Mr. Towers, do you understand, I like you very much?"

Dan grinned. "For a total stranger you're mighty kind to say so. Who are you anyhow, hurling garbage on dinner tables and using French?"

The turbaned face reflected his grin cheerfully.

"Oh, that? Born on French soil, I was, at Chandernagor. My real name's—— No; to-night you'd better stick to Runa. Call me Runa, please, as you did while I was pestering you for a job."

Dan stared.

"I take it all back, Runa," he said. "You're not a stranger. But what the dickens!" He recalled this fine bronze face now as that of a candidate among the many babbling ones who had besieged his veranda day after day. "Look here! If you knew I was to be poisoned why didn't you tip me off earlier?"

Young Runa took the question lightly.

"Wasn't certain till to-night. Besides, I never caught you alone," he answered. "The others outwaited me, outsat me, and gave us no chance to talk. I did send three or four notes by your blessed pundit, who simply took them for rival applications and burked 'em. The pundit had a nephew among us candidates."

Dan, laughing, rose to his feet.

"You're a good one," said he. "Your show to-night was ingenious, funny, and all that. I enjoyed it. But honest to Allah and what's-name, I couldn't give you or anybody a job. I'm only a stop-gap here, and never so much as see your Maharaja. Thanks for the fun, and good night."

Runa, squatting, blew from his nostrils another fork of smoke and waved one hand persuasively.

"Do sit down again, Mr. Towers," he counseled. "Wait a bit. You cursed me out for garbage on your table. I was desperate to-night. Awfully busy. Had no other means. Just pitch me that leather bag of mine."

Towers remained standing, but gave him the bag. Runa untied it, emptied a mess of spoilt victuals into the brass bowl, moved the bowl closer to his lamp and took out a handful of greasy rice, which he looked at sharper than a watchmaker, then smelt of, then tasted. He spat out his taste on the floor.

"Powdered glass," he grumbled, "and arsenic, *tu parles!* Pretty crude. Try it yourself."

Dan picked up a few grains of the curry and tried them. Somewhat gritty in the mouth, somewhat bitter, and flavored with the leather insides of the pouch, they were still not much worse than the general run of food nowadays. Not this test but the look in Runa's brown eyes meanwhile convinced him that the stuff was deadly.

"What about it?" He sat down and waited. "I believe you, old chap. But who'd be after my life, which ain't worth their trouble? After me, a transient, a casual and a sojourner in the land, your great land of mud? Come, out with it, Runa, who'd want my life? No nonsense! Who wanted it?"

Runa grinned, as though he approved this way of taking the affair.

"Oh, Mr. Towers," he cried, "I like you better all the time. Your head never rolled on a billiard table."

Then he became serious.

"It was the Widow Cuckoo-Tongue," said he. "Your cook's boy, the new one just hired, accepted her money to do it for her. The Widow Cuckoo-Tongue."

"Who? What the divil is she?" inquired Towers.

Runa meditated how he should answer; then, an idea seizing him, he clapped his white-robed thighs and crowed like a cock.

"*Ahé!* My hat! Now we're coming to it!" he cried, laughing. "Want to see her? Are you game to call on the widow?" The shadow of his turban crossed, up and down, a wall of the whitewashed room as he rocked on his haunches with merriment. His brown face gleamed happy in the lamplight.

"I'm game," said Mr. Towers. "But who's the lady? Who's your Widow Cuckoo-Tongue?"

Runa hugged himself round the knees and rocked again.

"That's it. She has murdered you," he replied. "You're dead. We shall get a lark out of this mud pie! Now listen! She has killed you, and you'll make love to her the very same night!"

Dan got off the black-leather box again uneasily. He did not like the part assigned to him; yet to judge from his friend's delight there seemed to be fun ahead.

"Well, on with the dance!" quoth Towers. "Don't expect too much of me though. No heavy work in this love-making pidgin, boy."

"Much?" said Runa, still laughing over his lamp on the floor. "Much? No. You to her? Nothing at all. A caraway seed to a camel."

With this dark saying he jumped up, felt inside his garments and produced a brass key.

"You're dead," he repeated cheerfully. "We'll carry her the news that Towers Sahib, keeper of the Maharaja's soul, is no more. You're dead."

"Tag, I'm It," said Dan. "Dead as Balmik if you like it so. But in case I want to come to life again, better keep an ant hill handy."

The youngster knelt before his black chest.

"To life?" he chuckled, busy with the lock. "Half a jiffy, Towers, you'll come to life right enough. Balmik the Second. Cook's boy. By the name of Kishori." He flung back the lid and began rummaging. "Can't very well make up your eyes, can I? They're so light. But never mind. 'The blue-eyed are Fortune's darlings.' Now then, come, be born again, O fair one!"

IV

A GAUDY masquerader's outfit, colored clothes various enough for a theatrical troupe, lay in the youngster's box, neat-folded and packed into small compass. He chose a plain white costume—a long tunic, trousers, a black

skullcap embroidered with gilt thread, and a pair of sandals. They were, as Dan was glad to observe, all fresh and clean.

"The late Towers Sahib," said Runa, lecturing as fast as he worked, "was thought to have papers in his house—papers hidden away that show where our dear Maharaja keeps the money caisson, the family jewels and all, buried in His Highness' cellar. Towers Sahib being dead, these papers may be got at. Then might come the Maharaja's turn to disappear—for longer than usual. Cuckoo-Tongue is a cast-off daughter-in-law of his, once removed. She married a bad-egg son. Now do you see why she killed you?"

So saying Runa took up a small bag and a vial. From the former he poured into his left palm a quantity of brown powder, from the latter, a squirt of liquid; and these with the finger tips of his right hand he began to mix rapidly and skillfully.

"But that's all nonsense," Dan objected. "There's nothing at my bungalow; only Caltrop's bills, letters, receipts, and so on. Do you suppose old H. H. would leave a secret like that in my hands?"

Runa winked.

"Not for one moment," he agreed, giving Dan a small hand mirror. "Watch the effect in the glass. No, not on your life would I suppose anything so damned silly! But the point is, other people would, and do. It's common bazaar talk that you wind the old gentleman round your thumb. My dear sir, you've no idea how stupid these villagers are; their eaves drip with bhang and poppy juice."

Talking all the while, he began to rub his brown powder on Dan from forehead and ears to bosom, with light strokes, wonderfully deft. In the mirror Dan saw his own countenance darken and dissolve, while a new countenance grew like a portrait painted at lightning speed. "Cuckoo-Tongue's the bird I want to catch," murmured the artist.

"Why?"

"You'll see. . . . Now hands and arms. . . . Now legs. . . . Now the clothes. You'll see why. By George, Towers, you're too stunning! Look!"

The mirror showed a tawny, bright-eyed young Mohammedan stranger whose teeth flashed white in a grin of surprise.

"Not so much animation." Runa studied his handiwork very critically. "Keep your face blank. And by the way, you leave the talking to me. Now let me see you squat, please."

The limber Dan sat on his heels like one to the manner born. It was no new trick for him.

"First chop," said Runa. "You're overhandsome though. Eyes, confound 'em, too intelligent. Can't you look dull? Try hard. There—got it! Good, hold that! Here, we'll take these along."

Emptying the pockets of Dan's European clothes he wrapped up Dan's knife, purse, watch and keys in a handkerchief, which he knotted and handed over; the clothes themselves he nimbly folded, then locked away in the black chest.

"Come on!" he said, and blew out the lamp. "It won't do to keep the lady waiting, bless her heart."

In the darkness he hummed a tune as he led the way downstairs.

V

A CROWD filled the street, aimless and restless. Coming outdoors to join them Dan felt bashful—a fraud in public, a naked actor, the object of all eyes. This delusion quickly passed away, however, when he found that nobody looked twice at him, and so, loitering by Runa's side through the muddy bazaar, he fell under a charm of gayety. To be free, a chartered libertine moving thus in the slow masked ball of Mayaganj at night, gave him a curious, mounting exhilaration. Dan's youth was renewed like the eagle's.

"*Waleikam es salaam.*" An old Moslem loafer, going past among Hindus, gave them the orthodox blessing.

"*Aluka salon,*" said Runa glibly. It sounded correct to the old man's ears, but meant—potato soup.

Dan chuckled. "You're a light-hearted cuss, Runa."

"So are you," replied his companion. "It's why I like you. Now we go this way. Your legs are too damn Western. Can't you relax 'em like me and make 'em linger?"

They turned into a dark alley and stumbled through mud and broken bricks toward some open place, dark also, but rendered less obscure by a broad gleam as of snow on the ground. This proved to be a public tank, deserted, by starlight. It breathed a stagnant odor as the two men passed halfway round it, then held a straight course forward over grass. A few reddish lights close to the ground blinked at them. Dan recognized now the lay of this land and said so.

"Look. It's a tough quarter we're heading for. Does your widow live among this lot?"

Runa halted.

"She lodges here only until the job is done. I'll be frank with you," he replied. "As you say, it's budmash town, where the market value of a man's life never ran higher than ten rupees. Yours cost her thirty. I ought to have mentioned this before, *quoi?*"

Not pride, not even conceit, but that mounting exhilaration of their masquerade forced Dan to pinch his friend by the elbow and say: "Lead on, my son. Let joy be unconfined."

They advanced over the grass. Runa peered backward as they went. He did it quickly, but Dan saw it and looked over his own shoulder on his own account. Though they had not passed any tree, bush or post he saw three or four upright shadows behind them dimly risen against the starry water of the tank.

"Are we being followed?"

"Shouldn't wonder a bit," said Runa. "But it's all right. Now remember, act stupid!"

They had come to a line of mud houses thatched with *pansi*—a miserable neighborhood where every door, veiled by a reed curtain, cast upon the darkness a wedge of drowsy light. Runa went directly to one door among the rest and called, not loudly, through the curtain.

"Kishori is here."

Bare feet and whispers made a stir behind the horizontal rods of the veil. Then silence followed. Then a man's voice croaked "Let him come in."

Runa lifted the chick aside and entered promptly, dropping his sandals at the threshold. Dan did likewise. They stood in a dingy-brown room where a tin lamp burned at the foot of a crooked wooden pillar upholding the thatch. No moving creature inhabited that room, but in one corner on a wicker lounge lay a blue-and-white-cloth heap formed like a woman. Near the foot of the lounge another doorway yawned, black, uncurtained, yet not admitting any draft of air. Jasmine flowers and musk in that closeness made perfume enough to sicken a horse.

"Madam," declared Runa, "I have brought our friend Kishori, the cook's boy."

The heap on the wicker lounge made a rustle of garments, a tinkle of bells, a movement as of a sleeper rising. Dan saw a woman looking at him—a woman with large brown eyes who leaned on her elbow.

"The boy? Has he done his work?"

It was a wonderful voice they heard—clear, pure, various in tone, like bird songs and brooks through a green forest. Dan could not believe his ears, it sounded so cool and wholesome in that hot-scented room.

"He did our work."

"His work, not ours," said the voice. "What have we to do with a kitchen? Be careful of words."

Runa smiled and made a gesture of polite excuse. Dan modestly preferred to stand in the shadow of the crooked tree-trunk pillar.

"Where is your proof?"

Turning before he answered, Runa conveyed to his friend, by the flutter of an eyelash, whole books and learned volumes of caution.

"Here are keys, watch, money," he replied, "and all pocket stuff from the man's clothing. The man's body lies on bottom in the river."

Still modest behind shadow, Dan gave into Runa's keeping the knotted handkerchief.

"Let Kishori himself give them," said the woman pettishly. "What? So bold a youth afraid of a woman without her veil?"

Called thus from retirement Dan approached, gave her the handkerchief, and now first saw her clearly. This Widow Cuckoo-Tongue was dressed like no widow in his experience, but wore filmy white, with a dark-blue scarf. Her face, pale brown, seemed lighted by girlish though not innocent laughter. She was young, very small though very plump, and as she sat up to take the pretended booty her motions embodied the charm of her voice. They were liquid and beguiling. Rings adorned the flower-soft hand that she put forth.

"Keys are mine." She tumbled the contents of the handkerchief into her lap, examined them with a playful, birdlike eagerness, then returned everything to Dan except his keys.

"You are certain? These are all?" She held them up by the ring and jingled them. "They will open all the dead man's boxes and lock-fast places?"

Dan bowed gravely.

"And you are Kishori?"

The name was music on her tongue. Her great brown eyes languished at him, coy and brilliant and falsely timid.

"He is my brother," said Runa. "Kishori the Fair."

The widow smiled.

"Yes. 'The blue-eyed are Fortune's darlings.'"

She laughed while she spoke, and made the stale proverb sound like a dangerous caress. Again leaning on her elbow, she regarded both men steadily. The playfulness died out from her face, which became hard, intent upon affairs.

(Concluded on Page 83)

"You Have Done Well." The Sweet Voice Took on a Mournful Tone. "Kishori the Faithful. . . . So Then, That White Fool is Dead?"

A Little Politics on the Side

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

WHEN the Hon. William Joel Stone rose in the Senate of the United States a time ago and, rising, said that the senators on the Republican side of the chamber were no better than they should be as to their political morals and moral politics, and indeed not half so good, the Hon. William Joel started something—he started something that isn't likely to stop for a considerable space.

The Hon. William Joel took off the lid, after a manner of speaking, and let out the mustard gas. He thereupon incited his Republican brethren, and some of his Democratic brethren as well, to riot, rebellion and revenge. Emulsive statesmen on both sides had been struggling since we went into the war to keep things from getting a partisan slant, and had had their ups and downs, but mostly had retained ninety-six mufflers in their respective places over ninety-six orifices of senatorial articulation—if you get what I mean. That is, the pussyfooters kept things pussyfooted. There was no speaking out in meeting. A great game of pretend was played, and they all pretended they were in harmony, nobody was criticizing and everybody had shoved partisanship back into the cloakrooms. On the floor they dwelt together in—apparent—sweet amity.

The Grand German Operatic Triumph—Cain and Abel

All Gags Off

THAT—for some reason unexplained and contrived in the mysterious recesses of the mind of the Hon. William Joel—didn't suit the acrid statesman from Missouri. Some ascribe one cause for the speech, some ascribe another. Whatever its cause was, the speech was the undoubted effect of what happened. Stone, being a competent and skilled flayer, flayed his Republican brethren and hung their pelts on the outer walls of the Senate Chamber for all to see. He skinned 'em. He flogged, flagellated and fleered them. He took them in their turns and trounced them. He said he was doing it for the good of the country, as well as to let the brethren know that he, William Joel, was onto their nefariousness. He was as partisan as a party platform.

Maybe things were getting dull for Stone. Perhaps he needed excitement or diversion. Perhaps this thing and perhaps that, there is no mistaking what William Joel got. His meed was three loud and ringing cheers from the Republicans for removing by his performance their gentlemanly-agreed-to gags. So far as peace and quiet in the Senate and brethren toiling together in fair accord were concerned, the Hon. William Joel spilled the beans.

Hence we later listened to various partisan speeches by the Republicans, and observed various partisan actions. All bars were down, the Republicans said, after Stone let himself loose, and all bars should remain down during the progress of the war. Simultaneously the politics that had been talked in cloakrooms and elsewhere where there is scant public audit began to be bruited about in the open. It was soon apparent that as to national politics the boys were off to a running start. What had been covered, under alleged necessities of war, was partially at least discovered; and the two parties in the Senate lined up somewhat in the open to maneuver for 1920—and for 1918.

Somewhat in the open is correct. There hasn't been a minute since the returns from California came in, in 1916, when the fortunes of 1920 have not been set against the misfortunes of 1916, privily, by the Republicans—not a minute. But this war and our coming into it and various other ramifications and reactions kept most political considerations secret, except of course those that could be put over in the routine of legislation and the manipulation thereof. It was not that the forward-looking statesmen were not acutely aware and interested in 1920, but the conditions seemed to prevent much of a splurge about what they had in mind. Likewise it was deemed patriotic not to oppose the war and not to allow the Democrats to get a monopoly of the Star-Spangled Banner, which the Democrats were not at all averse to setting up and maintaining. So everybody turned in and supported the war and the President, and discussion in the Senate and the House proceeded on our-country-'tis-of-thee lines. Then Brother Stone gibed valiantly to the front, and from that moment it was all off. The Republicans were glad of the chance. They were getting a bit restive under the gag, for there are congressional elections in the fall; and it is likely that if Stone hadn't taken off the lid some Republican might have taken it off. Spared this necessity by Stone, we now observe two movements in force: The first is the getting, asserting and making stick in as many ways as possible material that will be of use in viewing with alarm, reprehension and regret the actions of the Democrats in the conduct of this war as an incitement for the people to send Republicans to the House of Representatives next fall, and to further the fortunes of the thirty-odd Republican candidates for the Senate who will be on the tickets also. The second is the succession of preliminary skirmishes that have a direct bearing on the identity of the Republican candidate for President in 1920.

The Republicans were rather blanketed by their own silences, for it will be necessary for the candidates for the House and Senate to have specific platforms on which to appeal to the voters of the country—far more specific platforms than can be embraced in the appeal to elect because the G. O. P. is the G. O. P., which has lost its drawing power. Men back home concerned with political affairs were writing in even before the end of last year and asking the leaders what they should say in their platforms about the war, what sort of an appeal for support of Republicans they should make. The leaders were perplexed. They didn't want to oppose the war, and they felt that by not opposing the conduct of the war they wouldn't have an appeal worth a burned match for popular purposes. Then, providentially, advented Stone and his political and partisan tirade; and this gave the Republicans the opportunity, which they accepted thankfully, of being partisan themselves and of getting out some of their campaign material.

Meantime, along about the time this article is printed, various state and congressional district platforms will begin to appear, and it will be interesting to note just what the final stand of the Republicans will be. If they set the war down as a success they will not have much of an appeal to the voters, for why change the political complexion of a House or send new Republicans to a Senate when things are going all right? If they are for the war itself but against the men who are running it they will be obliged to do some fancy platform writing to make the distinction clear.

Fall Elections

THE Republicans are confident they will carry the House of Representatives, and pick up a Republican senator here and there. Thirty-five senators are to be elected this fall. Eleven of these are from the South: Bankhead, of Alabama; Robinson, of Arkansas; Hardwick, of Georgia; Vardaman, of Mississippi; Simmons, of North Carolina; Owen, of Oklahoma; Tillman, of South Carolina; Shields, of Tennessee; Sheppard, of Texas; Martin, of Virginia; and Ransdell, of Louisiana. As yet no contests for the renomination of any of these have developed, save in Mississippi and Georgia. Representative Pat Harrison is making an active fight against Vardaman; and Hardwick has two candidates against him as reported: Murphey Candler and W. J. Harris, of the Federal Trade Commission. Five Republican senators are reasonably sure of reëlection. These are Kenyon, of Iowa; Fernald, of Maine; Weeks, of Massachusetts; Smith, of Michigan; and Nelson, of Minnesota. This leaves nineteen senatorships where there will be fights; which, with their present incumbents, are as follows: Colorado, Shafroth, Democrat; Delaware, Saulsbury, Democrat; Idaho, Borah, Republican; and Nugent, Democrat; Illinois, Lewis, Democrat; Kansas, Thompson, Democrat; Montana, Walsh, Democrat; Kentucky, James, Democrat; Nevada, Henderson, Democrat; Nebraska, Norris, Republican; New Hampshire, Hollis, Democrat; New Jersey, where David Baird has been appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Hughes and where Hughes had he lived would have contested the election; New Mexico, Fall, Republican; Oregon, McNary, Republican; Rhode Island, Colt, Republican; South Dakota, Sterling, Republican; West Virginia, Goff, Republican; Wisconsin, where on the day I write it is announced that an election will be held to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Husting; and Wyoming, Warren, Republican.

(Continued on Page 38)

MEXICO'S GAME

By David Lawrence

NEUTRALITY, predicted President Wilson even before we entered the war, is destined to become an obsolete word. What is one nation's quarrel will be everybody's fight. Anything that may disturb the peace of the world, any territorial dispute or controversy likely to grow into war, will be a matter for universal concern, something to be physically prevented, if need be by an impressive outlay of armies and navies so leagued together as to compel good behavior from polemically inclined governments.

But aloofness already has vanished—or has become almost as difficult to manage as out-and-out affiliation. Nonbelligerent governments there are, of course, technically speaking, but no neutral peoples. For sympathies are irrepressible. And if sentiment does not develop an inclination to one side or the other in this struggle for moral equilibrium, trade and the exigencies of a world-wide economic crisis make a choice inevitable.

Mexico is in the process of making her choice. Circumstances and not sentiment, however—cold, tangible facts—impress her statesmen, for they want to be with the winner. No official declaration of sympathy with us such as has been made by many of the other Latin-American countries has come from Mexico. But our neighbor below the Rio Grande is by no means pro-German—and by no means pro-Ally. Neither is she neutral. Mexico falls under none of these categories. Mexico is for Mexico—thoroughly and completely pro-Mexican; which means just now that Venustiano Carranza, President of Mexico by grace of his rare skill in playing off one political leader against another, is now playing the same game on a much larger scale. It's a game all his own, a fascinating game that reaches far down the South American continent and flirts with Argentina on the one hand and slyly looks northward to see what effect the supposed trump card has had on the United States—the so-called "Colossus of the North."

Mr. Henry P. Fletcher, Ambassador to Mexico, Is One of the Most Plain-Spoken Gentlemen in the Diplomatic Service

Mexico for the Mexicans has been the slogan of the revolution in the land at the south of us chiefly because foreign exploitation was carried a bit too far by Porfirio Diaz. But that same tenet of nationalistic policy is now being applied to the whole field of Mexico's external relations. Mexico must keep on good terms with both sides, reason her statesmen, who consider that neutrality permits representatives or agents of each set of belligerents to be as active or malicious as they like—provided their crimes and misdemeanors balance each other. The theory is hair-splitting equality, though the policy itself may be fraught with danger to the country that tries to play both ends against the middle.

Mexico's South American Flirtations

STILL the United States Government isn't particularly perturbed about theories of neutrality. It's the practice that counts. After all, Mexico belongs to the Mexican people, and by the principles of sovereignty they can proclaim any policy they choose—all the way from autocracy to anarchy and back again in domestic affairs, and from benevolent neutrality to passive belligerency in international affairs. Yet when any of the aforesaid policies bumps us in the elbow and we construe the bump as unfriendly, we have the sovereign right to say Mexico nay—and even go further. And Mexico knows it.

So nowadays we are omitting no chance to make it plain to the Mexicans that our eyes are good and that we can tell the difference between a friendly and an unfriendly act—something that shows true neighborliness and something that tends to help the cause of Germany; in fact, we have said some pretty unequivocal things to Mexico since we entered the war; said them in a polite, courteous but unmistakably clear way. And our frankness is incessant. For though Mexico has a perfect right to adopt any policy that seems to her best for Mexico, it would not be especially kind of the United States to fail to point out, as such policies develop, just where Mexico might by chance be mistaken as to the benefits to be derived from them in the near or far-off future. In other words, Mexico might forget that though we may use up considerable resources beating Germany we shall still have plenty on hand wherewith to be a factor always in world commerce and international councils.

Mexico has never begrudged us a voice in those councils, but quite recently she has resented the idea that our voice should be any louder or any more potent than others in this hemisphere. Proud and precise about the term equality, Venustiano Carranza has been more outspoken than any other of the Mexican leaders of the last twenty years against the so-called sphere of influence by which the United States has seen fit to act as spokesman for all the European countries when matters affecting their nationals came into dispute in Mexico. President Carranza's attitude in the present war must be judged indeed in the light of an age-old theory—every nation for itself; a fine theory when all nations are equally altruistic and equally unselfish; a theory that would have made unnecessary the proclamation by President Monroe of his famous doctrine, because there would have been no fear of European aggression, and no Maximilian would have considered it ethical to invade Mexico while we were busy with our own Civil War.

But nations haven't reached the Utopian stage of equality in power, and until the Monroe Doctrine can be extended round the globe so that nations will not be permitted to steal the territory or property of each other under any pretext, the value of friends and neighbors, especially powerful neighbors, will continue to be very impressive. That's what President Carranza will discover for himself and for Mexico before the present war is over, because though the Mexican chief executive hasn't doubted the power of the United States, there has been reason to believe every now and then that he isn't at all sure the Entente will come out victorious, and he is disposed therefore, for safety's sake, not to wound the sensibilities of the folks in Berlin.

All of which is not difficult to understand, because German propaganda has flourished unchecked in his country for two years or more, and the Germans have spread the impression that the Entente armies are inconsiderable and doomed to defeat. So the United States Government, in its own way and when the occasion presents itself, sheds a little light on the status of the war and on her own preparations, and Teuton stock drops a bit below par.

President Carranza of Mexico

Carranza's Policy To-Day

BUT the game goes on. President Carranza takes nothing for granted. And he is following what seems to him to be a thoroughly sound Mexican policy. His notion of the proper procedure toward the United States and the world in general didn't begin yesterday. It began when he first popped up in Northern Mexico as a leader of the revolt against Huerta. It will be remembered that even though the United States was to all intents and purposes helping the revolutionists, a simple request on the part of the Department of State for information about the death of one Benton, an English subject, met with the reproving reply that such inquiries might better come directly from the British Government and not through the medium of the authorities at Washington. All our nice tradition about the Monroe Doctrine obliging us to speak for European countries if they brought us their troubles was suddenly swept aside. And rather than embarrass the United States, England made no fuss. To be sure Mr. Carranza wasn't of a discriminatory disposition, even about England. He brooked no suggestion, either, of outside interference from Argentina, Brazil or Chile—countries even of racial kinship. Whenever anybody mentioned joint intervention, though of a diplomatic character, the Mexican leader bristled with indignation. But he was careful to say nothing offensive to those nations. On the contrary he quietly began to cultivate them himself. The idea of moral help recruited for the United States in South America when dealing with a Latin neighbor might be converted, he reasoned, into something of the same kind in behalf of Mexico, especially when pointing proudly to the racial affinity of his Indian and Spanish millions and the populations of Central and South American countries.

That is the foundation of Mexico's policy of to-day. That is why mission after mission has gone from President Carranza's palace to the southern countries; that is why Señor Malbran, the Argentine Minister to Mexico, was banqueted on his arrival in Vera Cruz more than a year ago and toasted as the representative of a country which must cast her fortunes with Mexico as against "the common enemy"—a remark fully understood by the audience of Mexican officials as referring to the United States, and therefore considerably applauded. That is why Mexico issued an invitation to all neutrals of Central and South America to join her in a conference on war problems.

Traced from its beginning the Carranza policy has been an unremitting effort to balance the large South American countries against the United States, to set up a kind of rivalry of interest. The idea wasn't original with the President of Mexico, however. Certain anti-American statesmen in all the Latin countries have from time to time agitated it as the only sure means of checkmating the imaginary imperialism of the United States of North America. Brazil's close friendship for us has been principally responsible for the failure of these plans, her statesmen taking the view that the Pan-American idea was much better for all the nations, and that checks and balances were European and disastrous, leading to mutual misunderstandings and wars.

But President Carranza embarked on the venture in the belief that similarity of race, and possibly a similarity of

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JACK THE KAISER KILLER

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

Florrie Was All Dressed Up Like a Horse and I Bet a Lot of Them Other Birds Wished They Was in My Shoes When the Kissing Battle Begun

CAMP GRANT, Sept. 23.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I am writeing this in the recreation room at our barracks and they's about 20 other of the boys writeing letters and I will bet some of the letters is rich because half of the boys can't talk english to say nothing about writeing letters and etc. We got a fine bunch in my Co. Al and its a cinch I won't never die in the trenchs because I will be murdered in my bed before we ever get out of here only they don't call it bed in the army.

They call it bunk and no wonder.

Well Al I have been here since Wed. night and now it is Sunday and this is the first time I have not felt sick since we got here and even at that my left arm is so sore it is pretty near killing me where I got vacinated. Its a good thing I am not a left hander Al or I couldn't get a ball up to the plate but of course I don't have to think of that now because I am out of baseball now and in the big game but at that I guess a left hander could get along just as good with a sore arm because I never seen one of them yet that could break a pain of glass with their fast ball and if they didn't have all the luck in the world they would be rideing around the country in a side door Pullman with all their baggage on.

Speaking about baseball Al I suppose you seen where the White Sox have cinched the penant and they will be splitting the world serious money while I am drawing $30.00 per mo. from the Govmt. but 50 yrs. from now the kids will all stop me on the st. and make me tell them what hotel we stayed at in Berlin and when Cicotte and Faber and Russell begins to talk about what they done to the Giants everybody will have themself paged and walk out.

Well Al a lot of things come off since the last time I wrote to you. We left Chi Wed. noon and you ought to seen the crowd down to the Union station to bid us good by. Everybodys wifes and sisters and mothers was there and they was all crying in 40 diffrent languages and the women wasn't allowed through the gates so farewell kisses was swapped between the iron spokes in the gates and some of the boys was still getting smacked yet when the train started to pull out and it looked like a bunch of them would get left and if they had I'll say their wifes would of been in tough luck.

Of course Florrie and little Al was there and Florrie was all dressed up like a horse and I bet a lot of them other birds wished they was in my shoes when the kissing battle begun. Well Al we both blubbered a little but Florrie says she mustn't cry to hard or she would have to paternize her own beauty parlors because crying makes a girl look like she had pitched a double header in St. Louis or something. But I don't know if you will beleive it or not but little Al didn't even wimper. How is that for a game bird and only 3 yrs. old?

Well Al some alderman or somebody had got a lot of arm bandages made for us with the words Kaiser Killers printed on them and they was also signs stuck on the different cars on the train like Berlin or Bust and etc. and the Stars and Strips was flying from the back platform so we certainly looked like regular soldiers even without no uniforms and I guess if Van Hindburg and them could of seen us you wouldn't of needed a close line no more to take their chest measure.

Well all our bunch come from the south side and of course some of them was fans and the first thing you know they had me spotted and they all wanted to shake hands and I had a smile for all of them because I have got it doped out that we are all fighting for Uncle Sam and a man ought to forget who you are and what you are and be on friendly turns with everybody till after the war.

Well Al they had told us to not bring much baggage and some of the boys come without even their tooth brush but they hadn't some of them forgot to fetch a qt. bottle and by the time we got outside of the city limits the engineer didn't have to blow his whistle to leave people know we were comeing. Somebody had a cornet and another fellow had a trombone and a couple of them had mouth organs and we all sung along with them and we sung patriotic songs like Jonah Vark and Over There and when they started on the Star Spangle Banner the guy I was setting along side of him hollered for them to not play that one and I thought he was a pro German or something and I was going to bust him but somebody asked him why shouldn't they play it and he says because he couldn't stand up and he wasn't the only one either Al.

The train stopped at a burg called Aurora and a bunch of the boys needed air so they got off, some of them head first and one bird layed down on the station platform and says he had changed his mind about going to war and he was going to sleep there a while and catch the first train back to Chi so we picked him up and throwed him back on our train and told him we would have the engineer back up to Chi and drop him off and he says O. K. and of course the train started ahead again but he didn't know if we was going or comeing or looping the loop.

Well the trombone blower finely blowed himself to a nap and while he was asleep a little guy snuck the trombone away from him and says "Look here boys I am willing to give my life for Uncle Sam but I am not going to die to no trombone music." So he throwed the trombone out of the window without opening the window and the guy woke up that owned it and the next thing you know the Kaiser Killers was in their first battle.

Well Al by the time we got to Camp Grant some of the boys looked like they was just comeing back from the war instead of just going and I guess I was about the only one that was O. K. because I know how to handle it but I had eat some sandwichs that a wop give me on the train and they must of been poisoned or something because when I got off everything looked kind of blured.

We was met by a bunch of officers in uniform. The guy that had throwed the trombone away had both eyes swelled shut and a officer had to lead him to the head quarters and I heard the officer ask him if he was bringing any liquor into the camp and he says yes all he could carry, but the officer meant did he have a bottle of it and he says No he had one but a big swede stuck his head in front of it and it broke.

Over to the head quarters they give us a couple of blankets a peace and then they split us up into Cos. and showed us our barracks and they said we looked like we needed sleep and we better go to bed right after supper because we would have to get down to hard work the next A.M. and I was willing to go to bed without no supper after eating them dam sandwichs and the next time them wops trys to slip me something to eat or drink I will hang one on their jaw.

Well Al the buggle has blowed for mess which is what they call the meals and you would know why if you eat some of them so I will close for this time and save the rest for the next time and my address is Co. C. 399th. Infantry, Camp Grant, Ill. Your pal,

JACK.

CAMP GRANT,
Sept. 24.

FRIENDAL: Well Al they give us some work out today and I am pretty tired but they's no use going to bed till 9 o'clock which is the time they blow the buggle for the men to shut up their noise. They do everything by buggles here. They get you up at a quarter to 6 which is first call and you got to dress in 15 minutes because they blow the assembly buggle at 6 and then comes the revelry buggle and then you eat breakfast and so on till 11 P.M. when they blow the taps buggle and that means everybody has got to put their lights out and go to sleep just as if a man couldn't go to sleep without music and any way a whole lot of the boys go to sleep before 11 because with so many of us here how could the officers tell if we waited for the buggle or didn't wait for it?

Well Al about all we done the first 3 days was try and get the place to looking like something because the men that built the buildings was to lazy to clean up after themself and I wouldn't of minded only for feeling so bad all day Thursday on acct. of that sandwich and Friday I felt rotten because a Dr. vacinated me and fixed me up so as I can't catch small pox or tyford fever and I would rather have the both of them the same day then have that bird work on me again.

Thursday A.M. after breakfast a bunch of us went to the Drs. and they give us a physical examination and before the Dr. examined me he says "Well is they anything the matter with you outside of a headache?" So I said "How do you know I got a headache" and he says because they was a epidemic of them in the camp. Well Al I could of told him why only of course I wouldn't squeel on the rest of the boys so all I told him was about me eating that sandwich and he says all the boys must of eat them and that shows how much them wise Drs. knows.

Well of course he didn't find nothing the matter with me physicly and he says I was a fine specimen and the next place I went was to the head quarters or something where they give us our uniforms and you ought to see me in mine Al only the shoes is 6 sizes to big and I made a holler about it but the man says they wouldn't be so big after I had wore them a while. They must be fine shoes that will srink Al because all the shoes I ever seen the more you wear them they get bigger. They give us each 2 pair shoes one to march in with cleats on the bottom and a hat and a hat cord and 5 pair sox and 2 shirts and a belt and 3 suits under wear and 2 cocky suits.

And we had to tell our family history to a personal officer that writes down all about you on a card and what kind of work you done before so if the General or somebody tears their pants they won't have to chase all over the camp and page a taylor because they can look at the cards and find out who use to be a taylor and send for him to sow them up.

A lot of the boys give this officer a song and dance about how good they can drive a car and etc. so they can get a

soft snap like driveing one of the officers cars and I could of got some kind of a snap only I come here to be a soldier and fight Germans and not mend their pants.

The officer asked me my name and age and etc. and what I done in civil life so I said "I guess you don't read the sporting page." So he says "Oh are you a fighter or something?" So I said "I am a fighter now but I use to pitch for the White Sox." So then he asked me what I done before that so I told him I was with Terre Haute in the Central League and Comiskey heard about me and bought me and then he sent me out to Frisco for a while and I stood that league on their head and then he got me back and I been with him about 3 years.

So the officer asked me if I ever done anything besides pitch so I told him about the day I played the outfield in Terre Haute when Burns and Stewart shut their eyes going after a fly ball and their skulls come together and it sounded like a freight wreck and they was both layed out so I and Lefty Danvers took their place and in the 8th. inning I come up with 2 on and hit a curve ball off big Jack Rowan and only for the fence that ball wouldn't of made no stops this side of Indpls.

So then the officer says "Yes but didn't you do something when you wasn't playing ball?" so I told him a pitcher don't have to do nothing only set on the bench or hit fungos once in a while or warm up when it looks like the guy in there is beggining to wobble. So he says "Well I guess I will put you down as a pitcher and when we need one in a hurry we will know where to find one." But I don't know when they would need a pitcher Al unless it was to throw one of them bombs and beleive me when it comes to doing that I will make a sucker out of the rest of these birds because if my arm feels O.K. they's nobody got better control and if they tell me to stick one in a German's right eye that is where I will put it and not in their stomach or miss them all together like I was a left hander or something.

Well Al we done a little training Friday and Saturday but today was the first day we realy went to it. First of course we got up and dressed and then they was 10 minutes of what they call upseting exercises and then come breakfast which was oatmeal and steak and bread and coffee. The way it is now you got to get your own dishs and go up to the counter and wait on yourself but of course we will have waiters when things gets more settled. You also got to make your own bed and that won't never kill nobody Al because all as we got is 2 blankets and you don't have to leave the bed open all A.M. like at home because whatever air wanted to get in wouldn't let these blankets stop it.

Then they give us an hour of drilling and that was duck soup for me on acct. of the drilling we done on the ball club last spring and you ought to seen the corporal and sargent open their eyes when they seen me salute and etc. but some of the birds don't know their right from their left and the officers had to put a stick of wood in their right hand so they would know it was their right hand and imagine if some of them was ball players and played left field. They would have to hire a crossing policeman to tell them where to go to get to their position and if they was pitchers they wouldn't know if they was right hand pitchers or left hand pitchers till they begun to pitch and then they would know because if they were hog wild they would be left handers.

The corporals and sargents come from the regular army but after a while Capt. Nash will pick some of us out to take their place and it is a cinch I will be picked out on acct. of knowing all about the drills etc.

The next thing was a lecture on what they could do to us if we got stewed or something and how to treat the officers and we got to sir them and salute them and etc. and it seems kind of funny for a man that every time he walked out to pitch the crowd use to stand up and yell and I never had to sir Rowland or Collins. I'd knock their block off if they tried to make me.

First I Didn't Catch What He Was Trying to Get at But I Heard Him the Second Time All Right and He Says "Do You Want Me to Kill?"

Well every time we wasn't doing something else they sprung some more of them upseting exercises on us and I called the corporal to one side and says if he would excuse me I would pass up some of them because I didn't need to exercise on acct. of playing baseball all summer and besides I was tired and he says these exercises was to fix me so I wouldn't get tired and he made me go through with all of them. How is that for brains Al and I suppose if a man was up all night watching a corpse or something this bird would make you stay awake all the next day so you wouldn't get sleepy.

For dinner we had roast chicken and sweet potatoes and cream corn and biscuits and coffee and for supper they was bake beans with tomato sauce and bread and pudding and cake and coffee and the grub is pretty fair only a man can't enjoy it because you got to eat to fast because if theys anything left on your plate when the rest of them birds gets through you got to fight to keep it from going to the wrong address. Well Al its pretty near time for the tattoo buggle which means the men has got to shut up and keep quiet so I am going to get ready for bed but I don't know if I would rather have them keep quiet or not because when they are keeping quiet you don't know what they are up to and maybe they are snooping a round somewheres waiting for a man to go to sleep so they can cut your throat. Some of them has been use to doing it all their life Al and they are beggining to miss it. But I don't know if I wouldn't just as leave die that way as from them upseting exercises. Your pal, JACK.

If I Was You and a Married Man I Would Rather Get It Here Then in France Because if You Get It Here Your Mrs. Can Tend the Funeral

CAMP GRANT, Sept. 26.

FRIEND AL: Well Al don't be surprised if you pick up the paper some A.M. and see where I'm gone and you may think I am just jokeing Al but I am telling you the truth and I am glad Florrie is fixed so she can make a liveing for herself and little Al because I wouldn't bet a nickle I will be alive by the time this gets to you.

I guess I all ready told you the kind of birds we got in our Co. Well the worst one in the bunch is a guy named Sebastian and of course he would have to be the one thats got the bunk next to mine. Well Al you remember me writeing to you about the little runt that throwed that guy's trombone away, well his name is Lahey but we call him Shorty on acct. of him being so short. Well I hadn't payed much attention to this here Sebastian because he has always got a grouch and don't say nothing only to mumble at the officers when they ask him some question but Shorty knows him and last night he told me all about him and he has been pinched 50 times for stabbing people but he has got some pull or something and they can't never do nothing to him except once he served a turn at Joliet for cutting off a guy's ears because he wouldn't get up and give him a seat on a st. car. He has always got a knife hid on him somewheres and his first name is Nick so they call him Nick the Blade on acct. of always haveing a knife on him.

I don't know if I told you or not but we got a shed outside of the barracks with shower baths and etc. and everybody is supposed to take baths and keep themself clean and of course its a pleasure for a man like I because I got use to takeing them every day after the game and I don't feel right unless I am clean but some of the birds hollered like a Indian the first time the officers made them get under the shower and you would think they never seen water before and I guess some of them hadn't because when they come out afterwards the officers had to ask them their name.

Well Al I was takeing a bath yesterday and this big Nick bird was standing there striped and he couldn't get up the nerve to step under the shower and Corporal Daly come up behind him and give him a shove under the water and he give a bellow that you could hear from here to Rockford and I didn't know who he was then and I couldn't help from laughing and he seen me but he didn't say nothing and I wouldn't of thought no more about it only for what Shorty told me afterwards. Well Shorty was there to and he laughed at him to but Nick didn't see him but he seen me and Shorty says I better keep my eyes pealed because Nick wouldn't think no more of stabbing a man then picking his teeth and if theys one thing he won't stand for its somebody laughing at him.

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GERMAN POISON

The Propaganda That Imperils Patriotism and Preparedness

By Isaac F. Marcosson

A Street View of a Typical Camp for German Prisoners

WHEN you study the German method you find that whether in business or in battle the system is always the same. Long contact with German bombardments makes you realize that the boche gets the habit of strafing a town or a trench at precisely the same hour every day. The British Tommy, for example, knows that the moment he sits down to eat, the Busy Berthas will begin to shriek over his head. To destruction the German likes to add discomfort. It is the Teutonic way. The same is true of most of the air raids on London. About half-past eight o'clock on the first night of a full moon the population begins to seek the shelter of cellars and bombproofs because the baby killers will be on the job on schedule time. In peace and war it is difficult to change the German habit.

This evidence of a traditional thoroughness finds expression in every German activity. In none, however, is it more consistent than in the insidious and sinister propaganda, which is as destructive to American life, property and participation in the war as the physical attacks of armed men or the inroads of torpedo and shell.

What most Americans do not realize is that they are fighting two distinct German enemies: One is in the open on the field of battle; the other works in secret in our midst, often at our thresholds, sometimes in our very homes. I do not mean the sabotage which has wrecked nearly $60,000,000 worth of American property during the past eight months. I refer particularly to the deadly and secretive insinuation and innuendo being spread broadcast by Germans. It takes the form of "End the War" literature; it flourishes in the shape of rumors of disaster to American arms; it is poison projected into the very heart of the war spirit.

A Salesman's Campaign

IT WAS this type of German propaganda—I heard the echoes of it myself—that well-nigh debauched the Italian armies and made the Austro-German onslaught effective. I saw its destructive results in Petrograd immediately after the revolution, when, working like a leaven in the great mass of the Russian people, it helped to bring about the reign of terror and chaos which practically destroyed the fruits of that first great revolt against the Romanoff autocracy and removed Russia as a helpful factor in the war. This same menace is operating overtime in America. It cannot, of course, repeat the achievement it registered in Italy, Russia and Spain, but it can betray our plans, sterilize our war enthusiasm and minimize our war effort. How does it work? What does it do? What are its effects?

At the outset it is well to remember that no matter whether the war ends in four weeks or four years the significance of German propaganda in the United States and elsewhere remains the same. This evil institution began long before the world conflict crashed into civilization. It will continue after peace will have mercifully sheathed the sword. Why? Simply because back of every German effort to create sentiment for its cause in the war is the ambition to set up goodwill for German trade after the war. Wars end but business goes on. German finance and German politics have always worked together. This alliance between economic and diplomatic statesmanship made possible the Germanic commercial conquest of the world.

The crocodile tears spilled over the American line-up against the Fatherland bound by so many ties of blood, and the hypocritical grief over the German-spread falsehoods about the fate of our troops abroad are part and parcel of a gigantic campaign created to lessen the growing anti-German feeling and prepare the way for restoration to our good graces when peace comes. In short, in the United States—as in Spain, Holland and Switzerland—German propaganda is salesmanship.

Fully to comprehend the scope and purpose of this procedure in America let us first take a swift glance at its world-wide aspect. In previous articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST I have described its operation in Italy and Spain and shown how the teamwork between German propaganda and German finance forged the economic shackles on these countries and held them in business bondage. Let us now look elsewhere.

Take the case of Scandinavia, which I visited on my way to and from Russia immediately after the revolution. I employ this illustration because it reveals a small replica of what has been going on in the United States during the past three years. The German in Sweden, for example, is full exploitative brother to the German in Spain or any other neutral country. His operations are identical because the ends desired are the same.

Stockholm is the headquarters of the whole German propaganda movement in Scandinavia. There are branch offices in Christiania and Copenhagen. Scattered throughout the picturesque north country and under the guise of consuls and consular agents are hundreds of spies who spread the Teutonic poison and pave the way for Teutonic business. It is a vast, close-knit espionage system that takes toll of every visitor to these lands.

Interior of the Boiler of the S. S. Pommern—Now the U. S. S. Rappahannock
The German Crew Melted Down the Boiler by Dry Firing

The Nerve-Center of the System

A CERTAIN hotel in Stockholm is the nerve center of the system. The moment you enter the building the German is in evidence, talking as usual in a loud and braggart voice. As in the majority of Spanish hotels, the head porter is a German agent who speaks many languages. He constantly vaunts the fact that his bunch of skeleton keys will open any luggage that comes his way. The experience of two British officers with whom I traveled confirmed this fact. They carefully removed all papers and articles of wearing apparel from their kit bags and left them in their rooms. Inside each bag they left a little note in German saying: "We hear that you can open any bag. We are glad to afford you some practice."

The trap was set and sprung. When the officers returned from a walk they found that the German porter, with characteristic German temper, had been so angered by the trick played on him that in his rage he had crumpled up one of the notes and thrown it on the floor.

This baggage rifling in neutral countries is one of the best aids to German propaganda. By ransacking British and American luggage the spies obtain not only valuable information but, in many instances, passports, birth certificates, photographs and other documents highly necessary to their nefarious trade.

In Sweden the German is at home. The queen is German, the court system is aggressively Germanic, the army regards the Kaiser as a god and Hindenburg as his chief angelic outpost. The Swedish Army wears the familiar German field gray. Even the Stockholm policemen use the spiked German helmet. As in Spain the court, aristocracy, army and the rich are pro-German.

It has been said that when a wealthy Swede dies his desire is not to go to heaven but to await the blast of Gabriel's trumpet in Prussia. He is quite convinced that this trumpet is "made in Germany!"

The label of German sponsorship is all over Sweden. You find it in the cleanliness of the cities, in the perfection of municipal authority, in vocational education in the public schools. Sweden, in other words, reflects the Germany that was—that is, the Germany that the world admired before blood lust and war madness tore the mask from her smug efficiency.

Why then should Germany need propaganda in Sweden? Because from Sweden radiates the influence that helps to mold public opinion in Norway and Denmark, two countries slowly but surely breaking away from Germanic domination. Only fear of the wrath of the War Lord who broods over her shores prevents Norway from an open break with Germany. The German submarine has destroyed one-third of the Norwegian merchant fleet, which means that more than one million tons of her shipping have been sunk and with them seven hundred sailors.

Thousands of Norwegians and Danes flock to Sweden every year. The moment they enter the country they come under the eye of the German propagandist. Every German in Sweden is an agent of his government. Everywhere they preach peace, spread rumors of misfortunes to the Allies, hold up Germany as a martyr among the nations, fasten every crime in the calendar upon unhappy Russia. This last-named line of talk is welcome in Sweden because Russia and Sweden, like Italy and Austria, are hereditary enemies. Besides, the war has been a godsend to Swedes of the upper classes, because they have been enabled to sell food and raw materials to the Germans at enormous prices.

Interrupted Spy-Work

MANY of the hotel keepers in Norway and Sweden are in the pay of the Germans. When an Englishman or an American applies for a room—I speak from personal experience—he is told: "We are very sorry that all our large rooms are engaged, but we have a small room which we shall be glad to place at your disposal." The small room is usually sandwiched in between two other rooms, which are immediately occupied by German agents. Here is a concrete story which shows the reason for this arrangement:

On my return from Russia I had to wait a week in a certain town in Norway for a steamer to Scotland. I got the usual small room flanked by two others, which were at once taken by German "tourists." I speak German, so I could understand their whisperings behind the thin walls. The spies were convinced that I had gone to Russia on a government mission; so I became a marked man.

I put in my week of waiting at hard work and left my cubby-hole only for meals. After four days of constant espionage I decided to have some fun with my German chaperons. On my little writing table I heaped a pile of useless papers. I then knocked on my door as if I had been summoned by a bell boy and said loudly in German: "I will come down to the telephone immediately." The only telephone in the hotel was in the office. After writing an uncomplimentary note in German about the Kaiser, which I carefully placed on the top of the pile of papers on my table, I slammed the door and went down the hall. Crouched in a friendly dark corner where I had a view of my room I awaited developments.

No sooner was I out of sight than the Germans emerged from their rooms, slunk into mine, only to be confronted by the souvenir on my table, which clearly indicated that I was wise to their game. They left in a hurry with rage on their faces. When next I sallied forth from the hotel every German I passed and the little town was full of them—glowered at me. The news of the spies' discomfiture had gone forth.

Count Von Luxburg

Above, German War Prisoners, Under Guard, Construct an Addition to the Compound

More significant than the dissemination of false rumors about the United States and her Allies, which I heard on every side in Norway and Sweden, is the important fact that German business is a going concern in Scandinavia. At every hotel where I stopped I found German commercial travelers with sample cases displaying their wares just as if their country were not at war. At Bergen, in Norway, and in Stockholm I saw German salesmen lunching or dining with the German consular agents. Here as elsewhere throughout the world the German Government and German business work hand in hand. My whole experience in neutral countries during the past eighteen months emphasizes the fact that Germany is far from being down and out commercially. In the midst of a war that menaces her imperial existence she is preparing for the bloodless trade battles of peace. It is important for the American man, now intrenched in overseas countries, to keep this in mind.

Take Austria and the German game to influence public opinion and Teutonize the empire. When the war began the Austrians entertained the friendliest feeling for the United States, which was heightened by the outpouring of American alms for the Austrian wounded and civilian population. If the truth were really known the Austrian, deep in his heart, loathes the German and resents his overlordship. On the Italian Front more than one Austrian prisoner expressed to me his great relief at being captured, and welcomed escape from what was termed "servitude under the German Kaiser."

The Old Story of German Corruption

BACK in the nineties Germany deliberately set to work to shape Austrian sentiment to her own ends. The late Emperor Francis Joseph became a willing tool. Deluded by the idea that the Triple Alliance meant a rebirth of Austrian authority he fell for the Hohenzollern scheme of a Mitteleuropa, which was nothing more or less than a dream of Continental domination by Prussianism. It has cost the Hapsburgs dearly.

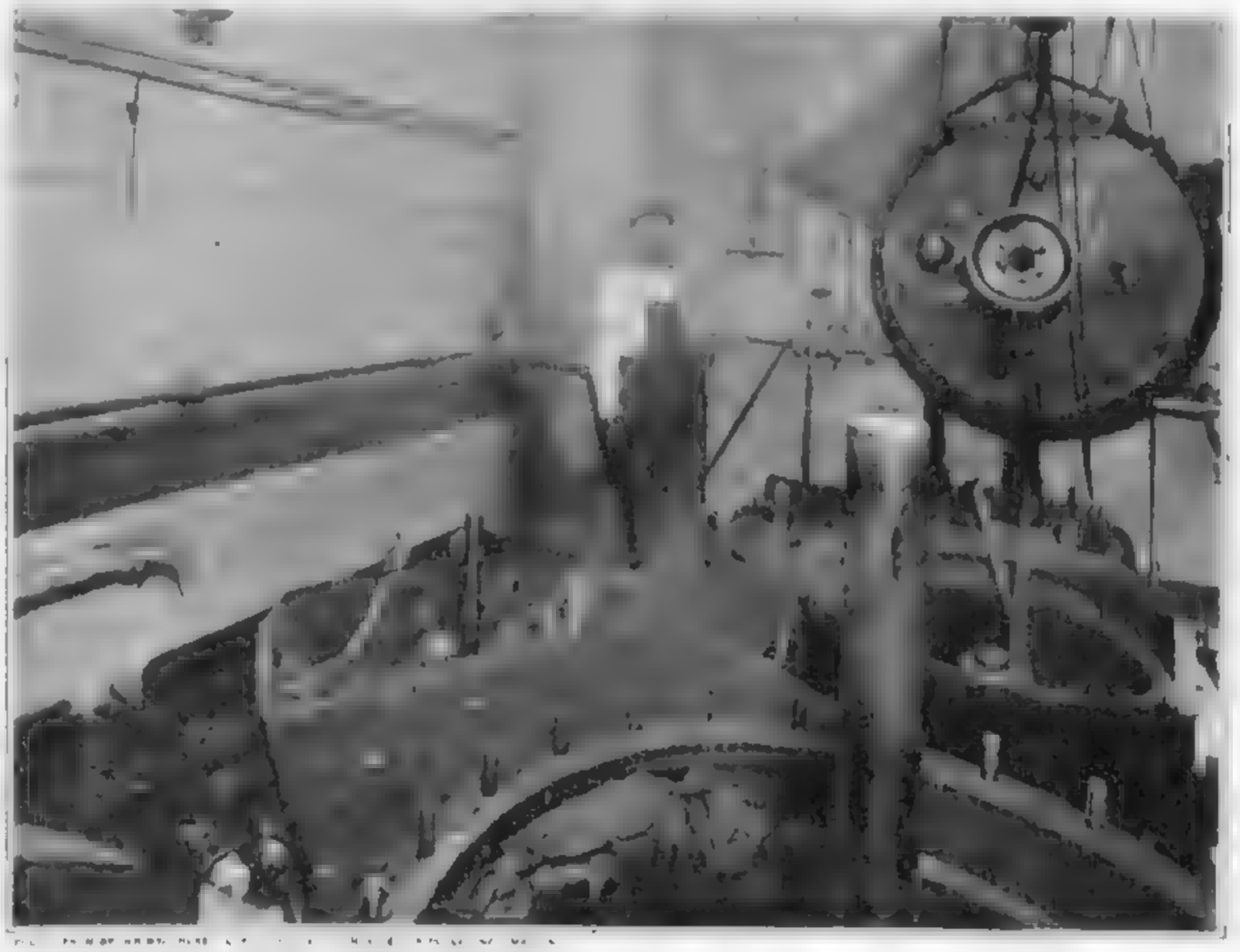
Just as soon as the Kaiser discovered that the Austrian sentiment for America was kindly his propagandists got busy. Throughout the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, just as throughout the United States these past three years, the poison of misinformation and falsification of fact was planted. The subsidized Austrian press began to attack our shipment of arms to England and France; it made every passenger liner that left New York or Boston a floating arsenal.

The way was carefully paved in Austria, just as it was prepared in the United States, to justify the sinking of the Lusitania. The net result was that to the great mass of the Austrian people the United States, which had given succor and sanctuary to millions of their kinsmen, became a synonym for villainy and deception. The German propagandist had done his worst. Malevolent history had simply repeated itself.

German propagandists did not hesitate to try to capitalize the agony of France in the hour of her bitterest trial. I was in Paris during the Bolo Pasha revelation. It was discovered that he had come to New York in 1916 and had obtained more than a million dollars from Bernstorff to be used as a fund to debauch the French press in favor of a separate peace along lines favorable to Germany. He had already fastened his hooks into one Parisian newspaper. Fortunately the plot was exposed, and Bolo and his yokefellow, Caillaux, are languishing in a Paris jail at the time this article is written, the former under a sentence of death. The millions of francs that he received from Bernstorff were found in the strong box of a French bank.

With this brief survey of the working of the German fact-distorting machine in the foreign field—and I could prolong the list until it included every nation that buys and sells—we can now turn to its operations in the United States.

(Continued on Page 77)



A Broken Valveghost and Scarred Piston Rod of the Former German Liner Prinz Eitel Friedrich

A BAG OF MAKINGS

By Norman Springer

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. SOULEN

WHILE Private William Morphy toiled and sweat in one of the base camps of the American Expeditionary Force in France, learning with his battalion all the latest wrinkles in boche fighting, Miss Mamie O'Connor, back home in San Francisco, put in her spare moments knitting him a muffler. The muffler was completed about the same time the battalion's intensive training was progressing to its climax.

Then, before she sent away her offering, Mamie succumbed to a tender impulse, and performed a little act that was destined to have far-reaching consequences. Though she was thousands of miles distant from Billy, though the future was to her a closed and rather dreadful book, the lonely girl, because she made the little sacrifice necessary to obey that love-inspired impulse, was enabled to save her hero's life. But for Mamie O'Connor, Billy Morphy would now be one of the countless, lifeless, nameless blots in No Man's Land, and the new base hospital would never have received its most cheerful, conceited and envied casualty. Envied—yes; for not only did Mamie save Private Morphy's life but she covered him with glory as well.

Billy Half Rose to His Feet and, Acting Quite Instinctively, Drove His Bayonet at One of the Shadows

Yet this is all that Mamie did: When she was ready to mail the muffler she made a special trip down to the cigar store at the corner of Mission Street, and spent ten cents of her next day's lunch money for a sack of Billy's favorite tobacco and a packet of his favorite cigarette papers.

She carried these articles home, kissed them, and slipped them between the folds of the muffler, winking back her tears the while. Closer even than his letters did this little sack of tobacco bring Billy to her. He had always had such a sack in his coat pocket or in his hands; his clothes had always smelled just as this sack smelled; his kisses had always tasted like the smell. As Mamie wrapped and addressed her package, she knew down in her loyal little heart that Billy would understand. She, who had nagged him so often for smoking too much, was sending him the makings. She was showing her man she knew his wants.

It was sheer good luck that Private Morphy received the package at all; or perhaps it was the interposition of kindly Fate, which is supposed to watch over and assist fond lovers. The package survived a train wreck and a submarine attack, and arrived at its destination three days after Private Morphy had gone into the lines.

The battalion was in the reserve trenches; and that night, for the first time, it was going to take over a section of the firing line. Under usual circumstances Private Morphy would not have received his mail until his return to the rest base—which, in this case, means he would not have come back from the trenches at all.

But one Private Ruddy Matthews, a very good pal of Billy's, happened to be sent back with a commissary detail this day. Private Matthews, hearing the home mail was in, stopped at the mail depot for the letter he did not receive. He noticed Billy's package lying on top of a hundred similar packages. It was compact and light, so he took it along with him.

Billy was in a dugout, sitting upon an upturned ammunition box, engaged in the unspectacular though important task of greasing his feet, when Private Matthews searched him out. He was alone, the other men of his squad being at the moment engaged above in the exhilarating trench sport of chasing and spearing kitten-sized rats.

"Here you are, Billy!" said Matthews, from the entrance. "Mail I picked up for you. By golly, how some of youse guys pick out the writin' kind beats me! My goil ain't sent me anything for a month. I'm offen her for good!"

Billy grinned and deftly caught the package.

"You don't come from the right town, Ruddy," he replied to the other. "New York girls—now they're slick; but San Francisco girls, they stick by a fella. I know what this is; this is my muffler—what the kid wrote about."

"Well, don't hang yourself with it!" admonished Private Matthews, and vanished.

Billy gazed at the package in his hand with great content. He carefully inspected the inscription in Mamie's round, childish hand: Private William Morphy, A. E. F. in France. He felt a most satisfying glow at this sight of her handwriting. He knew Mamie had kissed his name when she wrote it; he glanced cautiously over his shoulder, to make sure no one was near, and then quickly pressed his own lips where he thought Mamie had pressed hers. The mud on his face nearly obliterated the writing.

It was just like receiving an immediate response to his letter to receive this package to-night, thought Billy. He had written to Mamie that very afternoon, as soon as he knew for sure he was going into the firing line that night. Ninety per cent of the battalion had written to "her" that afternoon. Billy covered four sides of two sheets of paper with a scrawled lead-penciled message, in which he waxed most confidentially sentimental.

"If I get plugged down there, kid," he wrote, "I want you to know I was thinking last of you."

He had gotten this far when a large drop of the ever-present muddy moisture dropped from the dugout ceiling upon his paper. It made an unsightly smear. Billy swore; and then, on second thought, regarded it with a chuckle.

It looked like a teardrop, he thought. It made a perfect period for his lugubrious forecast. Mamie would like that. She would think he punctuated his letter to her with tears. So he allowed the drop to soak through the paper, making a lasting stain, ere he continued.

"You know, Mamie," he wrote next, "when I think how much I love you, and how far away you are, I kind of feel like bawling!"

It must not be thought from this that Private Morphy was downcast at the prospect of the coming adventure, or that he had any premonition of death. By no means. Billy's eyes were bright and dry, and he could not remember ever having been so gloriously excited and happy. This approaching entry to the firing line was the longed-for climax to months of grueling labor. It was for this he had donned a uniform and crossed the seas. And as for getting plugged, he told himself what every man tells himself: "They haven't got my number."

Neither was he a cynical deceiver, playing with an innocent maiden's loving heart. Not Billy! He meant every word he wrote, even if it wasn't the exact truth. Just as Mamie's love had prompted her to show she understood her man's wants, so Billy's love made him demonstrate in his letter that he understood his woman's heart-cravings. As he remarked to Private Matthews: "You got to savvy what they like, Ruddy, and humor 'em a bit."

Yes; receiving his muffler to-night was just like getting a quick reply to his letter. A piece of good luck; a splendid omen surely. No bullet ever made in Germany could pierce Mamie's muffler. He'd tell her that next time he wrote, when he got back to his rest billet. It would tickle her, he knew; make her feel she was protecting him. Good old Mamie! He'd tell her how its arrival had cheered and strengthened him; how its folds had hugged him and kept him warm and happy as he stood all night on the firing step, in the cold rain, and shot boches in the darkness at a range of four hundred yards. He'd make her understand he appreciated it—and her.

He opened the package. The muffler was disclosed, its rich khaki glistening and shimmering in the unsteady light of the dugout lamp. It was a fine muffler; Mamie had walked to work many mornings to save nickels to buy the most expensive yarn, and her careful, cunning fingers had made of the completed article almost a work of art. One end was uppermost as Billy removed the wrapping; and upon this end Mamie had, in blithe defiance of army regulations and Red Cross specifications, worked into the khaki a design in red—two hearts skewered by an arrow.

Billy stared at the design. For a moment his eyes were really wet. Good old Mamie! She savvied! She always hit the nail on the head. Two hearts stuck through—his heart and hers. Oh, she'd stick by a fellow, all right, through thick and thin! He'd stick by her too. When Fritz got his beating up, and he got back home, it wasn't going to take him long, you bet, to get a license and a preacher!

He picked the muffler up to fondle it, and the sack of tobacco and book of cigarette papers fell out upon his lap.

"Oh!" exclaimed Billy. He regarded them for a long moment with a sort of stunned amazement. Then there dawned in his eyes an expression of pure bliss. "Oh! A bag o' makin's! Oh-h-h, boy-y-y!"

The muffler, unheeded, fell from his hand to the dugout's muddy floor. His fingers closed cautiously about the sack

and papers, as though he feared they might vanish. He raised them before his eyes; he smelled the sack, and tasted it, and licked his lips. And he babbled:

"A bag o' makin's! Oh, kid! Good girl! And you guessed; you knew! The makin's! And brown papers—good old wheat straws! Oh, boy!"

You dyspeptic epicures will understand his transports if you have ever, after a prolonged and dismal dietary, suddenly and unexpectedly been offered a feast of your best-loved dishes.

Mamie had felt that Billy would understand. He did. He blessed her for her tender forethought—and blessed her again. If she had inclosed a sack of diamonds he would not have been so delighted. For the battalion was out of the makings. None had arrived from home.

For months Private Morphy had had to smoke English cigarettes, which he declared were vile, and French cigarettes, which were viler. In all that time he had never gotten up in the morning, or risen from a meal, or gone to bed at night, without ardently longing for the makings. It was rumored that a shipload of makings on the way had been torpedoed. Whereat Billy—and the whole battalion, and the whole division—swore terribly, and added another black mark to Fritz' score.

Yes; you who have fasted perforce will understand how Private Morphy felt; you will understand his delighted eyes, his watering mouth, his tingling nerves. But unless you are a lover you will not understand his action.

For when he had composed himself, when he had finished fondling the sack, and had tenderly thumbed the papers, Billy carefully placed the articles in his breast pocket without having broken the seal over the tobacco. He didn't do this easily. It was about the hardest thing he had ever done. He fairly lusted to sprinkle some of the precious flakes into a brown paper, roll it, and light up. But he didn't. Instead, he drew out one of the despised French cigarettes, of which he had a pocketful.

In part, perhaps, his impulsive self-denial was the reaction of his spirit to the austere air of France. In France one breathed the spirit of self-denial. But chiefly it was the thought of Mamie, his love for her, his appreciation of her gift, that caused him to deny himself this simple satisfaction. The present moment, he felt, was not the fitting moment to enjoy Mamie's cheer. It was too soon. That bag of makings was to be cherished; it was too impregnated with Mamie's love to be wasted riotously. He would not break that seal until some moment of great need.

He would not break it until he had reached the front line and really become a soldier fighting, instead of a soldier training. That would be a fine thing to be able to write to Mamie—that he had rolled the first one out of her bag while actually facing Fritz! Nor would he be in a hurry to open the bag when he did get into the front line. He would put it off as long as he was able. He'd enjoy that first delicious puff a thousand times in anticipation. When trench weariness was heavy upon him, when he was cold and wet and wretched, then he would break the seal—to-morrow morning, perhaps, or to-morrow night. For the present, while his body was warm, his belly full, his skin dry, the French variety of smokes would serve.

A couple of hours after dark the battalion moved forward by platoons. Billy's section tramped in single file, through ankle-deep mud, along the maze of zigzag communication trenches that led from the reserve to the front. They marched in silence, for such was the order save when some unfortunate slipped and sat down in the mud, whereat he swore soulfully, though quietly; or when some irrepressible spirit flung a low-voiced jest over his shoulder. Only gags could have imposed absolute silence upon the platoon. Were they not marching toward the Great Adventure, toward the test for which they had so arduously prepared? As Billy Morphy plugged along, laden like a pack mule, his coattails heavy with mud, the cold drizzling rain falling upon him, he would not have changed places with President Wilson himself!

He was happy and eager, and just enough afraid to feel a warm thrill over the prospect ahead of him. Oh, he knew it was no picnic he was going to! He had heard too many tales, and seen too many haggard-faced men come marching to repose, to have any illusions about the firing line. It's no fun to live in a wet ditch in wintertime, breathing the air of death.

But he would hold his end up, he was confident, no matter what strafing the coming week should bring the battalion. There might be a tough time ahead; but no hazard of the battle line would be able to dishearten Billy Morphy. Had he not the thought of Mamie to steel his backbone? And Mamie's muffler to turn aside bronchitis and the Hun lead? And Mamie's sack of makings to enable him to grin at fatigue? He kept caressing the little oblong sack reposing in his breast pocket as he splashed along; he would not have exchanged it for the wealth of a Rockefeller.

But Billy and the battalion were agreeably surprised when they saw their new position. This was a quiet sector; for more than a year the scene of only an occasional trench raid. So the cunning French hands had made of the intricate system of ditches and caves, which constituted the firing line, a comparatively comfortable dwelling place. The walls of the main trench were boarded, there was planking to walk upon, and a gasoline pump to keep the water out. The dugouts were numerous, deep-sunken and commodious. The firing line was more comfortable than the reserve line; it was far more comfortable than the trench Billy had helped to dig, and then lived and drilled in, back in the camp.

Billy was somewhat disappointed. He had not hoped for trouble—certainly not for a heavy artillery strafe; but he had expected to get a thrill out of his first appearance on the firing line. The relief, however, proceeded quietly, according to routine; exactly as the countless reliefs he had taken part in during practice in the training trenches had proceeded. The muddy Frenchmen greeted them with a deal of wide grinning and subdued, eager chattering, and departed toward the reserve line, where they would lie in support. To the quick, eager queries of the Americans—"Anything doing? Any fun?"—they shook noncomprehending heads. It made no difference. It appeared that nothing was doing.

There was a liaison sergeant attached to Billy's platoon, an alert young fellow who had, he told them, been a waiter in Philadelphia in the old days. He explained the situation to them, as much with gestures as with speech

"It is so peaceful," he said; "like—how you say?—the church. For, see—one week we stop here—one *mort*, five *blessés*." He held up fingers to emphasize the insignificance of the casualties. "The trench—it is most quiet. But the fun? Oh, *ld, ld!*" He jerked his thumb—a gesture that immediately conveyed his auditors beyond the parapet. "The—how you say?—sport so grand! It is to scout like the red Indian of the Wild West"

Billy, like all the fellows, climbed up on the firing step beside a sentinel for his first long-wished-for glimpse of the German line. He peered through a four-inch loophole, and waited until a star shell ascended from the enemy trench, to burst and bathe with an eerie greenish radiance the terrain beneath.

So this was No Man's Land! The scenes of those grisly, hair-pricking tales he had fed upon! Billy grunted disgustedly. He was staring over a grim, rusty wire entanglement upon a field that looked, he told himself, exactly like the Alameda mud flats back home after a winter tide had receded. The earth was mud. There were no trees, though he saw the jagged stumps of what had been trees. The ruined château between the lines, scene of most of the No Man's Land yarns he had heard, was conspicuous by its absence. There was nothing out there but barbed wire and mud and shadows, which, he supposed, would be shell holes in daylight; and a low, snaky mound, far away, full four hundred yards, which was the German trench.

The light died out and Billy sat down upon the firing step and felt of his breast pocket. He felt glum. He had expected to be exalted by this first visit to the fire trench; and already he was bored. So far as he could see, it was going to be just like the training camp. Old Black Jack was too blamed careful—that was it! Afraid his pets would get mussed up; so he fixed it to have them shoved into a quiet sector. What was it the Frenchy said? Peaceful like a church! Huh! Might just as well be sitting in one of the ditches the gas company dug in Market Street just as much excitement. A jitney bus might run into the excavation there and liven things up; but here

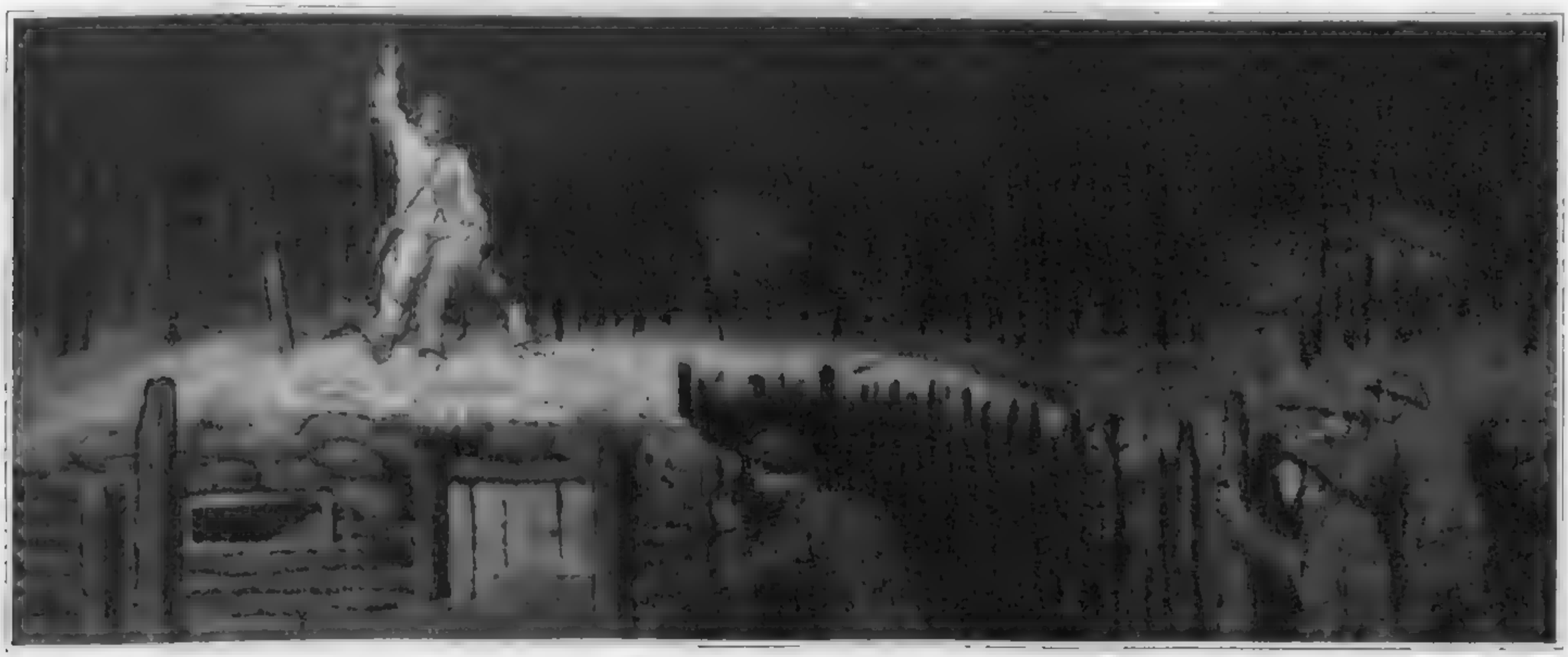
Of course he was under fire. But there was no novelty in that for Billy. He had lived for months within sound of the guns and much of the time within actual range of the German artillery. An enemy battery somewhere over there was even now barking in a desultory fashion—Billy knew it was engaging in its nightly strafe of the road behind the reserve trenches. Somewhere down their own line a machine gun started its riveters' chorus for a moment, and stopped. Billy knew it was merely a test of the weapon. There was almost no rifle fire. Nothing to shoot at but mud and shadows!

A delicious smell assailed his nostrils. Coffee! They were making coffee in the lee of the traverse on his right, over one of the numerous little braziers the Frenchmen had left behind as part of the trench equipment.

Billy grinned and shook his head. No use, he told himself. That fine vision he had had of Private Morphy's surviving the desperate hardships of the firing line through the life-sustaining properties of Mamie's bag of makings was finally dissipated by the aroma of the coffee. Hardships indeed! Why, this was the best place he had struck since leaving billets! Barring the rain and the mud it wasn't half bad—warm dugouts and coffee, hot!

There wasn't any use tormenting himself any longer. He might just as well break the seal now and roll himself a pill. Mamie would be pleased, anyway, to learn he had waited so long. He'd do a little camouflaging when he wrote her that letter! A sergeant came along the trench.

"Hey, Matthews—and you, Morphy!" he said. "Come along! Working party in the sap."



The Corporal Lifted His Piece Pistol and Shot, and the Startled Observers Beheld a Man Crawling Upon His Hands and Knees Toward Them

Billy's fingers left his breast pocket. He got to his feet and followed the sergeant.

He was given a shovel and presently, with five others, was attacking a pile of sticky mud which half filled a portion of the sap. This sap was a deep and narrow ditch, leading out from their trench in the direction of the German line for some forty yards. It was their sortie port, the point from which their working and scouting parties would venture into No Man's Land. It terminated at a shell hole half filled with water, upon the farther rim of which were posted two men and a corporal as a listening post.

The sap was not so well constructed as the main trench. There was no timbering, and a section of wall, weakened by the rain, had fallen in. It was this obstruction Billy and his fellows were shoveling away.

They worked hurriedly, sunk knee-deep in the soft mud. The liaison officers had informed their officers, who informed the sergeant, who told the working party, that Fritz had this sap spotted and sniped at it from some elevated post back of his own line. They worked in darkness, save for flashes from the sergeant's electric torch.

Twice Billy heard the sharp ring as bullets struck the wire above his head; once something buried itself in the mud, a little to one side of his head, with a squashy plup-p! Billy began to feel interested. He felt a little of that expected and deferred thrill.

He lifted a gob of slime on his shovel, balanced it expertly and tossed it—and a missile struck his shovel while it was aloft, drawing from the iron a fine clang and a streak of blue flame. "Ouch!" exclaimed Billy, dropping the tool. He sat down in the mud and nursed his paralyzed forearm. He wasn't scared; but he felt a little qualmy. This was the real thing, all right!

The other men leaned on their shovels and regarded him expectantly. They were wondering if their working party was to have the honor of supplying the first casualty.

"Did you get it, Billy?" demanded Ruddy Matthews.

Billy swore.

"No," he admitted. "It hit my buck stick. Jazzed my arm like a live wire. It aches!"

"Golly, I thought it was your head," commented Ruddy. "Sounded like it hit bone."

Billy disdained to reply; but when he was able to grasp his shovel again he scooped some liquid mud down Ruddy's neck—quite accidentally. They finished the task and filed back into the trench. Billy's fingers were again caressing his breast pocket. His mind was quite at ease now regarding that promise he had made to himself. He felt that he had fulfilled it. He had been in danger. He had finished a mucky job. He was wet and cold and a little tired. He had a right now to open Mamie's bag. Just as soon as the working party was dismissed he'd beat it down the trench and get a swallow of that hot coffee. And then—he'd sure fan his lungs with a good old brown-paper coffin nail!

Their lieutenant came out of the dugout and listened smilingly to the sergeant's report. That smile and the whites of his eyes were about all the working party could see of the lieutenant, for his face and hands were as black as charcoal could make them. The captain and a major from regimental headquarters stood behind their own officer, also smiling.

"You chaps had a nasty job," said the lieutenant; "so I'll give you first chance. There is a working party going out on the wire, and a scouting party to cover them. I ask for volunteers for the scouting party."

There were six men and a sergeant standing before the officer; but it was one voice—though it came from seven mouths—that emitted a fervent "Here, sir!"

The lieutenant chuckled proudly.

"All right. I'll take the lot of you; just the number I need," he said. He motioned toward the dugout. "Go in there, and the liaison chap will camouflage you and tell you your equipment. Then report at the sap head."

It was the ex-waiter they found in the dugout, stooping over a coal-oil can, stirring a greasy black mixture with a stick. He welcomed them with a blackamoor smile, hailed them as brothers, and set them to bedaubing themselves with the contents of the can. They plied him with eager questions regarding the coming adventure, which he answered as well as he could, though he was plainly more anxious to discuss the fleshpots of Philadelphia than the—to him—ordinary details of an ordinary excursion beyond the parapet.

Was he to accompany them? But, yes—regard his face and hands! And did Mister the Sergeant, who hailed from Philly, know the vicinity of Eighth and Vine Streets? They must apply a coat of blackness to the white skin. But surely—the smell, it was not so good; but the protection! The boche had sharp eyes. And did Mister the Sergeant recall the theater burlesque on Eighth Street? And the Miss LeMoyne, from Paris, who did the dance? The little Daisy? Ha, ha!

The equipment? But it was simple. The gas mask surely! One never knew when Mister the Boche would give them a whiff of his devil's vapor. And the canteen—filled And the rifle, with the bayonet fixed; but the bayonet must be coated like the flesh, so the steel should not glitter when the boche sent up his lights. The bomb? But it was to scout, not to raid—this party. One grenade each man would take, for the sake of an emergency.

He would confide to his friend, Mister the Sergeant, a great joke. The Miss Daisy, of the theater burlesque, had never come from Paris. No. He knew. Was he not captain in the hotel when the Miss LeMoyne was the Miss Murphy who attended the tables by the north window? Ha, ha! The cute Daisy! But she was—oh, so wonderful! Such form—such grace—*là là!*

And would they have the scrap out there? But who knew? Perhaps, if the boche were out also, they would make a contact. The great sport! And the misters, his comrades, were ready? But, no; his dear friend—he indicated Ruddy Matthews—had not applied the sufficient thickness of blackness to his flesh, so white. And his head—oh, *là là!* And did his teen darby fall off during the reconnoiter the boche would think the sun was rising in No Man's Land! More camouflage.

Ruddy disconsolately returned to the coal-oil can and applied some more of the rank mixture to his features and to his fiery thatch of hair. Then he fixed his steel shrapnel helmet, the tin derby of trench talk, firmly upon his head and posed successfully for the sergeant's inspection.

The party moved toward the dugout stairs, giggling like schoolgirls at each other's appearance—"All dolled up like a minstrel show," as Billy remarked. Private Matthews, in his excess of camouflage after the sergeant's reproof, had swallowed some of the grease that was compounded with the charcoal; and he spluttered and spat and swore.

"Does it taste like it smells?" asked Billy.

"Yes," said Private Matthews briefly.

Billy grinned.

"I bet if we bump into a Germ, and he bites one of us, he'll choke!" he asserted.

Billy was experiencing all the thrills he had hoped for; he was atingle to the finger tips. "This is the real thing!" he was thinking. "By George, I'll have something to write Mamie now!" He had forgotten there was such a thing as a cigarette; as he followed the others down the trench he never gave a thought to that smoke of makings he had promised himself.

"Good luck, fellows! Hope you get one!" the men said as they passed along to the sap—and regarded their passing with envious eyes. "Bring a couple home for lunch!" Billy heard the word being passed from sentry to sentry and to the machine-gun men: "Hold fire—our men in front!"

At the sap entrance they met the working party, men with mauls and stakes and reels of wire. They were waiting for the scouts to lead the way.

Billy's party passed down the sap to its head, the water-filled shell hole. They met their lieutenant there, saying good-by to the major and the captain. The whole party lay for a moment on the muddy rim of the shell hole, each man endeavoring to pierce the wet darkness in front of him, while listening to the last directions of the officer.

"Sergeant Nicole will lead," said the lieutenant. "We follow him and his directions, men; he has been out here before—more than once. And remember this: If we come into contact with the enemy we shall, of course, be guided by the circumstances. Try to grab a prisoner, boys! But there must be no pursuit; no following them to their lines. An immediate retreat to this sap, so that our line can open fire before they get through their own wire—that's the way they play the game here, boys. They'll try the same dodge. Is there anything more, sergeant?"

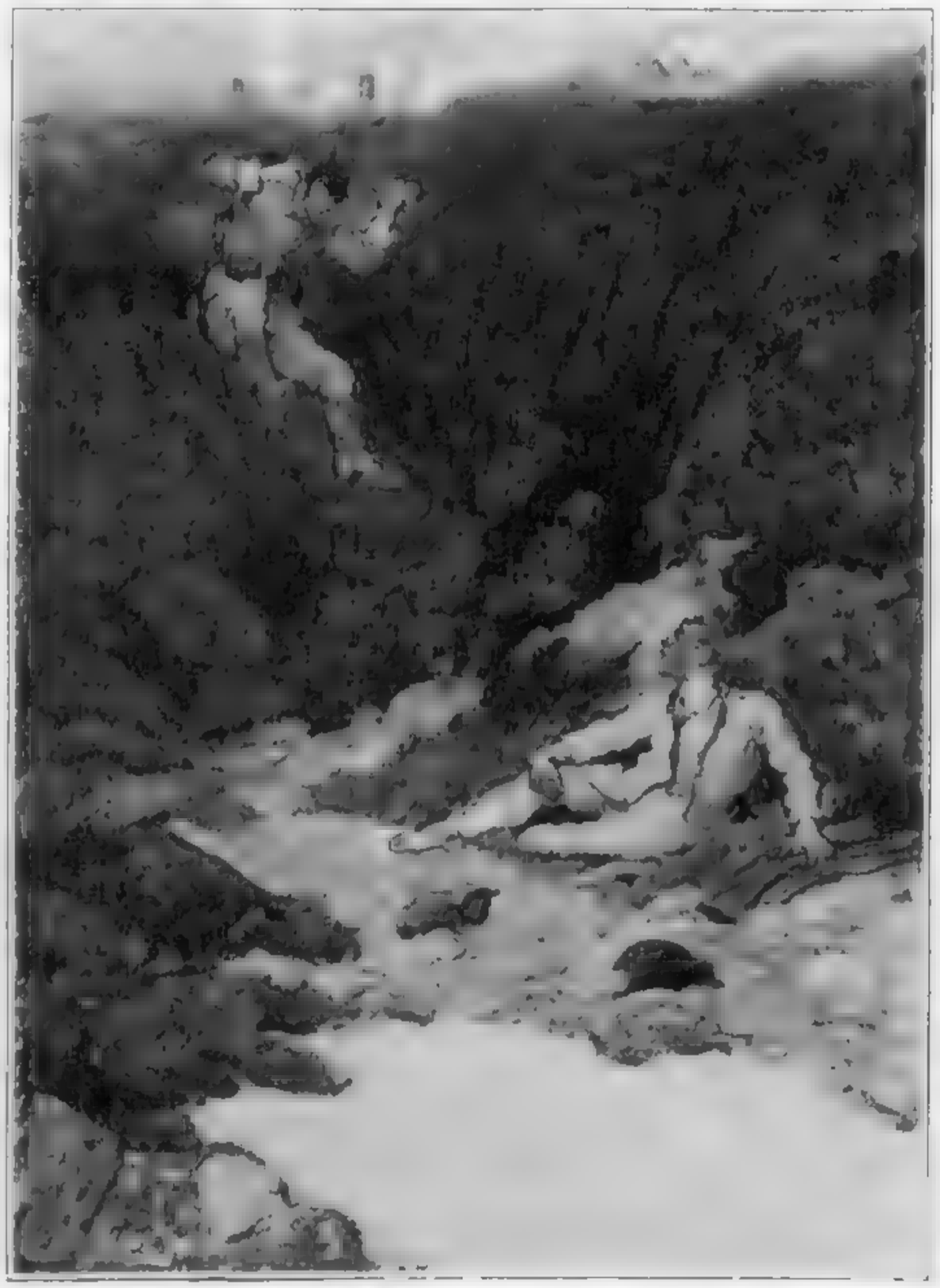
The Frenchman, who was lying next to Billy, turned his head toward the other's words. He spoke crisply: But to be quiet! Mister the Lieutenant and his comrades must not forget. It was like the scout of the Red Indian; like they had been taught in camp. No noise; no talk; no cough. They should not walk erect; they should crawl. When the light went up they should lie flat and without motion. They must be wary. He thought the boche was out. Did Mister the Lieutenant perceive the occasional rifle crack from over there had ceased? Undoubtedly the boche was out, and they might make a contact.

"We proceed with directness to the place I know," he concluded. "It is a point of ambush from which, one week ago, a squad from my command destroyed a boche patrol of four. But very quietly. With the bayonet; without noise. The boche—he does not know where is his patrol! To this point we go, musters. But you must have the—how you say?—lay of the land for the return. Regard now—the stump of tree you have seen by the lights. It is on your right hand now. On the return remember it will be on the left. This in case of separation from the party. And we are ready? Then we go!"

They went. The sergeant hoisted himself over the edge of the shell hole and crawled away into No Man's Land. The lieutenant followed next, and then Billy and the others.

Sergeant Nicole set a hurried pace the first lap, and they scuttled full fifty yards toward the German line before the warning hiss of an ascending rocket sent them flat upon their faces, embracing the earth, motionless. The light went out and they continued their progress, but more slowly and cautiously. It was an almost noiseless progress; his own breathing and the slight slushing sound of their knees dragging over the wet ground were the only sounds Billy heard.

He thought their guide must have cat's eyes or be so well acquainted with the geography of this field that he could find his way about blindfolded; for Sergeant Nicole was leading them a circuitous journey along which, Billy sensed, must be a sort of beaten path for these midnight excursions. They took advantage of shallow depressions in the ground; they skirted the edge of shell holes that Billy would have fallen into if he had



Billy Sat Up and Reached for His Rifle; the Enemy Leaped and Landed Beside Him

(Continued on Page 101)

THE AMAZING INTERLUDE

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RAIEIGH

XX

HARVEY proceeded to put his plan into effect at once, with the simple method of an essentially simple nature. The thing had become intolerable; therefore it must end.

On the afternoon following his talk with Belle he came home at three o'clock. Belle heard him moving about in his room, and when she entered it, after he had gone, she found that he had shaved and put on his best suit.

She smiled a little. It was like Harvey to be literal. He had said he was going to go round and have a good time, and he was losing no time. But in their restricted social life, where most of the men worked until five o'clock or even later, there were few afternoon calls paid. Belle wondered with mild sisterly curiosity into what arena Harvey was about to fling his best hat.

But though Harvey paid a call that afternoon it was not on any of the young women he knew. He went to see Mrs Gregory. She was at home—he had arranged for that by telephone—and the one butler of the neighborhood admitted him. It was a truculent young man, for all his politeness, who confronted Mrs. Gregory in her drawing-room—a quietly truculent young man, who came to the point while he was still shaking hands.

"You're not going to be glad to see me in a minute," he said in reply to her greeting.

"How can you know that?"

"Because I've come to get you to do something you won't want to do."

"We won't quarrel before we begin, then," she said pleasantly. "Because I really never do anything I don't wish to do."

But she gave him a second glance and her smile became a trifle forced.

She knew all about Harvey and Sara Lee. She had heard rumors of his disapproval also. Though she was not a clever or a very keen woman, she saw what was coming and braced herself for it.

Harvey had prepared in his mind a summary of his position, and he delivered it with the rapidity and strength of a blow.

"I know all about the Belgians, Mrs. Gregory," he said. "I'm sorry for them. So is everyone, I suppose. But I want to know if you think a girl of twenty ought to be over there practically at the Front, and alone?" He gave her time to reply. "Would you like to have your daughter there, if you had one?"

"Perhaps not, under ordinary circumstances. But this is war ——"

"It is not our war."

"Humanity," said Mrs. Gregory, remembering the phrase she had written for a speech—"humanity has no nationality. It is of all men, for all men."

"That's men. Not women!"

He got up and stood on the hearthrug. He was singularly reminiscent of the time he had stood on Aunt Harriet's white fur rug and had told Sara Lee she could not go.

"Now see here, Mrs. Gregory," he said, "we'll stop beating about the bush, if you don't mind. She's got to come home. She's coming, if I have to go and get her!"

"You needn't look at me so fiercely. I didn't send her. It was her own idea."

Harvey sneered.

"I Want Her Back, But I Want Her Back Safe. And if Anything Happens to Her I'll Make You Pay—You and All Your Notoriety Hunters"

"No," he said slowly. "But I notice your society publishes her reports in the papers, and that the names of the officers are rarely missing."

Mrs. Gregory colored.

"We must have publicity to get money," she said. "It is hard to get. Sometimes I have had to make up the deficit out of my own pocket."

"Then for God's sake bring her home! If the thing has to go on, send over there some of the middle-aged women who have no ties. Let 'em get shot if they want to. They can write as good reports as she can, if that's all you want. And make as good soup," he added bitterly.

Mrs. Gregory was for throwing a sop to this savage Cerberus.

"It could be done, of course," she said. "But—I must tell you this: I doubt if an older woman could have got where she has. There is no doubt that her charm, her youth and beauty have helped her greatly. We cannot ——"

The very whites of his eyes turned red then. He shouted furiously that for their silly work, their love of publicity, they were trading on a girl's youth and beauty; that if anything happened to her he would publish the truth in every newspaper in the country; that they would at once recall Sara Lee or he would placard the city with what they were doing. These were only a few of the things he threw at her.

When he was out of breath he jerked the picture of the little house of mercy out of his pocket and flung it into her lap.

"There!" he said. "Do you know where that house is? It's in a ruined village. She hasn't said that, has she? Well, look at the masonry there. That's a shell hole in the street. That soldier's got a gun. Why? Because the Germans may march up that street any day on their way to Calais."

Mrs. Gregory looked at the picture. Sara Lee smiled into the sun. And René, ignorant that his single rifle was to oppose the march of the German Army to Calais—René smiled also. Mrs. Gregory rose.

"I shall report your view to the society," she said coldly. "I understand how you feel, but I fail to see the reason for this attack on me."

"I guess you see all right!" he flung at her. "She's my future wife. If you hadn't put this nonsense into her head we'd be married now and she'd be here in God's country and not living with a lot of foreigners who don't know a good woman when they see one. I want her back, but I want her back safe. And if anything happens to her I'll make you pay—you and all your notoriety hunters."

He went out then, and was for leaving without his hat or coat, but the butler caught him at the door. Out in the spring sunlight he walked rapidly, still seething, remembering other bitter things he had meant to say, and repeating them to himself.

But he had said enough.

Mrs. Gregory's account of his visit she reported at a meeting specially called. The narrative lost nothing in the repetition. But the kindly women who sat in the church house sewing or knitting listened to what Harvey had said and looked troubled. They liked Sara Lee, and many of them had daughters.

The photograph was passed round. Undoubtedly Sara Lee was living in a ruined village. Certainly ruined villages were only found near the Front. And René unquestionably held a gun. Tales of German brutalities to women had come and were coming constantly to their ears. Mabel Andrews had written to them for supplies, and she had added to the chapter of horrors.

Briefly, the sense of the meeting was that Harvey had been brutal, but that he was right. An older woman in a safe place they might continue to support, but none of them would assume the responsibility of the crushing out of a young girl's life.

To be quite frank, possibly Harvey's appeal would have carried less weight had it not coincided with Sara Lee's request for more money. Neither one alone would have brought about the catastrophe, but together they made question and answer, problem and solution. Money was scarce. Demands were heavy. None of them except Mrs. Gregory had more than just enough. And there was this additional situation to face: There was no end of the war in sight; it gave promise now of going on indefinitely.

Joffre had said, "I nibble them." But to nibble a hole in the German Army might take years. They had sent Sara Lee for a few months. How about keeping her there indefinitely?

Oddly enough, it was Harvey's sister who made the only protest against the recall.

"Of course, I want her back," she said slowly. "You'd understand better if you had to live with Harvey. I'm sorry, Mrs. Gregory, that he spoke to you as he did, but he's nearly crazy." She eyed the assembly with her tired shrewd eyes. "I'm no talker," she went on, "but Sara Lee has done a big thing. We don't realize, I guess, how big it is. And I think we'll just about kill her if we bring her home."

"Better to do that than to have her killed over there," someone said. And, in spite of Belle's protest, that remained the sense of the meeting. It was put to the vote and decided to recall Sara Lee. She could bring a report of conditions, and if she thought it wise an older woman could go later, to a safer place.

Belle was very quiet that evening. After dinner she went to Harvey's room and found him dressing to go out.

"I'm going with a crowd to the theater," he said. "First week of the summer stock company, you know."

He tied his tie defiantly, avoiding Belle's eyes in the mirror.

"Harvey," she said, "they're going to bring Sara Lee home."

He said nothing, but his hands shook somewhat.

"And I think," Belle said, "that you will be sorry for what you have done—all the rest of your life."

XXI

BY THE time Henri was well enough to resume his former activities it was almost the first of May. The winter quiet was over with a vengeance, and the Allies were hammering hard with their first tolerably full supply of high-explosive shells.

Cheering reports came daily to the little house—of rapidly augmenting armies, of big guns on caterpillar wheels that were moving slowly up to the Allied Front. Great Britain had at last learned her lesson that only shells of immense destructiveness were of any avail against the German batteries. She was moving heaven and earth to get them, but the supply was still inadequate. With the new shells experiments were being made in barrage fire—costly experiments now and then; but the Allies were apt in learning the ugly game of modern war.

Only on the Belgian Front was there small change. The shattered army was being freshly outfitted. England was sending money and ammunition, and on the sand dunes small bodies of fresh troops drilled and smiled grimly and drilled again. But there were not, as in England and in France, great bodies of young men to draw from. Too many had been caught beyond the German wall of steel.

Yet a wave of renewed courage had come with the sun and the green fields. And conditions had improved for the Belgians in other ways. They were being paid, for one thing, with something like regularity. Food was better and more plentiful. One day Henri appeared at the top of the street and drove down triumphantly a small unclipped horse, which trundled behind it a vertical boiler on wheels with fire box and stovepipe.

"A portable kitchen!" he explained. "See, here for soup and here for coffee. And more are coming."

"Very soon, Henri, they will not need me," Sara Lee said wistfully.

But he protested almost violently. He even put the question to the horse, and blowing in his ear made him shake his head in the negative.

She was needed, indeed. To the great base hospital at La Panne went more and more wounded men. But to the little house of mercy came the small odds and ends in increasing numbers. Medical men were scarce and badly overworked. There was talk, for a time, of sending a surgeon to the little house, but it came to nothing. La Panne was not far away, and all the surgeons they could get there were not too many.

So the little house went on much as before. Henri had moved to the mill. He was at work again, and one day, in the King's villa and quietly, because of many reasons, Henri, a very white and erect Henri, received a second medal, the highest for courage that could be given.

He did not tell Sara Lee.

But though he and the men who served under him worked hard, they could not always perform miracles. The German planes still outnumbered the Allied ones. They had grown more daring with the spring, too, and whatever Henri might learn of ground operations, he could not foretell those of the air.

On a moonlight night in early May, Sara Lee, setting out her dressings, heard a man running up the street. René challenged him sharply, only to step aside. It was Henri. He burst in on Sara Lee.

"To the cellar, mademoiselle!" he said.

"A bombardment?" asked Sara Lee.

"From the air. They may pass over, but there are twelve *taubes*, and they are circling overhead."

The first bomb dropped then in the street. It was white moonlight and the Germans must have seen that there were no troops. Probably it was as Henri said later, that they had learned of the little house, and since it brought such aid and comfort as might be it was to be destroyed.

The house of the mill went with the second bomb. Then followed a deafening uproar as plane after plane dropped its shells on the dead town. Marie and Sara Lee were in the cellar by that time, but the cellar was scarcely safer than the floor above. From a bombardment by shells from guns miles away there was protection. From a bomb dropped from the sky, the floors above were practically useless.

Only Henri and René remained on the street floor. Henri was extinguishing lights. In the passage René stood, not willing to take refuge until Henri, whom he adored, had done so. For a moment the uproar ceased, and in a spirit of bravado René stepped out into the moonlight and made a gesture of derision into the air.

He fell there, struck by a piece of splintered shell

"Come, René!" Henri called. "The brave are those who live to fight again, not ——"

But René's figure against the moonlight was gone. Henri ran to the doorway then and found him lying, his head on the little step where he had been wont to sit and whittle and sing his "Tipperaree." He was dead. Henri carried him in and laid him in the little passage, very reverently. Then he went below.

"Where is René?" Sara Lee asked from the darkness.

"A foolish boy," said Henri, a catch in his throat. "He is, I think, watching these fiends of the air, from some shelter."

Never Again Would René Sit and Whittle on the Doorstep and Sing His Tuneless "Tipperaree"

"There is no shelter," shivered the girl.

"He is quite safe, mademoiselle."

He groped for her hand in the darkness, and so they stood, hand in hand, like two children, waiting for what might come.

It was not until the thing was over that he told her. He had gone up first and had carried René to the open upper floor, where he lay, singularly peaceful, face up to the awful beauty of the night.

"Good night, little brother," Henri said to him, and left him there with a heavy heart. Never again would René sit and whittle on the doorstep and sing his tuneless "Tipperaree." Never again would he gaze with boyishly adoring eyes at Sara Lee as she moved back and forth in the little house.

Henri stared up at the sky. The moon looked down, cold and cruelly bright, on the vanishing squadron of death, on the destroyed town and on the boy's white face. Somewhere, Henri felt, vanishing like the German *taubes*, but to peace instead of war, was moving René's brave and smiling spirit—a boyish angel, eager and dauntless, and still looking up.

Henri took off his cap and crossed himself.

Another sentry took René's place the next day, but the little house had lost something it could not regain. And a greater loss was to come.

Jean brought out the mail that day. For Sara Lee, moving about silent and red-eyed, there was a letter from Mr. Travers. He inclosed a hundred pounds and a clipping from a London newspaper entitled The Little House of Mercy.

"Evidently," he wrote, "you were right and we were wrong. One-half of the inclosed check is from my wife, who takes this method of showing her affectionate gratitude. The balance is from myself. Once, some months ago, I said to you that almost you restored my faith in human nature. To-day I may say that, in these hours of sorrow for us all, what you have done and are doing has brought into my gray day a breath of hope."

There was another clipping, but no comment. It recorded the death of a Reginald Alexander Travers, aged thirty.

It was then that Sara Lee, who was by way of thinking for herself those days, and of thinking clearly, recognized the strange new self-abnegation of the English—their attitude not so much of suppressing their private griefs as of refusing to obtrude them. A strongly individualistic people, they were already commencing to think nationally. Grief was a private matter, to be borne privately. To the world they must present an unbroken front, an unshaken and unshakable faith. A new attitude, and a strange one, for grumbling, crotchety, gouty-souled England.

A people that had for centuries insisted not only on its rights but on its privileges was now giving as freely as ever it had demanded. It was as though, having hoarded all those years, it had but been hoarding against the day of payment. As it had received it gave—in money, in effort, in life. And without pretext.

So the Traverses, having given up all that had made life for them, sent a clipping only, and no comment. Sara Lee, through a mist of tears, saw them alone in their drawing-room, having tea as usual, and valiantly speaking of small things, and valiantly facing the future, but never, in the bitterest moments, making complaint or protest.

Would America, she wondered, if her hour came, be so brave? Harvey had a phrase for such things. It was "stand the gaff." Would America stand the gaff so well? Courage was America's watchword, but a courage of the body rather than of the soul—physical courage, not moral. What would happen if America entered the struggle and the papers were filled, as were the British and the French, with long casualty lists, each name a knife-thrust somewhere?

She wondered.

And then, before long, it was Sara Lee's turn to stand the gaff. There was another letter, a curiously incoherent one from Harvey's sister. She referred to something that the society had done, and hoped that Sara Lee would take it in kindness, as it was meant. Harvey was well and much happier. She was to try to understand Harvey's part. He had been almost desperate. Evidently the letter had preceded one that should have

arrived at the same time. Sara Lee was sadly puzzled. She went to Henri with it, but he could make nothing out of it There was nothing to do but to wait.

That night Henri was to go through the lines again. Since his wounding he had been working on the Allied side, and fewer lights there were in his district that flashed the treacherous message across the flood between night and morning. But now it was imperative that he go through the German lines again. It was feared that with grappling hooks the enemy was slowly and cautiously withdrawing the barbed wire from the inundated fields; and that could mean but one thing.

On the night he was to go Henri called Sara Lee from the crowded *salle à manger* and drawing her into the room across closed the door.

"Mademoiselle," he said gravely, "once before, long ago, you—permitted me to kiss you. Will you do that for me again?"

She kissed him at once gravely. Once she would have flushed. She did not now. For there was a change in Sara Lee as well as in her outlook. She had been seeing for months the shortness of life, the brief tenure men held on it, the value of such happiness as might be for the hours that remained. She was a woman now, for all her slim young body and her charm of youth. Values had changed. To love, and to show that love, to cheer, to comfort and help—that was necessary, because soon the chance might be gone, and there would be long aching years of regret.

So she kissed him gravely and looked up into his eyes, her own full of tears.

"God bless and keep you, dear Henri," she said.

Then she went back to her work.

"You are Going Back to Him," Henri Said Slowly; "and You Will Always Keep These Days of Ours Buried in Your Heart. But I Shall Not Let You Forget Me, Sarnite"

MUCH of Sara Lee's life at home had faded. She seemed to be two people. One was the girl who had knitted the afghan for Anna, and had hidden it away from Uncle James' kind but curious eyes; and one was this present Sara Lee, living on the edge of eternity, and seeing men die or suffer horribly, not to gain anything—except perhaps some honorable advancement for their souls—but that there might be preserved, at any cost, the right of honest folk to labor in their fields, to love, to pray, and at last to sleep in the peace of God.

She had lost the past and she dared not look into the future. So she was living each day as it came, with its labor, its love, its prayers and at last its sleep. Even Harvey seemed remote and stern and bitter. She reread his letters often, but they were forced. And after a time she realized another quality in them. They were self-centered. It was his anxiety, his loneliness, his humiliation. Sara Lee's eyes were looking out, those days, over a suffering world. Harvey's eyes were turned in on himself.

She realized this, but she never formulated it, even to herself. What she did acknowledge was a growing fear of the reunion which must come sometime—that he was cherishing still further bitterness against that day, that he would say things that he would regret later. Sometimes the thought of that day came to her when she was doing a dressing, and her hands would tremble.

Henri had not returned when, the second day after René's death, the letter came which recalled her. She opened it eagerly. Though from Harvey there usually came at the best veiled reproach, the society had always sent its enthusiastic approval. She read it twice before she understood, and it was only when she read Belle's letter again that she began to comprehend. She was recalled; and the recall was Harvey's work.

She was very close to hating him that day. He had never understood. She would go back to him, as she had promised; but always, all the rest of their lives, there would be this barrier between them. To the barrier of his bitterness would be added her own resentment. She could never even talk to him of her work, of those great days when in her small way she had felt herself a part of the machinery of mercy of the war.

Harvey had lost something out of Sara Lee's love for him. He had done it himself, madly, despairingly. She still loved him, she felt. Nothing could change that or her promise to him. But with that love there was something now of fear. And she felt, too, that after all the years she had known him she had not known him at all. The Harvey she had known was a tender and considerate man, soft-spoken, slow to wrath, always gentle. But the Harvey of his letters and of the recall was a stranger.

It was the result of her upbringing, probably, that she had no thought of revolt. Her tie to Harvey was a real tie. By her promise to him her life was no longer hers to order. It belonged to someone else, to be ordered for her. But, though she accepted, she was too clear a thinker not to resent.

When Henri returned, toward dawn of the following night, he did not come alone. Sara Lee, rising early, found two men in her kitchen—one of them Henri, who was making coffee, and a soldier in a gray-green uniform, with a bad bruise over one eye and a sulky face. His hands were tied, but otherwise he sat at ease, and Henri, having made the coffee, held a cup to his lips. "It is good for the spirits, man," he said in German. "Drink it."

The German took it, first gingerly, then eagerly. Henri was in high good humor.

"See, I have brought you a gift!" he exclaimed on seeing Sara Lee. "What shall we do with him? Send him to America? To show the appearance of the madmen of Europe?"

The prisoner was only a boy, such a boy as Henri himself, but a peasant, and muscular. Beside his bulk Henri looked slim as a reed. Henri eyed him with a certain tolerant humor.

"He is young, and a Bavarian," he said. "Otherwise I should have killed him, for he fought hard. He has but just been called."

There was another conference in the little house that morning, but Henri's prisoner could tell little. He had heard nothing of an advance. Farther along the line it was said that there was much fighting. He sat there, pale and bewildered and very civil, and in the end his frightened politeness brought about a change in the attitude of the men who questioned him. Hate all Germans as they must, who had suffered so grossly, this boy was not of those who had outraged them

They sent him on at last, and Sara Lee was free to tell Henri her news But she had grown very wise as to Henri's moods, and she hesitated. A certain dissatisfaction had been growing in the boy for some time, a sense of hopelessness. Farther along the spring had brought renewed activity to the Allied armies. Great movements were taking place.

But his own men stood in their trenches, or what passed for trenches, or lay on their hours of relief in such wretched quarters as could be found, still with no prospect of action No great guns, drawn by heavy tractors, came down the roads toward the trenches by the sea. Steady bombarding, incessant sniping and no movement on either side—that was the Belgian Front during the first year of the war. Inaction, with that eating anxiety as to what was going on in the occupied territory, was the portion of the heroic small army that stretched from Nieuport to Dixmude.

But Henri's nerves were not good. He was unhappy—that always—and he was not yet quite recovered from his wounds. There was on his mind, too, a certain gun which moved on a railway track, back and forth behind the German lines, doing the work of many. He had tried to get to that gun, and failed. And he hated failure.

Certainly in this story of Sara Lee and of Henri, whose other name must not be known, allowance must be made for all those things. Yet perhaps no allowance is enough.

Sara Lee told him that evening of her recall, told him when the shuffling of many feet in the street told of the first weary men from the trenches coming up the road.

He heard her in a dazed silence. Then:

"But you will not go?" he said. "It is impossible! You—you are needed, mademoiselle."

"What can I do, Henri? They have recalled me. My money will not come now."

"Perhaps we can arrange that. It does not cost so much. I have friends—and think, mademoiselle, how many know now of what you are doing, and love you for it. Some of them would contribute, surely."

He was desperately revolving expedients in his mind. He could himself do no more than he had done. He, or rather Jean and he together, had been bearing a full half of the expense of the little house since the beginning. But he dared not tell her that. And though he spoke hopefully, he knew well that he could raise nothing from the Belgians he knew best.

Henri came of a class that held its fortunes in land, and that land was now in German hands.

"We will arrange it somehow," he said with forced cheerfulness. "No beautiful thing—and this is surely beautiful—must die because of money."

It was then that Sara Lee took the plunge.

"It is not only money, Henri."

"He has sent for you!"

Harvey was always "he" to Henri.

"Not exactly. But I think he went to someone and said I should not be here alone. You can understand how he feels. We were going to be married very soon, and then I decided to come. It made an awful upset."

(Continued on Page 37)

"Similia Similibus Curantur"

Judging by His Appearance and Manner the Fourth Golfer Had Been Neck-Deep in Grief, to Say Nothing of Cactus and Manzanita

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

THE front porch of our clubhouse is a sort of reserved-seat section from which we witness the finish of all important matches. The big wicker rocking-chairs command the eighteenth putting green, as well as the approach to it, and when nothing better offers we watch the dub foursomes come straggling home, herding the little white pills in front of them.

We were doing this only yesterday—Waddles, the Bish and yours truly—and Waddles was picking the winners and losers at a distance of three hundred yards. The old rascal is positively uncanny at that sort of thing; in fact, he rather prides himself on his powers of observation. The Bish was arguing with him, as usual. Of course he isn't really a bishop, but he has a long, solemn, ecclesiastical upper lip and a heavy manner of trundling out the most commonplace remarks, so we call him the Bish, and there is nothing he can do about it.

In justice to all parties concerned I feel it my duty to state that in every other way he is quite unlike any bishop I have ever met.

"Hello!" said Waddles, sitting up straight. "Here's the Old Guard—what's left of it, at least."

Away down to the right of the sycamore trees a single figure topped the brow of the hill and stalked along the sky line. There was no mistaking the long, thin legs or the stiff swing with which they moved.

"Walks like a pair of spavined sugar tongs," was Waddles' comment. "You can tell Pete Miller as far as you can see him."

A second figure shot suddenly into view—the figure of a small, nervous man who brandished a golf club and danced from sheer excess of emotion, but even at three hundred yards it was evident that there was no joy in that dance. Waddles chuckled.

"Bet you anything you like," said he, "that Sam Totten sliced his tee shot into the apricot orchard. He's played about four by now—and they're cutthroating it on the drink hole, same as they always do. . . . About time for Jumbo to be putting in an appearance."

While he was speaking a tremendous form loomed large on the sky line, dwarfing Miller and Totten. Once on level ground this giant struck a rolling gait and rapidly overhauled his companions—overhauled them in spite of two hundred and sixty pounds and an immense paunch which swayed from side to side as he walked.

"Little Jumbo," said Waddles, sinking back in his chair. "Little Jumbo, with his bag of clubs tucked under his left arm—one driver and all of three irons. He carries that awful load because his doctor tells him he ought to reduce. And he eats four pieces of apple pie *à la mode* with his lunch. But a fine old fellow at that. . . . Well, I notice it's still a threesome."

"Notice again," said the Bish, pointing to the left of the sycamores.

Waddles looked, and rose from his chair with a grunt of amazement. A fourth figure came dragging itself up the slope of the hill—the particular portion of the slope of the hill where the deepest trouble is visited upon a sliced second shot. Judging by his appearance and manner this fourth golfer had been neck-deep in grief, to say nothing of cactus and manzanita. His head was hanging low on his breast, his shoulders were sagging, his feet were shuffling along the ground, and he trailed a golf club behind him. When a man trails a club to the eighteenth putting green it is a sure sign that all is over but the shouting; and the wise observer will do his shouting in a whisper. Waddles sat down suddenly.

"Well, as I live and breathe and run the Yavapai Golf and Country Club," he ejaculated, "there's my old friend, Mr. Peacock, with all his tail feathers pulled out! The deserter has joined the colors again, and the Old Guard is recruited to full war strength once more! They've actually taken him back—after the way he's acted too! Now what do you think of that, eh?"

"If you ask me," said the Bish in his booming chest notes, "I'd say it was just a case of *similia similibus curantur*."

"Nothing of the sort!" said Waddles, bristling instantly. "And, besides, I don't know what you mean. Bish, when you cut loose that belly barytone of yours you always remind me of an empty barrel rolling down the cellar stairs—a lot of noise, but you never spill anything worth mopping up. Come again with that foreign stuff."

"*Similia similibus curantur*," repeated the Bish. "That's Latin."

Waddles shook his head.

"In this case," said he, "your word will have to be sufficient. While you were hog-wrastling Cæsar's Commentaries I was down in the Indian Territory mastering the art of driving eight mules with a jerk line. I learned to swear some in Choctaw and Cherokee, but that was as far as I got.

"Break that Latin up into little ones. Slip it to me in plain unvarnished United States."

"Well then," said the Bish, rolling a solemn eye in my direction, "that's the same as saying that the hair of the dog cures the bite."

"The hair of the dog," repeated Waddles, wrinkling his brow. "The hair—of—the—dog. . . . H'm-m."

"Oh, it's deep stuff," said the Bish. "Take a good long breath and dive for it."

"The only time I ever heard that hair-of-the-dog thing mentioned," said Waddles, "was the morning after the night before. Peacock doesn't drink."

The Bish made use of a very unorthodox expletive.

"Something ailed your friend Peacock," said he, "and something cured him. Think it over."

Slowly the light of intelligence dawned in Waddles' eyes. He began to laugh inwardly, quivering like a mold of jelly, but the joke was too big to remain inside him. It burst forth, first in chuckles, then in subdued guffaws, and finally in whoops and yells, and as he whooped he slapped his fat knees and wallowed in his chair.

"Why," he panted, "I saw it all the time—of course I did! It was just your fool way of putting it! The hair of the dog—oh, say, that's rich! Make a note of that Latin thing, Bish. I want to spring it on the Reverend Father Murphy!"

"Certainly—but where are you off to in such a hurry?"

"Me?" said Waddles. "I'm going to do something I've never done before. I'm going to raise a man's handicap from twelve to eighteen!"

He went away, still laughing, and I looked over toward the eighteenth green. Pete Miller was preparing to putt, Sam Totten and Jumbo were standing side by side, and in the background was Henry Peacock, his hands in his pockets, his cap tilted down over his eyes and his lower lip entirely out of control. His caddie was already on the way to the shed with the bag of clubs.

"From twelve handicap to eighteen," said I. "That's more or less of an insult. Think he'll stand for it?"

"He'll stand for anything right now," said the Bish. "Look at him! He's picked up his ball—on the drink hole too. Give him the once over—'mighty somnambulist of a vanished dream'!"

II

AS FAR back as my earliest acquaintance with the royal and ancient game, the Old Guard was an institution of the Yavapai Golf and Country Club—a foursome cemented by years and usage, an association recognized as permanent, a club within the club—four eighteen-handicap men, bound by the ties of habit and hopeless mediocrity. The young golfer improves his game and changes his company, graduating from Class B into Class A; the middle-aged golfer is past improvement, so he learns his limitations, hunts his level and stays there. Peter Miller, Frank Woodson, Henry Peacock and Sam Totten were fixtures in the Grand Amalgamated Order of Dubs, and year in and year out their cards would have averaged something like ninety-seven. They were oftener over the century mark than below it.

Every golf club has a few permanent foursomes, but most of them are held together by common interests outside the course. For instance, we have a bankers' foursome, an insurance foursome and a wholesale-grocery foursome, and the players talk shop between holes. We even have a foursome founded on the ownership of an automobile, a jitney alliance, as Sam Totten calls it; but the Old Guard cannot be explained on any such basis, nor was it a case of like seeking like.

Peter Miller, senior member, is gray and silent and as stiff as his own putter shaft. He is the sort of man who always lets the other fellow do all the talking and all the laughing, while he sits back with the air of one making mental notes and reservations. Peter is a corporation lawyer who seldom appears in court, but he loads the gun for the young and eloquent pleader and tells him what to aim at and when to pull the trigger. A solid citizen, Peter, and a useful one.

Frank Woodson, alias Jumbo, big and genial and hearty, has played as Miller's partner for years and years, and possesses every human quality that Peter lacks. They say of Frank—and I believe it—that in all his life he never hurt a friend or lost one. Frank is in the stock-raising business at present, and carries a side line of blue-blooded dogs. He once made me a present of one, but I am still his friend.

A year ago I would have set against Henry Peacock's name the words "colorless" and "neutral." A year ago I thought I knew all about him; now I am quite certain that there is something in Henry Peacock's nature that will always baffle me. Waddles swears that Peacock was born with his fingers crossed and one hand on his pocketbook, but that is just his extravagant way of putting things. Henry has shown me that it is possible to maintain a soft, yielding exterior, and yet be hard as adamant inside. He has also demonstrated that a meek man's pride is a thing not lightly dismissed. I have revised all my estimates of H. Peacock, retired capitalist.

Last of all we have Samuel Totten, youngest of the Old Guard by at least a dozen years. How he ever laughed

his way into that close corporation is a mystery, but somewhere in his twenties he managed it. Sam is a human firebrand, a dash of tabasco, a rough comedian and catch-as-catch-can joker. Years have not tamed him, but they have brought him into prominence as a consulting specialist in real estate and inveatments. Those who should know tell that Sam Totten can park his itching feet under an office desk and keep them there long enough to swing a big deal, but I prefer to think of him as the rather florid young man who insists on joining the hired orchestra and playing snare-drum solos during the country-club dances, much to the discomfiture of the gentleman who owns the drum. You will never realize how poor Poor Butterfly is until you hear Sam Totten execute that melody upon his favorite instrument.

These four men met twice a week, rain or shine, without the formality of telephoning in advance. Each one knew that, barring flood, fire or act of God, the others would be on hand, fed, clothed and ready to leave the first tee at one-fifteen P. M. If one of the quartet happened to be sick or out of town the others would pick up a fourth man and take him round the course with them, but that fourth man recognized the fact that he was not of the Old Guard, but merely with it temporarily. He was never encouraged to believe that he had found a home.

Imagine, then, this permanent foursome, this coalition of fifteen years' standing, this sacred institution, smitten and smashed by a bolt from the blue. And like most bolts from the blue it picked out the most unlikely target. Henry Peacock won the Brutus B. Hemmingway Cup!

Now as golf cups go the Hemmingway Cup is quite an affair—eighteen inches from pedestal to brim, solid silver of course, engraved and scrolled and chased within an inch of its life. Mr. Hemmingway puts up a new cup each year, the conditions of play being that the trophy shall go to the man making the best net score. A Class-B man usually wins it with a handicap of eighteen or twenty-four and the Class-A men slightingly refer to Mr. Hemmingway's trophy as "the dub cup." Sour grapes, of course.

I remember Mr. Peacock's victory very well; in fact, I shall never forget it. On that particular afternoon my net score was seventy-one, five strokes under our par, and for half an hour or so I thought the Hemmingway Cup was going home with me. I recall trying to decide whether it would show to best advantage on the mantel in the living room or on the sideboard in the dining room. Numbers of disappointed contestants offered me their congratulations—they said it was about time I won something, even with the assistance of a fat handicap—and for half an hour I endeavored to bear my honors with becoming modesty. Waddles brought the Hemmingway Cup over and put it in the middle of the table.

"'S all yours, I guess," said he. "Nobody out now but the Old Guard. Not one of them could make an 88 with a lead pencil, and that's what they've got to do to beat you. Might as well begin to buy."

I began to buy, and while I was signing the first batch of tags the Old Guard came marching in from the eighteenth green. Sam Totten was in the lead, walking backward and twirling his putter as a drum major twirls a baton. Frank Woodson and Peter Miller were acting as an escort of honor for Henry Peacock, and I began to have misgivings. I also ceased signing tags.

The door of the lounging room crashed open and Sam Totten entered, dragging Henry Peacock behind him. Miller and Woodson brought up the rear.

"Hey, Waddles!" shouted Sam. "What do you think of this old stiff? He shot an eighty-two; he did, on the level!"

"An eighty-two?" said I. "Then his net was ——"

"Sixty-four," murmured Mr. Peacock with an apologetic smile. "Yes—ah—sixty-four."

"The suffering Moses!" gulped Waddles. "How did he do it?"

"He played golf," said Peter Miller. "Kept his tee shots straight, and holed some long putts."

"Best round he ever shot in his life!" Woodson chimed in. "Won three balls from me, but it's a pleasure to pay 'em, Henry, on account of your winning the cup! Who'd have thought it?"

"And we're proud of him!" cried Sam Totten. "I'm proud of him! He's my partner! An eighty-two—think of an old stiff like him shooting an eighty-two! One foot in the grave, and he wins a cup sixteen hands high and big as a horse! Cheers, gentlemen, cheers for the Old Guard! It dies, but it never surrenders!"

"Here," said I, thrusting the rest of the tags into Henry's limp and unresisting hand. "You sign these."

"But," said he, "I—I didn't order anything, and I won the drink hole."

"You won the cup too, didn't you?" demanded Waddles. "Winner always buys—buys for everybody. Boy, bring the rest of those tags back here and let Mr. Peacock sign them too. Winner always buys, Henry. That's a club rule."

Mr. Peacock sat down at the table, put on his glasses and audited those tags to the last nickel. After he had signed them all he picked up the Hemmingway Cup and examined it from top to bottom.

"Can you beat that?" whispered Waddles in my ear. "The old piker is trying to figure, with silver as low as it is, whether he's ahead or behind on the deal!"

"Well, boys," said Sam Totten, standing on his chair and waving his arms, "here's to the Old Guard! We won a cup at last! Old Henry won it; but it's all in the family, ain't it, Henry? Betcher life it is! The Old Guard—drink her up, and drink her down!"

Frank Woodson dropped his big ham of a hand on Henry Peacock's shoulder.

"I couldn't have been half so tickled if I'd won it myself!" said he. "You see, you never won a cup before. I won one once—runner-up in the fifth flight over at San Gabriel.

"Nice cup, silver and all that, but you've got to have a magnifying glass to see it. Now this Hemmingway Cup, Henry, is a regular old he cup. You can't put it where your visitors won't find it. You can be proud of it, old son, and we're proud of you."

"Same here," said Peter Miller, and his face twisted into something remotely resembling a smile. "Did my heart good to see the old boy laying those tee shots out in the middle every time. We're all proud of you, Henry."

"Proud!" exclaimed Sam Totten. "I'm so proud I'm all out of shape!"

Peacock didn't have much to say. He sat there smiling his tight little smile and looking at the silver cup. I believe that even then the idea of desertion had entered into his little two-by-four soul. There was a thoughtful look in his eyes, and he didn't respond to Totten's hilarity with any great degree of enthusiasm.

"What was it the admiral said at Santiago?" asked Sam. "'There's glory enough for us all!' Wasn't that it?"

"Mph!" grunted Waddles. "Since you're getting into famous remarks of history, what was it the governor of North Carolina ——"

"I think I'll take my bath now," interrupted Henry Peacock, rising.

"You will not!" cried Sam Totten. "I'm going to buy. Jumbo here is going to buy. Pete is going to buy. Where do you get that bath stuff? We don't win a cup every day, Henry. Sit down!"

An hour later Waddles emerged from the shower room, looking very much like an overgrown cupid in his abbreviated underwear. Henry Peacock had been waiting for him. The Hemmingway Cup, in its green felt bag, dangled from his wrist. My locker is directly across the alley from Waddles', and I overheard the entire conversation.

"I – I just wanted to say," began Henry, "that any cut you might want to make in my handicap will be all right with me."

Waddles growled. He has never yet found it necessary to consult a victim before operating on his handicap. There was a silence and then Henry tried again.

"I really think my handicap ought to be cut," said he.

"Oh, it'll be cut all right!" said Waddles cheerfully. "Don't you worry about that. Any old stiff who brings in a net of sixty-four has a cut coming to him. Leave it to me!"

"Well," said Henry, "I just wanted you to know how I felt about it. I—I want to be quite frank with you. Of course, I probably won't shoot an eighty-two every time out"—here Waddles gasped and plumped down on the bench outside his locker—"but when a man brings in a net score that is twelve strokes under the par of the course I think some notice should be taken of it."

"Oh, you do, do you? Listen, Henry! Since we're going to be frank with each other, what do you think your new handicap ought to be?" Waddles was stringing him of course, but Henry didn't realize it.

"I think ten would be about right," said he calmly.

"Ten!" barked Waddles. "The suffering Moses! Ten! Henry, are you sure you're quite well—not overexcited or anything?"

"All I had was four lemonades."

"Ah!" said Waddles. "Four lemonades—and Sam Totten winked at the bar boy every time. Why, if I cut you from eighteen to ten that'll put you in Class A!"

"I think that's where I belong."

"I'll have to talk with the head bar boy," said Waddles. "He shouldn't be so reckless with that gin. It costs money these days. Listen to me, Henry. Take hold of your head with both hands and try to get what I say. You went out to-day and shot your fool head off. You played the best round of golf in your long and sinful career. You made an eighty-two. You'll never make an eighty-two again as long as you live. It would be a crime to handicap you on to-day's game, Henry. It would be manslaughter to put you in Class A. You don't belong there. If you want me to cut you I'll put you down to sixteen, and even then you won't play to that mark unless you're lucky."

"I think I belong at ten," said Peacock. I began to appreciate that line about the terrible insistence of the meek.

"Get out of here!" ordered Waddles, suddenly losing his patience. "Go home and pray for humility, Henry. Lay off the lemonade when Sam Totten is in the crowd. Lemonade is bad for you. It curdles the intelligence and warps the reasoning faculties. Shoo! Scat! Mush on! Vamose! Beat it! Hurry up! *Wiki-wiki!* Chop-chop! *Schnell!*"

"Then you won't cut me to ten?"

"I—will—not!"

(Continued on Page 109)

He Launched Into an Elaborate Description of That Famous Victory, Stroke by Stroke, With Distances, Direction and Choice of Clubs Set Forth in Proper Order

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Notice to Subscribers

IF YOUR COPY does not arrive promptly on Thursday do not assume that it has been lost in transit. With the terribly congested condition of the railroads at this time delays to the mail trains are inevitable. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday wait a few days before writing to us. By that time it will probably be in your hands. For the same reason newsdealers' supplies may also at times be late.

The Plight of Austria

EVIDENTLY Vienna really believes that peace is near. The other day, for the first time since July, 1914, it published a statement of the condition of the imperial state bank.

The statement showed that the bank's outstanding circulating notes had risen from two and a half billion kronen before the war to eighteen and a half billion kronen at the end of 1917, while the gold reserve for the redemption of the notes had fallen to one and six-tenths per cent of the amount of notes outstanding.

In peacetimes when a man owes a dollar and has a cent and a half to pay it with he is broke; and in peacetimes this statement of the imperial bank's condition would be taken as a confession of insolvency. The difference in wartime is that the bank does not have to pay until it feels like it.

This statement connotes, however, a pretty complete wreck of Austro-Hungarian finances. The wreckage has reached a point where continued prosecution of the war must present new and graver difficulties each month, and where the task of financial rehabilitation after the war becomes progressively more formidable and dubious. If the Dual Empire is to emerge from the war in any other condition than as a heap of débris it must have peace soon.

Why Sell at Par?

AS FAR back as the Civil War, and probably long before that, there obtained an odd tradition that United States bonds ought to be issued at not less than par. In Secretary Chase's time, when the Government issued bonds bearing six per cent interest, the popular notion was that to put them out below par was somehow in derogation of the dignity of the nation.

In Secretary Gage's time, when the Government issued bonds bearing two per cent interest, the same notion prevailed. It is clear enough that a two per cent, thirty-year bond issued, say, at eighty-five cents on the dollar is a decidedly better bargain for the Government than a six per cent bond issued at par.

When a government borrows, the cost of the money depends upon two factors: First, the interest rate named in the bonds; and second, the price at which the bonds are sold.

A simple exercise in arithmetic will show that if thirty-year bonds bear four and a half per cent and are sold at par the government is paying more for the money than if the bonds bore four per cent and were sold at ninety-five.

No other government so far as we know attaches much importance to the par price. Other governments in bidding for money, exactly as in bidding for horses, make the best bargain available. If on the whole they can get the money a little cheaper by selling bonds at a discount they have no hesitation about doing it. Nearly all of the big European war-bond issues have been put out at a discount.

That method gives the government an obvious advantage, because thereby it can grade its bid to a finer point. It is hardly practicable to grade the interest rate finer than one-half of one per cent.

Practically, if it is not a four per cent bond it should be four and a half or if it is not five it should be five and a half, because finer gradations make the interest coupons of odd and awkward amounts. But by selling the bond at a discount the government can, in fact, pay four and an eighth, four and a quarter, four and nine-sixteenths or any like fractional rate. That is why England, France, Germany—issue their bonds at a discount.

Our tradition of par for government bonds has no reasonable basis.

What About Labor?

AT THE beginning of February, 1918, everybody knew the vital need of speeding ship construction. So far as the tangible evidence went the whole case of Civilization versus Militarism hung upon that. If ships failed democracy might fail also, and no nation for the next fifty years be secure unless it stood armed to the teeth with finger on trigger. Everybody knew that.

Yet a big labor union struck and tied up shipbuilding along the Atlantic Coast—with no real attempt to reach a settlement by reasonable negotiation, defying officers of the Government, insisting that its demands be granted out of hand, finally yielding so far as to accept government mediation only upon a spirited personal appeal from the President.

The instance by no means stands alone. Dozens of like ones have developed within a year. If that really represented the spirit of labor it would mean that a great body of citizens were so slightly attached to the nation that not in the most exigent case would they forgo an opportunity of advancing their own selfish interests for the sake of the country; that their attitude was—"Our demands first; national defense second." In such a situation anybody might reasonably ask himself whether the country was worth fighting for at all under any circumstances. If one partner in the firm is perfectly willing to wreck it unless he can have exactly his own way the partnership is not worth much to the other members.

Certainly that is not the spirit of labor. Some hundreds of thousands of organized workmen, first and last, have held up the war program by striking when a strike under all the circumstances was utterly unjustified. They have been badly led. To get it in the right proportion one must remember utterly unjustified aggressions upon labor by certain ruthless groups on the employers' side. On both sides numerous unloyal individuals have regarded the nation's need first of all as an opportunity to further their selfish interests. Disloyal individuals do not represent either class.

But it is time to know them for what they are. Hereafter, for the duration of the war, no strike on war work should occur without the culprits' being brought to bar. The blame should be fixed and published, for every strike on war work is a crime against the nation.

The New Chairman

WE HEAR many compliments for the new chairman of the Republican National Committee. He is said to be a bright, open-minded young man, comparatively free from entangling alliances with any side or faction in the regrettable family squabbles that have constituted a large part of the history of the party since Theodore Roosevelt sailed for darkest Africa and left its nominal leadership in the amiable hands of "Dear Will."

We hope the new chairman will rise to the opportunity that those happy circumstances present. His first move, in our friendly opinion, should be to address the chairman of the Democratic National Committee in a spirit of candid statesmanship substantially as follows:

"We look out upon a world tossed and riven by such a storm as man has never before experienced. For three and a half years moldy ideas and rotten timbers have been going like an unstable, straw-thatched old cow shed in a hurricane. A prodigious reorganization is in progress. We know well enough that neither of the parties that we represent has had a live principle to its name for twenty years. We have both been fishing for votes with bait that died before millions of these voters were born. Let us frankly chuck out the lath swords, pasteboard shields, moth-eaten banners and all the rest of the theatrical paraphernalia of our sham battle. In this world of death-throes and birth-throes, if we cannot find anything more vital to American life than our old program of merely criticizing the technic of each other's games, let us candidly announce that our respective parties are utterly bankrupt in mind and spirit and ought to disband. For an idea ten million men have died.

"If we cannot dig up a real idea to put before a hundred million profoundly stirred fellow citizens let us at least dig a hole deep enough to bury both our organizations. If they can find no real principles and ideas in this juncture a couple of feet will answer."

Our Hapless Bolsheviki

YOU are familiar with word pictures of impotence, such as "A legless man in a foot race" or "A fish out of water." But the extreme case is "A Bolshevik in a democracy."

Say he wants confiscation of private property, repudiation of the national debt, a compulsory statutory six-hour workday or any other revolutionary measures. Democracy meets him this way: "Very well; go out and convince as many people as possible that you are right; put up your ticket and vote for it; as soon as you can convince a majority, whatever you wish will come into effect. Violence is absurd, because if a majority are opposed to you you cannot prevail by violence, and if a majority are on your side you can prevail without violence. Just propagate and vote."

To the red revolutionist nothing else is so discouraging as that. Lenine and Trotzky dislike the United States and England more than old Russia or Austria or Germany, for the very good reason that the smaller the base on which political power rests the better the chance of overturning it by violent means. Upsetting the old bureaucracy in Russia was comparatively easy. In the United States there is really nothing to get the lever under. It is like trying to overturn a pyramid. A mob might drive President, Congress and Supreme Court over into Virginia. That would give it no more effectual control over the United States than the janitors would have if President, Congress and Supreme Court went over to Virginia on a day's vacation.

Persuading a majority to upset a social system in which they have no stake and from which they can hope for nothing may be easy.

But where those who have a very tangible stake and those who confidently expect to have one in the future comprise at least four-fifths of the population the task is obviously impossible.

There are astonishingly innocent people who believe that a Bolshevik revolution in the United States is possible. But there are always people who believe anything.

Learning to Invest

UP TO two years ago the market for municipal bonds was confined very largely to the North Atlantic and North Central States. When cities and towns west of the Mississippi and south of the Ohio wished to borrow for local improvements their securities were almost always sent East and North to be sold. This was not because the West and South were bare of money. Hundreds of millions of deposits lay in the local banks, and the banks bought Eastern and Northern commercial paper. But few Western and Southern individuals were in the habit of investing in bonds.

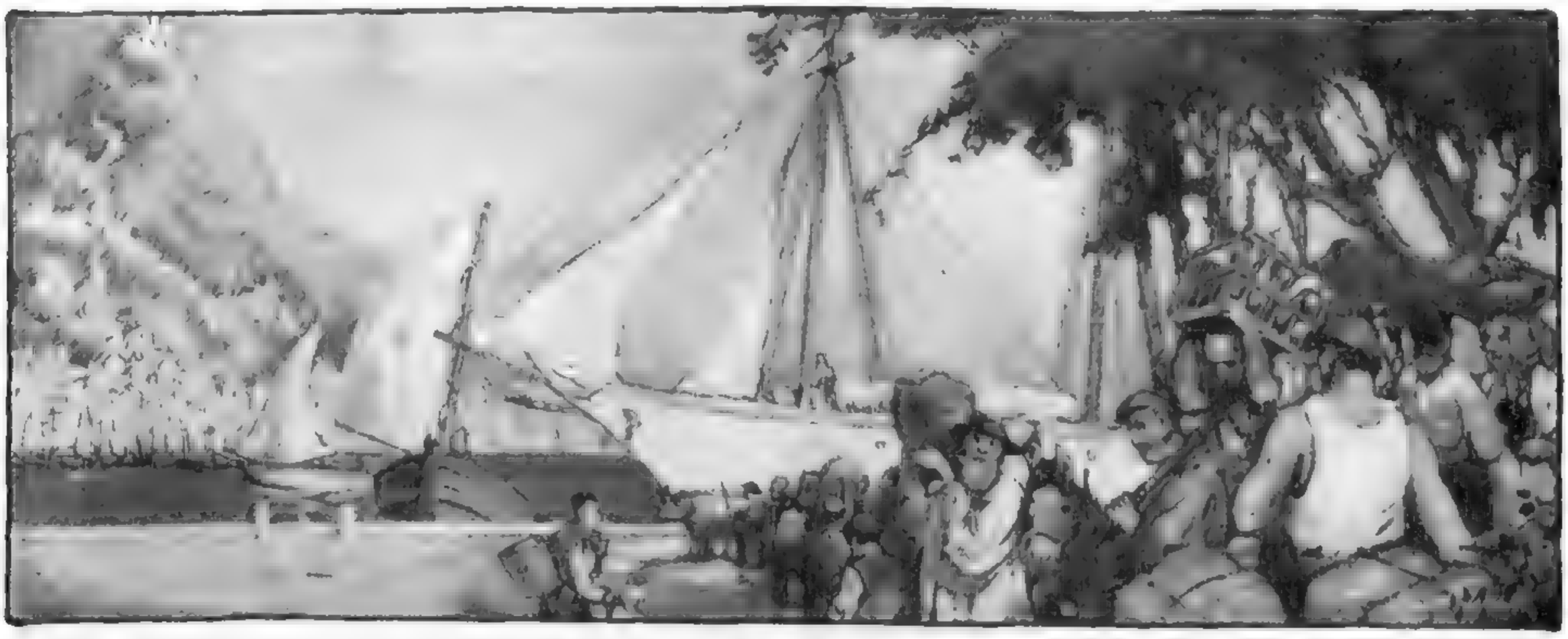
Since the United States declared war borrowings by municipalities all over the country have been decidedly curtailed. The right idea was that the Federal Government should have first call on the investment market, and local improvements not of an urgent character should be postponed. With this lessened supply of municipal bonds a significant change of currents in the investment field has appeared.

The Financial Chronicle reports that of late months not only have new issues of municipal bonds in the West and South been sold at home, but, particularly as to Kansas, Georgia and the Pacific Coast, the demand has been so keen and the supply so limited that large quantities of local bonds, originally placed in the East, have flowed back to home investors.

Brokers have been canvassing Eastern investors, insurance companies and savings banks to get Southern and Western bonds to meet the home demand, with the result that bonds of well-known Western, Southern and Pacific Coast cities are selling relatively higher than bonds of prominent Eastern cities and almost on a parity with United States Government bonds.

"Wall Street," in the sense of the country's market for investment securities, now means Atlanta, Wichita and Los Angeles as much as the borough of Manhattan.

TALES OF THE REFUGEES



By Carl W. Ackerman

DECORATION BY H. DEVITT WELSH

"AND the poor things," she said, "you know they force them to sing now when they march through Berlin. And the band plays! And the women and children drag themselves along beside the long columns! Their uniforms are soiled and patched now, you know, and some of them wear the clothes of dead men!

"Oh!" she exclaimed, rousing herself and looking out upon the snow-capped peak of the Jungfrau, "I'm glad to be out and away from it all; but the poor things, I think it's awful that they compel them to sing when they're so weary and undernourished and unenthusiastic!"

A tall, robust and jolly American girl was speaking. The last train from Germany had brought her to Berne, where she expected to receive money from home so she could return to the United States. For six years she had lived in Berlin as a music student, specializing in the operas of Strauss and Wagner; but to-day, with her own country at war and with relatives in the American Army, these years of study were as so much chaff scattered to the winds. It was pathetic to see her, but interesting and amusing to listen to her tales. Her clothes were old and worn; her hat was many seasons out of date; but despite it all she was gay and determined. Her years of residence in Germany had not robbed her of her feminine charms or of her American inheritances.

But at the beginning her voice was more cheerful.

"Hello!" she shouted when we met. I had not seen her since I left Berlin a year ago. "You here too? I thought you were in the United States."

"I was until recently," I replied; "but I am back again."

"What! You left America after once being there?"

It seemed impossible for her to imagine an American in his senses leaving New York to return to Europe during the war.

"And you were in Paris?" she asked. "Please tell me—how is it there? Do they have plenty of food? You know in Germany they say France is starving."

"I had more to eat in Paris than at home," I answered with a smile; "but tell me about Berlin."

Art More Plentiful Than Food

I SAT and listened for more than an hour to her recital, because everything she narrated had happened since the United States has been at war. And when she left I met other American refugees who had crossed the Rhine only recently to this harbor of peace. Almost daily Americans arrive from Berlin, Munich, Vienna or Budapest. For the most part they are the prodigal daughters of Uncle Sam who have been studying music or art in the capitals of the Central Powers, and who now seek the fatted calf and forgiveness from home.

"I've been out only four days," the singer apologized. "Don't look at my ragged cuffs. Aren't these clothes a sight! But they're all I have, and, what's worse, I haven't money to get new ones.

"I had to borrow six hundred marks to get out of Germany and I'm afraid to spend it for dresses because I want to go back to dear old Chicago!"

She did look the worse for wear and she talked like an escaped prisoner, but it was not long before she was chatting cheerfully again.

"You don't know what a time I had getting out of that country," she said, accompanying her remark with a hearty laugh. "The police said I was suspicious. They kept me in Berlin six weeks after I applied for permission to leave. Finally I had to get a bank director to go to the police and swear that I was not a spy before they let me go!"

Early in December Miss Brunhilda decided to return to the United States via Switzerland and called at the Swiss legation in Berlin to ask if Swiss officials would permit her to pass through.

"And they told me I had to have at least five hundred marks," she said to me; "and five hundred marks was more than I had had at one time for nearly three years! Why, every time my poor father sent a draft I had to give it away to pay my debts. The only thing I could do to raise the money was to sell everything I didn't need to travel with. And do you know what I did? Well, years ago I used to paint in water colors. I had two pictures in gilt frames in my room. I decided to sell them first and went to a shop in Wilmersdorf. A friend said I could at least get something for the frames, so I asked the dealer what they were worth. He looked them over and said, 'Ten marks apiece.' You know frames are scarce now and I tried to get twelve, but finally I took the twenty marks and left.

"The next day I passed the shop and saw the two pictures in the window marked twenty-five marks each." Again she laughed. "Well, my fortune was made. I went back to my room, collected all the old cardboard I had, got out my paints—and the landscapes that followed! You should have seen them!

"Anyway, I made over six hundred marks selling water colors and had to stop because some of my German friends found it out and thought it was *scandalón*.

"But you ought to see how crazy the people are about art. Those who have made money out of the war spend it on antiques and paintings. Almost any kind of painting will do just so it is a picture in a frame. Why, I used to get from fifty to seventy-five marks each for nothing but landscapes out of my head, painted on the lids and sides of boxes!"

It is curious, indeed, what a liking the German and Austrian educated and business classes have taken for art. Some Americans recently arriving from Vienna declared it was impossible to buy fine laces, oil paintings, antique furniture or any kind of art collection because so much had been sold, and also because the prices for the flotsam and jetsam were exorbitantly high.

My friend, the singer, however, after making her small fortune was kept in Berlin so long by the police that when it came time to go the money had disappeared. Disappointed, and for the first time during her residence there hostile toward the police, she went to Munich knowing that she could obtain funds from the wife of a bank director who was born in Detroit.

"Frau Director was very kind," said she; "she simply could not hate the United States."

"What about the food in Berlin?" I asked.

"*Schrecklich!*" Miss Brunhilda replied; "*schrecklich!*"

"You need practice in your English badly," I suggested.

"Well, the saving grace about slang is that one never forgets it," she retorted in an apologetic tone because of her own use of English.

"I suppose the rations have not changed very much," she began her reply to my query, "but the people are very nervous and irritable. It's so hard to get along with them. They have no patience and they criticize everything, even the Kaiser and the government. I think they'd all be socialists if they had any confidence in the socialists' leaders, but they haven't. I think at heart many of them are socialists because they are about the only democrats in Germany. You know before the war only the poor were socialists, but now even officers and business men believe in their democratic principles. Why in Munich I heard counts, barons and bankers say they were going to be socialists after the war. They think the socialists are the only ones who will not cause another war. Everyone says now that this will be the last war the German people will ever fight. You may be surprised to know that I met people who said the best thing that could happen to Germany would be defeat!"

How Germany Would Benefit by Defeat

"NOT long ago I was in Dresden visiting an *Excellenz* and his wife. You know an *Excellenz* is the top of the social and official ladder. *Excellenz* had lived in France and the United States, and when the war broke out he swore he would never set foot on the soil of either of those countries again. But do you know what he says to-day? He's going to the United States as soon as the war is over!"

"I don't want to doubt what you say," I interrupted; "but isn't your *Excellenz* an exception?"

"Not by any means!" was the quick answer. "You know so many people in Germany used to hate England—but to-day! Well, I suppose they still think England had a great deal to do with causing the war; but there are a lot of Germans who think the war has made England more democratic, and they think if Germany could be defeated Germany would emerge more democratic."

"Are the streets still crowded with officers and soldiers?"

"Yes," she replied; "just as crowded as ever; but the enthusiasm has gone. The people, including the soldiers, want peace and, except for the food difficulties, that is all they talk about. And the poor people, if they could only have peace!"

"You aren't as pro-German as you used to be," I ventured.

"*Gott sei Dank*, no!" she exclaimed. "And a good many Germans aren't, either; but the government does everything it can do to make the people hate President Wilson and the United States. You know they used to be jealous

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DIAMOND HEART

A Tale of Magdalena Bay

"He Means to Leave Nothing," I Heard Her Whisper. "He Has Loaded His Ship With All His Things. He Does Not Mean to Come Back"

By Will Levington Comfort

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

VII

MINTINSIN'S abrupt question was as courteous as his last words in our passage of talk yesterday.

"You no sleep?" he asked.

I held up my lame hand, and the Oriental grunted. He was rather superb in his morning gown, flawlessly clean, a singular freshness about his person, the quality of a natural servant, the product of caste, ages old,

Mintinsin grunted quaintly again and undertook to pay me a compliment in terms of American humor. Lifting my good hand up, and pressing his belt with a painful expression, and rolling his eyes, he remarked that a man like me needed only one hand. This I took to be his comment on the battle of yesterday

He was watching me closely. It is hard to catch the ordinary Chinese in this, but I was conscious that the old man had an idea. . . . He managed his twelve disciples admirably. They were appearing now, one by one. The nearest was on the path overside, twenty feet away. Four or five others lounged unconcernedly between the craft and the hacienda.

Mintinsin was ready to discuss the morning with me; and yet I felt, somehow, that he was just as ready to put me in irons. I recalled the warning of the night. I had had no right to descend between the Esther's decks. Under any conditions this was questionable. Mintinsin had caught me peering into the captain's cabin, eyes bulging, doubtless, at the cargo piled there, visions of golden moidores and doubloons and pieces of eight; bars of pure gold, visioned in mind, that soft inimitable surface which you can carve with the thumb nail—a sight to awaken old monsters in any man's brain.

"You want to die?" Mintinsin whispered suddenly.

He had preceded me overside on the turf, and looked up now with that queer gleam which did not even mean he was thinking the opposite from what he said. Sometimes I fancied a laugh deep in his throat.

"Emphatically not!" I answered.

In his lifted eyes was the effect of following a bird in the air. His hand crept round my hips gently, as an old man would drop an arm round a young friend as he strolled; yet I didn't miss the fact that he wished to ascertain whether I carried a weapon.

"No," I told him. "All that boy stuff is put away."

"Mmph! I have heard Cap'in Falkoner say boys will be boys! Listen! Listen to Mintinsin. I am an old man, disobeying orders. If Cap'in Falkoner know you look through cabin port he not let you live. If he know I see you there and let you reach deck alive, he lose faith in Mintinsin. What is Chinese life if faith is gone? Still, Cap'in may not know ——"

He raised my good hand to the light, as it seemed, a bit reverently.

Falkoner now appeared on the veranda, dressed in white, his face toward me. Mintinsin had stepped behind. I heard the old Chinese give an order, as I thought, to one of his staff, still farther back toward the sailing craft; and at the same moment, almost folded in the intonations of his speech with the servant, was this sentence to me:

"You be king here! You are one more man."

With his words, my good hand was drawn back. A small blunt pistol was placed in the palm of it, my fingers closed over by the Chinese hand—as a woman might place a mysterious gift in her lover's.

"No put away all boy things!" he muttered, and was walking blandly beside me again.

Falkoner's eyes were clearer, his manner more nearly calm than I had seen it so far. He asked me rather closely about my morning walk; where I had met Mintinsin; how long I had been abroad; how well I liked and how much I knew about his little "sailing piece," as he called the craft.

Breakfast was an affair. I remember a jug of cream so thick that the contents would not have spilled if rescued very quickly after overturning. I remember pushing aside birds, truffles, waffles and eggs to get to a deep dish that was brought midway in the repast. It had to do with the cream jug.

This tale would flow freely if all were as easy to write as these few lines about that dish of fruit. In the center was a perfect persimmon, transparently ripe. The dish was edged with garnets of pomegranate. Banana disks of blended rose and gold were laid in layers over an ancient and holy offering of ripe peeled figs. Falkoner suggested honey with the cream. There was also a little coffee urn.

Mintinsin alone served in the breakfast room. Falkoner inquired whether I cared for a little sail in the harbor, announcing that the Esther had a chestful of steam in case there was no wind.

"There is always a little blow outside the harbor," he added. "Steam bores me; but there's no use talking about getting out to sea with one's front door jammed."

"Your sailing craft could slip over the Lagnon," I said.

Falkoner cleared his throat.

"You think she could?" he inquired. "Do you think she could? She's a deep one. Why, man, the Esther's got the draft of a torpedo destroyer."

"Yes; she could slip out to sea," I repeated. "I think she could get by even at low tide"

"Possibly we might venture to drop anchor and send a boat into the race," he muttered.

I was thinking that the woman had asked me to go away. I felt the little pistol against my hip—a loathly touch. I recalled that she had been there nearly two years, and yet was unwilling to trust the Chinese. Still, Mintinsin apparently had turned his allegiance to me.

Falkoner expressed great joy in my cigarettes, inquiring at length as to where they were procured, discussing the flavor with a connoisseur's zest. He was speaking about certain Asiatic tobacco plantations when I heard our waltz again.

Falkoner clapped his hands softly. Mintinsin came in.

"Can't you find something for that Chino of yours to do, to keep him away from that player piano?"

"I make him clean woodshed," said Mintinsin.

It seemed to me that she was using the music to plead with me to be careful or to go away; but I couldn't forgo that trip across the harbor.

We were no sooner aboard the Esther than I encountered a new phase in Falkoner. Here was a man all suffused with himself, heavily conscious of his own commanding personality. He abandoned himself to confession, but seemed to regard me as co-shyster and co-criminal. He brimmed with a zeal to let me in on the details of his life up to this present moment, when he felt his own craft under his feet, crossing the harbor he dared to call his own—"commanding as nifty a little school of Chinos as ever a white man banded together"—commanding other things, which he confessed himself disinclined to mention just now. . . .

I drew him on. There is something wicked about listening to a man who insists on unpacking a fool streak. I wasn't true to Magdalena Bay as I listened. The beauty of it went out of my eyes. Something inside answered like sparks under the soft fanning wind. He touched me familiarly, saying:

"Give me another one of those little cigarettes, Giddings. Right sharp choice of tobacco, that!"

I gave him a light too. I watched him fill his torso with the first full fragrance and blow it out with a complacence that was also bull-like—his eyes softening into nonentity under the breeze of the narcotic. He answered the whip like a schoolboy. All his moods were shoals. Now I met a sudden genial gust of friendship—hard to take:

"You want to know what it's all about, don't you? You're a good head, Giddings. I saw that the first minute or two. It don't take me all day to know a white man! I've seen 'em come to me at the little worn desk in Duane Street—old men, partners of mine—saying: 'Falkoner,

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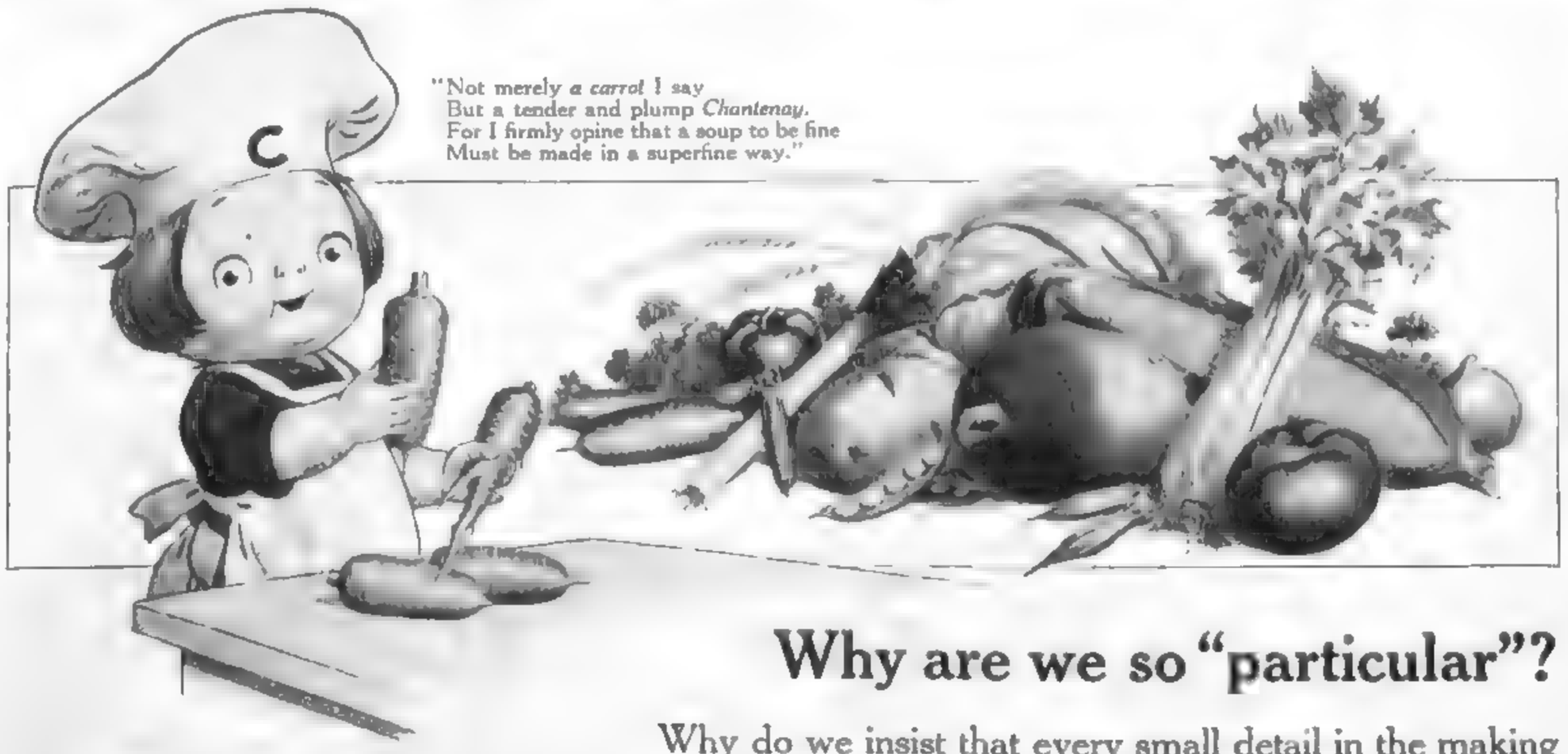
"Not merely *a carrot* I say
But a tender and plump *Chantenay*.
For I firmly opine that a soup to be fine
Must be made in a superfine way."

Why are we so "particular"?

Why do we insist that every small detail in the making of *Campbell's Vegetable Soup* shall be exactly right?

Because this means a soup that is tastier and more wholesome, one that gives you better food-value and health-value for your money, a soup that *maintains the Campbell reputation*, upon which our business absolutely depends.

For example, take carrots. We will not use a rough or "prongy" carrot nor one with a harsh pithy core. Our specifications require a smooth, well-cultivated type positively free from coarseness or bitterness. The Chantenay carrot which the little chef above holds in his right hand is of a deep orange color inside and is sweet and tender all through — a perfect carrot.

And we are particular with every ingredient in

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

We consider each one of them important. And there are 33 ingredients in all.

We use large firm white potatoes for which we pay a high premium, sweet yellow Canadian rutabagas—which must not be less than five inches in diameter for our use, "Baby" lima beans — the pick of the yield, fancy Alaska peas — small and sweet, Dutch cabbage and "Country Gentleman" corn. We include fancy "head" rice — pearled barley, crisp green okra, fresh celery and parsley and a purée of choice tomatoes.

We blend these with a rich stock made from selected beef. We add a sprinkling of "A. B. C." macaroni and a delicate flavoring of leek, onion and sweet red peppers.

Nourishing, appetizing, economical both to buy and to use—this wholesome soup should have a place in the regular menu of every American home.

Order it from your grocer by the dozen or more. And never be without it.

21 kinds 12c a can

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Printanier
Bouillon	Julienne	Tomato
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato-Okra
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Vegetable
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable-Beef
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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what do you think of this man?' Or: 'Falkoner, how do you size up that chap yonder?' . . . I know when a man wants to come in and go out. Tell me now, Giddings, don't this sort of thing pull you pretty hard? Aren't you a bit sick now to know what it's all about? I'm just the fellow to tell you ——"

I didn't believe what he said. I merely looked at him invitingly, but did not venture to speak.

"Yes; I'll tell you," he repeated. "They think Falkoner's a little slow—here."

He placed his hand on his head with a look of indescribable cunning

"I am badly off—I am. I need to be confined. Poor old Falkoner!" he drawled, his face reddening with joy at the play of his own wits.

"Harbor, hacienda, yacht, the general idea that runs through the doings down here—oh, yes, we need a lot of help. . . . That's what you came for, wasn't it?" he asked abruptly.

I drew back and looked him over. I was unable to tell whether he believed I was an asylum agent or whether this was a new turn of his humor

"Every man to his own business," he added. "This is yours. I got mine. The fact is, I am going to show you mine. I've not forgotten that. Come with me."

He took me below into the cabin and opened the door I had glanced through a few hours before. One of the old iron-hooped casks was opened. He showed me truck and gear in gold—enough to start Columbus sailing out of Palos again. With a sweep of his hand he intimated that all the casks and jugs, weather-beaten and salt-incrusted, were filled with similar treasure

Another door beyond his cabin revealed a little compartment used customarily for personal effects and bedding. This also was filled from deck to deck. He shook with geniality as he explained that his only reason for cluttering his cabin with this junk was because the smaller compartments were insufficient to hold it; also, that he liked to keep it under his hand, as the sight of the treasure paralyzed the morals of the Chinese.

"Their morals are nervous anyway, Giddings," he added.

You'd be curious to know the exact nature of my thoughts at this time. We have all sat at our desks and dreamed of such a moment. I confess I was a little amazed and disappointed over the completeness of it all. There is nothing so disenchanting as attainment. We hear that said a whole lot before we finally realize that the man who wrote it first meant what he said. The main joy is in anticipation, and the chief pain for all concerned is because our ideals don't work out as we picture they should. Sometime we learn to be wise enough to take it all as a passing show to watch all life go by.

I was dipping my hands into the gold pieces when the question smote me: "Yes; but why is he showing me?"

If I knew the trade mind and this was Falkoner's brainpan—he wasn't intending to take on a partner at this stage of the game. A madman, preternaturally afraid of the law, already hurt by the law possibly, would be either at his best or wickedest in the presence of one he fancied had come for him. This was it, I concluded altogether too early. He would undertake to buy me presently.

"BUT how did you hear of this? How did this sort of news reach you up in Duane Street?" I asked.

Falkoner laughed.

"A fair question. The old man died," he giggled "He came to Duane Street—an old sailorman. Ah, many times he came! Meantime," Falkoner went on, "the doctors were finding fault with me. There was one who stood by ——"

He checked himself again, and I glanced up to find what actually struck me as a decent look on his face. I think he meant the woman.

"The old man wanted us to stake him," he went on, less jerkily. "He knew he could find the place. He had the papers Why, Giddings, it was such a story as you'd read! We laughed at it. We lived by our brains back home, and yet we laughed at that old man. I mind him sitting across, his chair cocked up against the wall, telling his story over and over again—so patient about it. I think he told it a thousand times. We listened and looked at each other. If things were doing, we'd drive him out; but he'd always come back, his old white head brushed with a wet brush, and begin the story of the treasure he'd take us to. Then he rolled off the chair, telling it; and that was the day they were driving me mad—the doctors and all. I took from him the little papers, which he carried in a black case; then I called to them that old Archibald had a fit—called the doorman to come and take him out. It was a fit ——"

To me there was something hellish in the story

Falkoner saw only himself in it; that insane concentration on his own symptoms and failings and actions; the old man reeling from the chair in the midst of the story he had told a thousand times, doubtless dreaming of his Magdalena Bay—doubtless seeing it with a beauty that Falkoner never saw; the old white head smoothed with a wet brush—I caught it all, with a gulp! And he was only one of the many gullibles that came to that office in Duane Street.

"I had to get away," my companion resumed. "The thing had been drummed into my mind—Magdalena Bay! Magdalena Bay! I came down here because the name flashed home to me at the instant of lighting out from New York. I had no thought of finding the treasure particularly; but here it is, and there is more of it. It lay as he said."

"How did you get the Chinese?"

He pulled me suddenly in toward the compartment, his voice very low:

"The Mexicans are always snooping round! Why, the Mexican Government would take this stuff away from a man after he had spent a fortune getting it."

Very true, I thought; but why under heaven was Falkoner telling me this?

"I met Mintinsin here," he added. "Ah, there's a lot to that old rascal; but he's mine. He's mine, body and soul, Giddings!"

Here was a man framing something to himself that he wanted badly to believe—at least one could take it so.

"I decided to use Mintinsin rather than the Mexicans. Mexicans are always snooping round," he repeated. "And when I needed other boys to work, to build the house, to man the ship, to find the treasure, to serve at the table, police the kitchen, and all that, old Mintinsin delivered the goods. There's a deep one, that old rascal! I say, Giddings, some class to him!"

"And you found it according to old Archibald's papers?" I asked.

The Esther had drifted across the harbor under a few pounds of steam, and Falkoner was now making preparations to drop her hook in some still water close to the northern shore. We were forty or fifty fathoms from the race, where the Lagnon lay sprawled. I followed his eyes to the point where the northern promontory had fallen away.

"Perhaps—perhaps ——" I heard him mutter

"I asked you," I repeated, "did the treasure hunt turn out according to the little papers in the wallet?"

He leaned to me with a leer, and that curious manner of the small mind delighting to dangle a morsel before the eyes of another.

"It hasn't all turned out! We're not through down here yet. They always used to say back in Duane Street that Falkoner would never leave a job half done!" He laughed the same laugh of that morning. Now, as then, his eyes were turned toward the spars of the Lagnon.

"But how do the Mexicans trouble you, Falkoner?"

I had become careless by this time, since he was apparently ready for me to know all

"Both from land and sea. They hang round You never know when they will come or what they want."

I glanced up at the northern pillar of the portal, from which the lintel rock had hung.

"You noticed it?" he asked, glancing with excitement at Mintinsin, who stood by.

I fancied the deep scorn the Chinese felt for the other's passion for approbation, which gave away the secrets of Magdalena Bay to a stranger.

"Yes; I missed it the morning we hung off for light, waiting to come in why, yesterday morning," I added with a laugh.

"It seems longer than that," he muttered. "Do you suppose they would miss it from sea? I mean, would they all look as close as you did?"

I saw what he wanted and said:

"You know I liked your little harbor. If a man likes a place he's apt to look it over tenderly."

"It hung by a thread had hung by a thread for centuries," he ventured. "It was there—and then it wasn't. . . . Time comes when everything falls—that's what old Mintinsin says."

Falkoner cursed softly. He didn't like the thought of the day of reckoning for all.

"I had an idea that someone helped it with dynamite," I remarked.

"It could be done," he laughed. "Yes; it could be done—eh, Mintinsin?"

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Softly She Played a Few Measures of Our Waltz. . . . I Understood. There Was Wonder for Me in Every Note

MANY of our dealers are assuring their customers of not less than 20 miles to a gallon of gasoline in the new Hupmobile.

Records of individual owners with *The Comfort Car* are running far above that figure.

Wonderful riding ease, splendid steadiness and pick-up, and abundant power are accompanied in the new Hupmobile by the gratifying certainty of *marked economy,* not only in gasoline but in tire-mileage.

(Continued from Page 26)

The Chinese made a neat picture of a teetering rock with his fingers, completing it with the remark:

"Hang noose over and pull him down."

"Ah, of course!" said I.

Then Falkoner told me of a Mexican gunboat that was in the habit of lying up for weeks at a time in Magdalena Bay.

"The fallen rock relieved us of that," he added.

It was midforenoon. Falkoner, Mintinsin, two Chinese and myself now descended into the launch and motored to the race.

We made fast to a bowlder from the bow of the launch and drew ourselves into slow water under the very ledge upon which I had lain. The tide was down now, and yet I figured that the brigantine could pass with ease between the two masts of the Lagnon. Falkoner steadily took the conservative side of the estimate.

"As the owner"—he began several times, in making different objections.

I finally dropped the matter and climbed from the rail to the ledge.

I find myself now under the impulse to acquaint you again with the sea and the sky; the dim zigzag shadow of the Lagnon; the white foam of her masts as they cut the race; the great creamy cliffs, straight up; the glaring sapphire bay; the ruby roof, lying in a thin gold smoke across—that roof where she was sheltered.

Falkoner was prodding the steep, rocky bank under the launch, as if to locate the narrow ledges that jutted down so quickly into the black depths. He was handling a pike pole, and he crossed the launch to the side nearest me. I was not even curious about his movements. I wanted to drift into the same delicious reverie that I had known on this ledge yesterday.

With the tail of my eye I saw Falkoner picking down with the unshod end of the pike. The hook end was rocking up and down in the air, curiously near my shoulder. I drew back, a little seaward, to give him more room. Then I saw his face turn up to me for a second. Before I read the ugly meaning there—for a man is always slow to take his own murder for granted—the pike went by, taking a piece out of my left shoulder.

Falkoner was six inches out of the way. He had wanted my throat. He was screaming now, like yesterday. I drew back out of the reach of a second thrust.

I had to swallow quickly two or three times. The ugliness of the manner of the new wound induced a nausea. I huddled back against the pillar and was safe from the pike for an instant; but by the screaming commands below I knew Falkoner was making the launch loose, so that he could draw back a little and put me to death with a bullet. You'll have to tell me why he didn't do this at first. . . .

I remembered the tap at my door in the night. I remembered her standing there. I remembered her petition—the loveliness of it. . . . A man is curiously brought up. The ethics of the open demand that he invariably do the inconsiderate thing from a woman's standpoint—costing possibly the dearest thing she has, his own life, simply because he's afraid to appear afraid before men.

I glanced about, though I knew very well that there was nothing but the sea for me. Here was havoc. The cries were as abominable as yesterday—the passion of them, that he had missed; that he was temporarily cut off from his murder job by the right angles of the ledge; his frenzy to finish the work.

I heard them reverse the motor—felt myself growing colder and colder. The horror was that Mintinsin and the two Chinese let the murder go on. The day was fine as ever, but the light had suddenly taken on a desolate and mocking look to my eyes. I had lost the human warmth from life. I contemplated the misery of the woman when the yacht returned—misery, not so much for me, perhaps, as for the murder; the deepening of horror upon her days under the ruby roof.

I saw a quick look from Mintinsin as his hand reached round to his robe at the hip. Even that did not remind me of my one big chance. . . . My face was low to the surface of the ledge, my hands dropped out toward the edge. I saw Falkoner's helmet; then the beady burning eyes; then the lifted shoulder as he brought the rifle to position. It was not until that second that I thought of the gun in my pocket. The Chinese had reminded me of it, meantime obeying Falkoner.

The boyish thing had really been put far away, so far as I was concerned. It was no good now. Falkoner had me covered. I heard the shot. I was standing on the rock—I dived; a second shot in the air.

I laugh to think of the pain in my hand as I struck the water. It quite astonished me—the answer of the wound of yesterday to that slap of brine. It made me whimper a bit, the feeling of utter loss and loneliness and pain that I knew that instant, swimming under water. Something primitive, that deep pain of being wounded, cornered, put to death; the end of the job mangled and delayed by a botcher. A quick review of many savage lives, this, and queerly the idea of death came to me as a shielding wing, a dark, soft, deep black wing. But it was so slow to fold me in—that was the agony. . . . All this hacking and drowning was ages long—and she was to be on the other side.

I did not want to come up, but throat and temples were bursting. There was a quick play of will force against a suffocation in the chest. I had often wondered whether a man could stay under water, in case he really wanted to drown. I got the answer that morning. No; a man cannot stay under water, even if he knows a rifle shot is ready for his emerging head. The moment comes when he lets go, and the bubbles come forth with the shriek, the blood in his veins pounding like an iron mill—the anguish to tear his chest open to let in wind and daylight.

The thought of the shot was nothing, I assure you. At best, Falkoner was no marksman. I heard the crack of his rifle, and saw the corner of the big portal only fifteen or twenty feet away. It would shut me off again from the small boat. I breathed deep, once, twice, risking a shot or two more—then dived again and swam for the corner of

Mintinsin Had Caught Me Peering Into the Captain's Cabin, Eyes Bulging, Doubtless, at the Cargo Piled There

the rock. I came up, breathed once more in the deep shadow, for the sun had not yet touched the seaward side of the portal. Falkoner did not follow. I think he made himself believe that I was dead; that his lust had turned to fear.

It was about at this point that I understood why Falkoner had risked the self-gratification of telling me all his plans and achievements—because he had made up his mind to spoil any chance of my blabbing.

IX

I CRAWLED out of the surf to the narrow sand strip facing the open sea. In the intervals between the leisurely tumbling waves I heard the subsiding outcries of Falkoner—heard another shot and the scream of a Chinese. I wondered whether it could be Mintinsin. Grimly an old thought of the water fronts came to me as I lay panting on the sand—that it's bad luck to kill a Chinaman. A lot of white men have tried that in large and breezy moods. I had heard some of them whimper afterward. I did not hear much of Falkoner's voice in speech again, however, after it dwindled down that morning. The best thing about the day was that I was able so thoroughly to forget the little six-shooter in my pocket.

My left shoulder looked as if a shark had twisted off a small piece. The small wound in my hand was pounding out of all proportion. I had been very thoroughly shot at on the ledge and in the water, but all I could discover was one bullet wound in the heavy shoulder muscle of the back. That, too, was on the left side. The thing was bleeding badly. I stanched it as well as possible with the wet shirt. I seldom wanted a cigarette as I did that moment; but they were soaked and swollen. The little hunting case, supposed to be water-tight, had betrayed me.

It was hard to get the laugh working in that adventure of pain. I tried to think it out coherently, sitting up on the sand. I could not go back just now. I had to have a drink and a real bandage pretty soon. San Juan Baptiste was miles away—some of the men had said fifteen or eighteen.

I might make that town. Also, I might not. I fell away in a kind of reverie, wishing I could hear her playing the Tschaikovsky waltz again—wishing she could play me home to her that way; that no man and no matter stood between; that I could go to her in that dim music room, the bamboo branches waving at the window; see her rise and turn obediently to play for me at my word.

I let out a yelp, scrambling to my feet. Then I had to laugh at it. A man gets so atrociously serious when his nerves are pounding a bit. If we really had ourselves in hand we could tell a wound when to hit it up or not.

I went over it all again. I could not go back to her. I could not stay here on the sand and bleed to death. I had to start out. It was straight elimination. No possibility but that of reaching San Juan Baptiste. I have always found it so—if a man can really generate enough will force, something gives. He is tested and twisted to the last ounce; but if he manages not to give way conditions ease a bit.

I had completely forgotten the Lagnon crew of yesterday, but had not staggered forward five minutes before a voice hailed me. . . . I heard someone saying:

"It's the passenger! It's Giddings again!"

I seemed under water—their voices far above in the sunlight. Two men were explaining to each other how hard hit and bleeding I was. They thought a wild beast had torn out my shoulder. They were more nearly right than they knew. . . . Now the old water battle had me. It seemed I wanted to come up, but I could not. It was getting a deeper blue about me—a deeper cold, a denser pressure. All I knew after that was a kind of relaxation, the sense of everything going out—the whole works shutting down and dropping out.

I awoke in the late afternoon. The shore had been shadowed when I sank to the sand, but the sunlight was searching and furious now. The faces of the sailormen looked familiar. I remember calling for a drink and asking the same old question a man always does, coming in from a day that has been too much for him: "Where am I?"

The Lagnon party—all but these two sailors—had gone to San Juan Baptiste. These watched over the stores—water, biscuits and canned things, now piled under tarpaulins carefully against the cliffs. They gave me a complete course of bandages while the sun went down. It was almost as hard to take as to deny them the account of my twenty-four hours inland. They were really artful about drawing forth the story of the three wounds. They allowed that one might be a shark's bite; that any kind of heavy work might break a hand as delicate as mine; they figured that nothing but a bullet had entered the shoulder.

Lastly they noted, with some reason, that the characteristics of the wounds opposed each other—that is, one was not likely to get a broken hand and a gunshot during the same encounter in which he would suffer a piece torn out of his shoulder—and all on the same side! Similar premises were variously placed till I rolled over against the cliff and went to sleep; but there had been much crisp bacon and black coffee meantime.

The pounding of the surf on the shore woke me the next dawn—a torture in my wounds from its pounding. That dull throbbing of the shore, hardly perceptible at another time, was excruciating now. The sailors were snoring like thieves. It occurred to me after several moments that the day must bring forth some action on my part toward the hacienda with the ruby roof. The crew of the Lagnon was expected back from San Juan Baptiste this morning.

(Continued on Page 30)

How *the* War Endorses Continental Motor Standardization

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(Continued from Page 28)

I thought of taking the whole party with me for the call upon Falkoner; but the more I thought the less I liked that idea. Also, I should have difficulty in getting away after the party arrived. They would want to know all about it—at least what sort of menagerie I kept in yonder and why they were not allowed to investigate the animals. As a matter of fact, I should have quite enough difficulty with my two attentive sailormen. This point brought me the idea of slipping away quietly just now.

It took all the nerve I had to get out from under the blankets, even in that tropic climate. There is a second of utter isolation in such rising—cold and stiffened wounds, recent loss of blood and general defeat. There was mystery about it too. The earth pulls so hard. If a man can bring a laugh to the attraction and resist it, the next reservoir of his strength opens, and he is a fuller human afterward; also a happier. The growth of backbone in a man is a race between how much he can stand and how often.

I took along a bottle of water and a pocketful of crackers. There was an odd sadness about crossing the ledge again—that ledge where I had had such a queer boyish joy two mornings before and such a savage confronting of death yesterday.

I heard the bird song high among the cliffs. It brought a bit of warm life to me in that great bewildering pain. Birds always had something special to say to me, even when a lad. I remember my mother at her sewing—how I would see a smile round her lips, and would listen for a bird song somewhere out among the trees, if I had not heard it already, because I knew the particular smile—delicate, soft, elate—that she had for the birds, and nothing else.

That was the longest day I ever lived. The world ought not to leave a man so empty inside as I found myself that day. Here I was, close to thirty years old—suffering actually because I was alone with passing hours. Nothing is to be considered compared with that ghastly ennui of waiting for the night. They say that certain prisoners have become happy and changed because every external activity was denied them. I know from that one day how they must have suffered before they were turned within. The Kingdom of Heaven is said to be within; but I could not find even the outer boundaries. I winced under the slow-moving sun, squinted my eyes at the dazzling of the sea, tried one position after another on the hillside, seeking for shade in the thin dry thickets, for the rainy season was long past. No Kingdom of Heaven in my interior—only loneliness and agony and fear, to say nothing of the wires jammed with messages of physical pain to and from the brain.

My roost on the steep hillside overlooked the hacienda, but not the path to the river mouth where the yacht lay. Hours passed without a single movement or sound. I was suffering with thirst before noon, a bit feverish from the wounds and the exposure to the heat. I held off from the water bottle until toward the end of the day; but the denial was more wearing, I think, than the actual lack would have been.

I had no fixed plan except to wait for darkness and to slip down into the gardens of the hacienda. Dimly I wanted to wait somewhere near; perhaps in that clump of bamboos which waved by the window of the music room. Possibly her room was not far from that. My hope was to see her. After that, all thoughts diverged; all plans diffused.

Dark at last! Descending toward the single lamp, I felt that the sound of the piano would be like a deep drink of the soul to me. I could not hold the thought of danger. Moments passed in which I utterly forgot the big ramifications of treasure hunting that animated all the others in the harbor save herself. There was even faintly the surge of the delight that lovers feel.

I heard the low notes of the nesting birds on the slopes. With new meaning, their matings came home to mind as I made my way stealthily through the tangle. I could not remember that any reason had been given me to expect other than the courtesy of a stranger from this woman. The intensity of the hours since the moment of meeting her had either pulled me altogether out of the normal passage of things, or else into a higher sanity that revealed the ways of a man with a maid.

The single light was at the outer doorway of the hacienda, on the broad porch where I had first conversed with Mintinsin. I listened intently near there for many minutes, but there was not a sound or step within the house. I moved, at length, round the different windows—there were more than one, screened on the outside with bamboo clumps—paused especially long at one I considered to be the piano room, and was well back in the shadows by the porch again, without encountering a single sign of life.

I was drained—the stuff sort of gone out of me. The little six-shooter from Mintinsin had bruised and scalded my hip by contact all that day. I thought of it because, in the chill of fear that something might have happened to the woman, I was more ready than ever before to use it now.

*

I DON'T know how long I stood there before my concentration moved from the hacienda to the river mouth where Falkoner's craft was moored. If the outfit had cleared from the house and vicinity, the ship, of course, would be gone. I had risen to make for the moorings when I heard a step on the far side of the hacienda, and heard Falkoner's voice cry:

"Esther! Esther!"

"Yes!"—trailed wearily from within.

He called several times, evidently making his way toward her through the dark house. Light was finally turned on in the piano room. Perhaps she had been there in the dark—at least she was waiting there for him now. I took my place quietly in the bamboo clumps, all weariness gone. Awe stole over me. I was to learn now the relation of these two. I was to be at hand in case she needed help.

The door opened. I saw him enter, hat in hand, advance shyly, a queer lurch to his shoulders—a self-depreciatory note in his manner, altogether new.

"I came back to ask you again," he said. "We've got to get out of here. You've stuck so far. I'll get better.

For an Hour or More They Ransacked the House, Room After Room Was Lit and Looted

Honest, I'll get better, Esther. You've stuck so far. Don't leave the ship now!"

He came a step nearer. Her face was averted, but her hand rested against him. She did not speak.

"You know what happens to me when you go away?"

"I know what happens to you when I am here," she said hopelessly. "You are not getting any better. I might make it my mission in life to hold your wretched nerve ends together; but you don't answer my ministrations any more. You are not better; not more of a man between times. You're killing yourself for gold. That is what started it all in New York. That's what is finishing you here. You are selling your soul for gold! . . .

"I shall stay here until the Mexicans come, and then go over the mountains and back to the North."

"But the money that you have invested with me ——"

"I would not stay for that. I do not care for that," she said with a chill in her voice as if it were a hateful subject between them. "Nor will I stay longer because my father wished it. He did not understand about that any more than he understood about the Falkoner investments. . . . Go to sea. I shall be perfectly safe here—far safer than at sea with you and that wicked old monster who serves you."

Falkoner's shoulders were hunched now. His face turned toward her from the side. He moved about her softly, expectantly—something as a pugilist might do round a helpless opponent; but that was only the external. I had heard the words of each. I heard his whining now, revealing depths of affection. This deeper, saner part of the man knew what it meant for the woman to be taken away. I saw her as his niece or ward, or the daughter of a man having an ancient partnership with Falkoner's house; but, over all, she was the one hope of this pitiful human heart.

On the other hand, Falkoner wanted to be free from all restraint. I think there was a lust in his brain to get loose from the Mexican harbor with his treasure—not even to have her recriminating eyes upon him. Some frenzy of his to be free—at large, I sensed.

A few sentences more opened wider areas for the imagination. I concluded that Falkoner had been allowed to leave New York and the surveillance of the alienists only because the woman had consented to be with him. Perhaps she was recognized by the doctors as a single mollifying influence, for he cried out:

"If they find me without you they will take me back! Esther, think of them—taking me back!"

Her head was bowed a little.

"You promised you would stay with me!" he cried.

She put out her hands swiftly and touched him.

"I did not think you would do criminal things! . . . The blasting of the rock to fall across the harbor mouth; the sunken ship that turned in here for shelter; the stranger who came to this house two days ago, and whom you took away yesterday ——"

"He went back to his own people."

"I cannot be sure! Bring me proof of that—just bring me proof of your truth in that one thing and I will go to sea with you."

So they had talked of this before. He snapped his fingers ludicrously for such a moment.

"A woman never understands!" he exclaimed in a kind of triumph. "Haven't I told you that he's gone? Haven't I told you that we must go to sea? That I cannot delay to find this road rammer? Haven't I told you that he slipped away as soon as we got at the harbor mouth—that I am not responsible?"

"That you are not responsible?" she repeated, searching his face.

There was a moment's silence, and then I heard her say:

"No; there's no need for you to ask me again. A woman never understands! Following her own will, a woman inevitably does the wrong thing! How often I have heard that in the Falkoner house! But, once in a life—just for once—I must do the thing as I see it. To-night I stay!"

He left her. I saw the lights turned out again in the piano room. I had forgotten even my wounds. Something had happened to me. I never would be quite the same again. I had not comprehended how heavily the mystery of her part in that house had weighed upon me. That was lifted and cleared. I saw much more than the words would show—years of adherence to promises and arrangements made by others; an intolerable travail of loyalty—the giving of a greater life to make easier the ways of the smaller. . . . Above all, I saw the clear bracing character of her. It was like northern pines and spring waters to me—that refreshing glimpse of purity which forms in a kind of dream in the heart of a man who is held long in the tropics; the diamond heart of her, flawless and masterfully cut, having passed through many tests and pressures, all frosts and flames and refinements, finished in clarity and intrinsic radiation. . . .

I heard the screen on the other side of the hacienda open and shut softly as Falkoner went out. . . . She was alone. I wanted to signal to her at once; but patience came to me from the deep joy of recent revelations. If they were going to embark at once I might wait for their passing—even wait for morning before making my presence known. I could stand by and see that no evil befell her. That was enough for this high, great night.

The moist breath of the jungles; the dew upon the grass; the warm tonic air from the slopes, charged all day with burning light; the house of her presence; the soft singing of the surf, so gentle and desultory; a quarter waxing moon, halfway down the slope toward the portal, its light on the great creamy pillars, its path across the magic purple of the little harbor; the great breath of the life and the future beyond that portal; the open uncharted seas—days ahead for any heroisms, all life a game, a rousing play, the comrade found—days with her! That was one of my high minutes of life.

I was in the path toward the brigantine. Falkoner was only fifty yards ahead, having dallied somehow. He was always heavy in the brush—always a flutter about his step. I think the same flutter was in his mind. It broke all rhythm of thought.

There was a fire on the shore. The Chinese were without their admirable house garments, in the midst of the heavy work of lading for the sea. The figure of Falkoner was still obscured in the jungle. Mintinsin stood halted between the ship's waist and the fire on the shore.

I saw his hand go out toward his nearest native, then drop to his side. All was as before. He had heard the white man's step.

I was listening to some song of the heart within. As I look at it now, the moment was as ominous as that on the rock, before the first stroke of the pike pole.

Falkoner stepped into the firelight. Then it seemed to me that a native bent to examine the cloth of the white man's blouse at the waist—a most absurd fancy of mine. Another gesture from Mintinsin; then a queer galvanic jerk on the part of Falkoner's body in the firelight, and Falkoner's familiar scream, the scream of his obsession.

I should know that scream twenty years from now.

He did not fall, but ran backward, his hands playing out hideously from his body, a sag over his whole figure, the screaming incessant—running backward, keeping the natives in front of him. . . . Another quick intonation from Mintinsin, who watched but did not move. Falkoner's back met the stern rope of the Esther and he wheeled over, as one would dive backward from a raft. I had been running to help him, but halted now. His body dangled there. A native stabbed him three times in the abdomen. The screams were lower, the body shaking on the rope. The Oriental stood back a second; then dipped his knife again.

There was now no need for me. I watched Mintinsin. His two hands slowly rubbed together. Now they parted. His arms dropped to his side. He walked forward, with dignity, to the place where the white man lay sprawled and still twitching over the rope. Falkoner's head was bent back. Mintinsin's hand closed for a moment upon the upturned throat. He drew in the skirts of his wonderful coat as he bent, so that it would not touch the body.

XI

I WAS sick with myself, for a minute, for halting at the instant Falkoner flipped back on the Esther's stern line. Though you may like me less for not running to Falkoner's assistance at that moment, I can only say that the impulse was checked in time, and that I was spared from wasting my life by the quick thought of the futility of the step.

Creeping back toward the hacienda, I paused. The thought of Mintinsin staggered me a bit. The cold monster! The actual assassin was a clean little viper compared. I laughed a little just now. For the first time I understood why Mintinsin had given me the pistol. He had planned, doubtless for many days, to do away with Falkoner. He may have hesitated on account of the snooping Mexicans, who were probably aware of all the externals of life on the Bay shore. He had placed the pistol in my hands that I might spare him the ugly job of killing his master.

(Concluded on Page 33)

There will be no bread cards in America if you do your part

THE world is short of food. Abroad in the warring countries, where harvests have been reduced and the want of food is distressing, whole nations must do their marketing with food cards. Everyone must wait his turn, must limit his daily food to a minimum.

Here in America, though many are saving, we are still wasting food—wasting enough to feed millions.

What are *you* doing in your home—saving or wasting?

There is pressing need for *everyone* to save the food and eat less wheat—not only to help feed our fighting men, and those of our Allies, but also to make unnecessary the bread card.

"Bread for all if none is wasted"

—Hoover.

Wheat is the most important food of all to save. The world's demand on America for wheat is stupendous—America has never failed, but there will be wheat for all *only* if every American home saves, and stops the daily waste of bread and flour.

How to save wheat

Eat more potatoes, fruits and vegetables.

Have one No-Wheat meal each day in your home.

Observe two wheatless days each week—Monday and Wednesday.

Eat no bread or rolls that do not contain at least 20% other cereals than wheat.

If you have eliminated waste—save one more slice of bread a day.

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The bakers of America are saving millions of bushels of wheat by co-operating with the Government in making Victory Bread which is made of 20% other cereal than wheat flour.

This is the bread you should eat every day, the bread you may eat on wheatless days if no other wheat substitutes are available. It means a real saving of wheat.

Now is the time to save

This is no time to experiment. Experiments generally lead to waste—NOW is the time to save.

Begin today—do your part, whether you *bake* or *buy*—co-operate with the Government, and there will be bread for all in America.

Every crust, every pound, every handful of flour you save is your vitally needed help in winning the war.

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NEW YORK

"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

(Concluded from Page 30)

Mintinsin, beyond question, thought I would begin shooting at once when I realized Falkoner's intention to get me. Perhaps he hoped we should put each other out of the way. In any case, it would be easy to say that I, a stranger, had been hunted down for murdering Falkoner. . . . Curiously the picture of Mintinsin drawing his coat back from the body of that pitiful white man passed and repassed through my mind.

On the way round the hacienda I noticed boxes and cans of provisions piled on the smaller porch there, ready to be carried to the ship. So the natives would be back, possibly for many trips, before making their way across the harbor. Falkoner had said that the high tide would be at three in the morning.

It was now scarcely ten. Mintinsin would, no doubt, arrange to cross the wedged portal at the moment of the flood.

At this point I realized what a complication the woman must appear to that careful, calculating Oriental mind, now free from the madman. This thought quickened my steps to the main veranda. Would he leave her here—now that Falkoner was out of the way? Would he allow her to remain to tell the Mexicans about the treasure and the get-away of the Chinese with an American yacht and Spanish gold? Mintinsin might plan to sail for Asia or some of the islands; but, even so, ships talk to one another. Her story would make reckonable the possibility of his being overhauled. . . .

Shy again I became, as my hand touched the knob of the screen. All that I had heard perhaps had no significance, so far as my life's story was concerned. The world was full of free women; which had nothing to do with the fact of my tumultuous adoration.

Would she do this thing I meant to ask of her, for me? I wanted it so badly that I weakened myself. A man should always be powerful enough to face a denial with tranquillity. . . .

I pushed through the reception hall. Quite enough speculation, I thought. The piano room held a fragrance; some gentle breath of her presence—just fancy perhaps. Certainly I was fanciful where she was concerned. Queer how a man can tell a lot of things in a story like this that he would not tell to his closest friend at a dinner with wine. Fanciful? Yes. I went to the far door and called:

"Esther!"

No answer. I went through the corridor there and the little hall that turned after three steps down, and called:

"Esther!"

Now I smelled the jasmine and heard the water flowing through earthen pipes, the air playing across damp earthen tiles. I knew—fanciful perhaps—that this was her bathing place. Jasmine and sandal for that, and the water over the earthen tiles. I should always remember.

"Esther!" I called.

And then I came to the wicker door, which swung forward at my touch. Tensity in the silence. In a flash I was aware that she was present—that she heard me, but was slow to answer; that she stood just beyond the next door. She had thought me far away—possibly dead.

"It is I—I—to whom you played!"

"Oh!"

"To whom you played the little Russian waltz. I must speak with you. It's really urgent—if you don't mind!"

"I will come to you; but don't wait there! Go back and wait in the piano room. Is it really urgent?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Then wait where you are. I will hurry."

I wondered, standing there, whether I should ever see that place of the fountain in daylight! It seemed I had never breathed air so soft and moist and fragrant. The few moments of waiting before she came were indescribable. I was dipping into back ages touching all the pain and power of trysts in Babylon and Damascus, by mountain spring and desert pool—and one haunting memory of a lotus pond, where the fountain played the basic theme of all romance.

I did not hear the inner door open. She was beside me almost at the creak of the wicker—her hand upon my arm. I turned and walked with her; yet I was led. One has to be led through a dark house by a woman one loves! I think the house would have to be near Magdalena Bay, and that you would have to cross those dripping tiles and hear the fountain play, to get the full measure of that enchantment. A series of low questions:

"They do not know you are here?"

"No."

"They will be back soon. There are many things here in the house that they will load for the voyage."

"I came quickly, in a kind of panic. I thought they might try to load you too."

"No. He would not do that. I told him I would not go. He would not dare to do that!"

I did not tell her.

"Mintinsin might advise," I suggested. "The old Chinese takes few chances. He might suggest that you be forced to go."

"What would you have me do?" she whispered.

"I want you to come with me."

"Where?"

"That is secondary. Over the hills, across the mesa—into some Mexican settlement. Or we might go round by the shore to the sailors' camp—that might be best. We should be joined there, or at San Juan Baptiste, by my friends, the survivors of the Lagnon."

She left my side without answering—a little pressure on my sleeve, which signified that I should stay where I was. I heard the brush of a button across the ivory keys and realized where we were. Softly she played a few measures of our waltz. . . . I understood. There was wonder for me in every note—the key to our whole relation, that understanding. It had meant the same to her as to me—our meeting place—something forever set apart. It is hard to express, but she had found the moment worth risking—even with the danger of being heard by the Chinese.

"That's why I wanted you to wait beyond this door, so that I could call you again this way—again, as it was at first."

Thus I knew that many of my thoughts had been tallied off in her mind. Her hand touched my bandaged arm. She asked many questions quickly.

"But you have not told me whether you will leave here with me," I said at last.

My good hand was on her shoulder; I felt her quick tremor in my arm. One did not need to finish sentences with her; yet she had waited for me to bring this desire clearly to words.

"When do you want me?"

"To-night. Now!"

"Yes; I will go. I will follow you."

But we did not go at once. The house had become wondrously dear to me—the piano room; the passage of the dripping tiles; the little room beyond. I walked with her to that door. There were many small things she wished to place in her bag. She was within, I waiting at the door. . . .

We heard just now the voices of the Chinese coming up the path from the ship. She opened the door again.

"Come in here!" she whispered. "They will not dare to enter my room."

XII

FOR an hour or more they ransacked the house. Mintinsin's orders were carried out, even noisily. He trusted that the woman supposed the orders came from Falkoner. Perhaps he did not care a great deal what the woman thought. All food and stores were taken; many of the rugs and furnishings. We heard them in the silver chest and napery closets—room after room was lit and looted.

Several times the noise subsided, and we were upon the point of emerging, to make our way through the house, when we found that one or two of the Chinos still remained. It was one in the morning before we considered the risk of escape through the window. I disliked this because her room opened to a particularly unprotected part of the garden. There was still moonlight, and we should have to cross a clearing in order to reach the shadowy paths of the hills. However, if Mintinsin wanted the woman, and if my idea of his sailing at three was true, there was no time for further delay; but there was a rattle at the wicker before we cleared. The sound was repeated, and Esther answered.

"Hello! This—Mintinsin."

"Yes."

"Mintinsin, with orders. Cap'in Falkoner sends compliments to lady. Asks her to be ready sail fifteen minutes."

"Captain Falkoner misunderstood," she answered. "I told him I was not sailing to-night."

"Cap'in Falkoner sends compliments. He say readiness is expected fifteen minutes."

"Send Señor Falkoner to me," she answered.

"He cannot come—so send Mintinsin."

"Tell him I shall stay here."

"All-lite—fifteen minutes."

It was clear that Mintinsin would force her to take passage—useless to argue the point. A glance at the window showed me that the moon would be behind the northern pillar in five or ten minutes. It was almost touching now. The lawn would then be darker; but we gave up that, for, as we waited for the moon to go down, the house grew silent.

We passed out and across the dripping tiles. The music room was dark; the Chinese had finished there. I opened the door noiselessly, a narrow crack, into a hall that led to the reception and lounging room, next to the main veranda. It was looted clean now, and the lights were left on.

"He means to leave nothing," I heard her whisper. "He has loaded his ship with all his things. He does not mean to come back."

Still, I did not tell her that this clean-up was not due to Falkoner's weakness for his lares and penates.

"Where are the light buttons?" I asked, thinking to shut off the glare before we crossed the room.

"They might notice the lights turned off more readily than our passing," she answered.

"Come, then—we will make it."

The front door was slightly ajar. I dropped Esther's hand to draw it open, when I heard a creak of a board on the step outside. There was an instant of flurry that seemed to smother my mind and heart—the brain not being used to working at this speed. Then the door was opened before me by my own hand. Doubt was always harder than fear to bear.

Mintinsin stood there, his poise strained somewhat, but not to the breaking point. I don't know now whose hand moved first. Mine touched the six-shooter so faithfully carried. Mintinsin's was lost under the folds of his admirable robe; a faint smile was upon his lips, and the words that I always remembered:

"You no want to be king?"

"I am the one who wants nothing, Mintinsin."

We had each stepped forward. Something poisonous came to me from his presence—a fleeting glimpse of poor Falkoner's body flung back from the stern rope. The old rascal had come in for a last look at the house. Possibly he was only waiting for the minutes to elapse before knocking at Esther's door again. Possibly there were certain of Falkoner's personal effects that he wanted for himself.

I had a suspicion he meant the worst for me, yet I could not clear him from the path cold-bloodedly. A touch upon my shoulder behind—the hand of my comrade. Though I moved forward, Mintinsin did not step aside when I undertook to pass.

This was the instant.

I didn't like it. I don't like to tell it. Perhaps I pressed a bit heavily on my disinclination to use the pistol simply because of this last moment. One thing I ask you to believe: I saw his knife before I fired. I asked her about it afterward. Esther saw the knife and saw it fall free from Mintinsin's hand. My gun was not drawn. I shot through the cloth of the pocket.

Mintinsin turned from me. He seemed to be kneeling, then groping forward. Then he let himself down, face against the boards. I did not hear an articulate sound from his lips.

Esther and I hurried on up the path to the hills. I left the beaten path, led the way into the deep tangle. We heard the night birds again and felt the heaviness of dew upon the leaves.

I had to be sure that she was not horrified with me forever. I felt her shudder in my arms—but that was only the release of many pent agonies.

"I saw the gleam of the knife!" she panted. "I saw it—and then—I did not see your hand raised against him! I thought it must be you who had fallen!"

We heard the cries of the Chinese when they found Mintinsin. The outfit seemed to go to pieces. There were high-pitched tones, like wailing—a demonstration that Mintinsin would have been the last to permit under any conditions. He had done most of the talking for his dozen. They were carrying him back toward the ship. From this I judged he was not dead. I was glad of that.

The Chinese were trying to convince each other that the woman had fired the shot. Presently the search began. I led her deeper into the undergrowth of the hillside, holding branches for her to pass. There were places in which we had to crawl on account of the density of the thicket. We reached an aerie, altogether sheltered, and sat down, laughing and whispering. The Chinese beat about the house and grounds for an hour, searching for her; then gave up.

In their every movement I detected their need for Mintinsin. The big hacienda had been looted while we remained together in her room, but with quiet and order compared to now. Drink had begun. Mintinsin would never have allowed that. An ugly set of ruffians to listen to by the time we heard the rattle of the anchor gear and the light engines of the Esther began to push her out into the harbor.

It was already past three in the morning. It would take them nearly an hour to clear from the river mouth across to the portal. They would be late for flood tide. Often, as we talked and waited for the light, I remember thinking that Mintinsin would never have risked the passing of an hour after the tide was at its full. Of course I believed they could get by with a good man at the wheel; but Mintinsin was gone, and there had been a lot of drinking in the last hour or two. . . .

A thrilling opening and brightening in our communion as the day gathered. Once or twice my eyes smarted, a strange reminder of early days, and a wonderful suffusing gladness filled my world. Every moment she was lovelier than I had thought the moment before. All is said in that.

In the early morning light we descended to the hacienda, but only paused there for a bit of fruit and coffee. I had told her of Falkoner's end. My use of the pistol seemed to demand that. She was still for a while. She had given too many years of her life to his care to be indifferent to his end.

Together we passed the room I had occupied. I entered a moment. The two singing birds were still alive. I took the cage out and opened it on the veranda. Somehow we felt better after that.

"We will travel very light," she said, hurrying out from her room a final time. The Chinese vandals had been there last.

The joy of life came back to us as we walked out on the strand together.

Our big story began to unfold that day as the sun rose—the big laughing story of two together—the tale that never ends! We were on the last mile toward the portal when she stopped suddenly and pulled my arm back, her eyes lost at the point where I had looked so often at the spars of the Lagnon.

Intricately woven, at the mouth of the harbor, like two antagonists fallen, I saw the thin tippy masts of the Esther, where they cut the white water of the race—her little hulk sunken by the side of the logy Lagnon.

"'Drink and the devil had done for the rest,'" I muttered.

It had been a gamut for a day or two. We rather raced it—at least, it has that look from the distance. The rest is either tame or a man's own business. For instance, you won't care much to know that Esther was the ward of Falkoner's father, and had grown up in the household, making, as she could, a brother of the young man of many burdens, whom I had known for a day or two. . . . Or that there was much treasure. The Chinese took some; the Mexicans took some; and the owners of the Lagnon have the rest in litigation for Falkoner's sinking their ship. . . .

The Falkoner fortune was Esther's—a secondary matter—for I had a fortune of my own; and I found another in her—diamond heart!

The Chinese had likely all gotten clear of the brigantine as she sank across the bows of the Lagnon. Whether Mintinsin lived or not I never learned, for, dead or alive, he was taken with the party.

We two went North together—but came back again in the next year. We entered under the ruby roof; but she made me stand at the door of the big lounging room—then went deeper into the house. Presently it was as on that first day—she was playing our old theme of the tryst rounding the circle. And I called, as I hurried forward to her: "I'm coming!"

(THE END)

VISIT the *Crown*, *Adlake* or *America* dealer in your town. He's a good bicycle man to know.

Ask for these models by name. Look for the trade symbols shown above.

See the snow-white head, the patent dart finish, the lustrous enamel and the ultra-style in every line.

Each model has the genuine, patented, one-piece Fauber Crank Hanger—trouble-proof and efficient always.

Not until you've seen these handsome bicycles can you appreciate their beauty.

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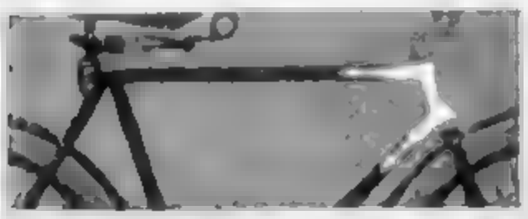

This snow-white head with patent dart finish on every Crown, Adlake or America

THE BEGGAR'S PURSE

(Continued from Page 4)

"Then have them sent to —— Oh, Lord! No use!"

"Are you ill, sir?" asked the floorwalker, approaching anxiously.

Some unknown incitement forced a question to E. Van Tenner's lips: "See here, does it cost you anything to deliver goods?"

"Certainly. In time and labor from twelve cents per package upward."

So that was it! The magic was working beyond the limits of his own exchequer. Obviously it didn't propose to sit by and watch him waste anybody's money, even a store's.

"I'll take them with me," said he.

"Thank you, sir," said the floorman.

As he departed with his purchase E. Van Tenner felt a sensation as if a very soft and satisfied kitten were purring against his chest. "All right," said he, speaking down his shirt front; "but don't you get too dictatorial."

Business took up the rest of the afternoon; business in which the purse played an honorable and unprotesting part, though its course at one point called for a taxi expenditure of something more than two dollars. That, however, was to save necessary time. E. Van Tenner was relieved to find the magic receptacle so reasonable. He began to feel that he could live on terms of amity and confidence with it indefinitely. But when he came to pay the chauffeur the wallet produced the exact amount with a precision that he could not but feel to be significant. In vain did he search for a tip.

"What's the good?" demanded his mentor. "What's the good of making a present to a man in whom you have no possible interest and who hasn't done anything that he isn't paid to do by his employer?"

"Not the slightest," admitted E. Van Tenner in the face of the disgusted taxi man; and even added cheerfully: "That's the precise amount, I believe."

So swiftly and blithely does one become hardened to impotent scorn! Thus was twenty-five cents added to the mounting record.

His evening was free. He decided upon a light and hasty dinner, followed by the theater—if the magical arbiter would permit. By repeating his simple expedient of leaving his outer apparel in his room he eluded the coat-check impost, and genially smiled at the disgruntled Amazons, who seemed to be asking each other whether this comparatively nude intruder had perhaps pawned his overcoat.

"Dry Martini," ordered E. Van Tenner upon seating himself. Instantly and miraculously the beggar's wallet seemed to have dropped from his breast pocket to the pit of his stomach, upon which it pressed with a destructive insistence.

"Wait a moment!" said its proprietor slave hastily to the waiter; then added in a low but indignant undertone: "See here! It isn't your affair to censor my morals and habits. You're a committee on finance, and that's all!"

He plucked forth the purse into the light of day. "What's the good?" it inquired with an air of sweet reasonableness.

E. Van Tenner reflected. After all, what was the good? Either he had an appetite for dinner, in which case he didn't need the cocktail; or else he needed the cocktail to create an appetite for dinner, in which case it was high time that he quit the habit. Hadn't the beggar distinctly told him that he needn't give up anything which he wouldn't be better off without?

"Never mind the Martini," said he wearily.

During dinner he looked over the theatrical advertisements in his paper, and hesitating between those classically named productions whereto a discriminating public taste is addressed, Atta Boy, Oh, Slush, and Gertie's Green Garters, fixed upon the latter. He must now retrieve his coat and hat, upon which he had saved another dime. Ascending to his room he switched on the lights, got into his outer garments, locked his door and started for the elevator. A slight but insistent cramp in the pocketbook halted him. What could that mean? He wasn't spending any money. If it was a protest against theatergoing it was premature. Let it wait till he got to the theater! He started again, and caught his breath over a more pronounced pang. His eyes, turning upward, were arrested by the glowing glass of his transom. To be sure! He had left the lights on, thereby wasting coal for the hotel—upon which he had already saved a dollar and fifty-five cents.

"You are certainly some little economist!" he murmured to the occupant of his pocket as he returned and left the room in darkness.

At the theater a ducal personage behind a grille negligently informed him that there was nothing available in the orchestra before a week from Wednesday; but an undistinguished individual in the lobby—who may or may not have been there for that very purpose—mentioned that the Bulbosh Agency had some good seats. Thither went E. Van Tenner. Yes; the agency had a few seats left. There was one in the eighth row, three dollars and thirty cents, please. At the mention of the price the beggar's purse leaped from E. Van Tenner's hand and fell flat on its face upon the floor.

E. Van Tenner took it forth and gave it air. Now in our amiable and easy-going bachelor there was a definite streak of obstinacy. He had undertaken to see Gertie's Green Garters and see it he would, always assuming that the magic receptacle would permit. He retraced his steps to the theater, retired to a corner of the lobby and drew forth the chancellor of his exchequer.

"What's the good?" it questioned. But the effect was that of inquiry, not of challenge.

"The good is that I've done a day's work and am entitled to some amusement. What's the harm?"

The beggar's purse appeared to accept this view complaisantly. Back to the ticket window stepped E. Van Tenner.

"What is the best seat you have for tonight?" he asked the duke of the diagram.

"Tenth row in the balcony; one sixty-five."

"Can one see the stage from it?"

"Oh, yes," replied the duke wearily. "You can see the stage." His tone, aimed at the inquirer's vanity, commented: "If you're the kind of cheap person who goes into the balcony." But E. Van Tenner's vanity was now armored like the tropic anteater.

"I'll take it," he said; and the beggar's purse opened automatically.

Rather to his surprise he found that his view of the play was just as unobstructed as in the orchestra seats to which he had been accustomed; and his hearing was much less interrupted—not to mention the fact that he had saved one dollar and sixty-five cents at one fell swoop. Thus he felt justified at the close of the performance in stopping for a bite of supper. A flaring light directed him to a place where, all too late, the frantic dissonances of a jazz band burst upon his shocked ears. Before he could retreat a coat-room attendant had his garments in pawn. Perforce he must go forward. As he dropped into a gilded and fragile chair a pair of ample ladies, wearing carefully greased evening gowns, appeared upon the stage and burst into metallic shrieks, supported by the musical spasm of the orchestra. E. Van Tenner essayed to forget his sufferings in contemplation of the menu—and got a fresh shock. He had seen prices before, but never such prices as these. Even without the magic purse he was sure that they would have given him pause. As for the purse, he did not dare bring it out in sight of that array of figures. Something light, a bit of fish and some stuffed green peppers, he had thought to order. The fish were evidently goldfish; solid gold at that. As for the peppers, his eyes encountered this legend:

Green peppers (1) stuffed with rice and tomato—80 cents.

At first he thought it a misprint; it must be thirty cents; or possibly fifty. Consideration of the other vegetables dispelled that hope. They were on an equal scale. But—eighty cents for one green pepper! Was there, then, a fatal shortage in the green-pepper market? Or a crop failure in the rice or tomatoes whereof the stuffing was compounded?

"Cut it short!
Be a sport!
Buy a quart!"

shrieked the songsters, coyly adjusting their shoulder straps.

Enlightenment burst upon E. Van Tenner. The prices of the menu, suggesting the daily stock-market report before the depression, became clear. Somehow that

(Concluded on Page 37)

Salute! The Ensign

HAVE a little sailor in your home! Dress him in the spirit of America's fighting navy — here's to ***The Ensign,*** Jack Tar Reefer, pride of the navy. Full of the vigor and dash that has made America's sailor-boys the finest on the seas.

It's free-and-easy, sailor-like, roomy — and light and buoyant as an ocean breeze. Its shining brass buttons and sleeve insignia are exactly as worn on a man-o'-war. Just *the* coat for cool Spring and Summer evenings. It's the newest member of the family of ***Sampeck Clothes.*** If the best retailer in your town hasn't ***"The Ensign"*** with the ***Sampeck Label,*** write us.

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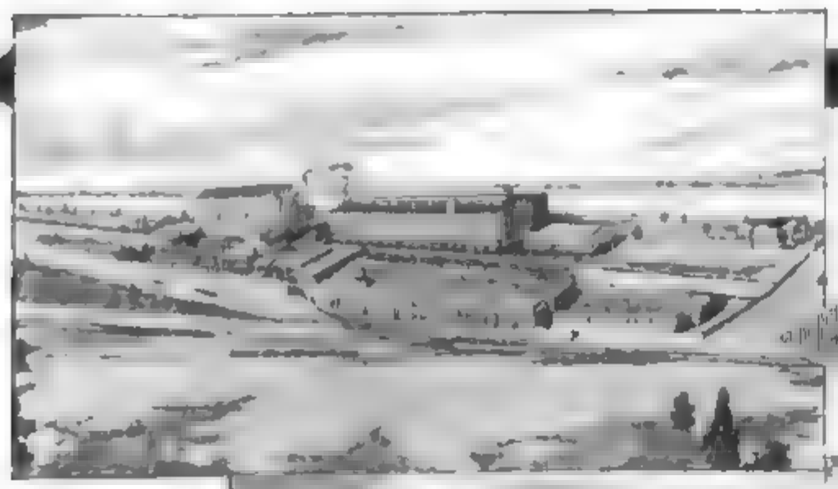

Bridgeport, Pa., Mills (From Photograph)

Elsmere, Del., Mills (From Photograph)

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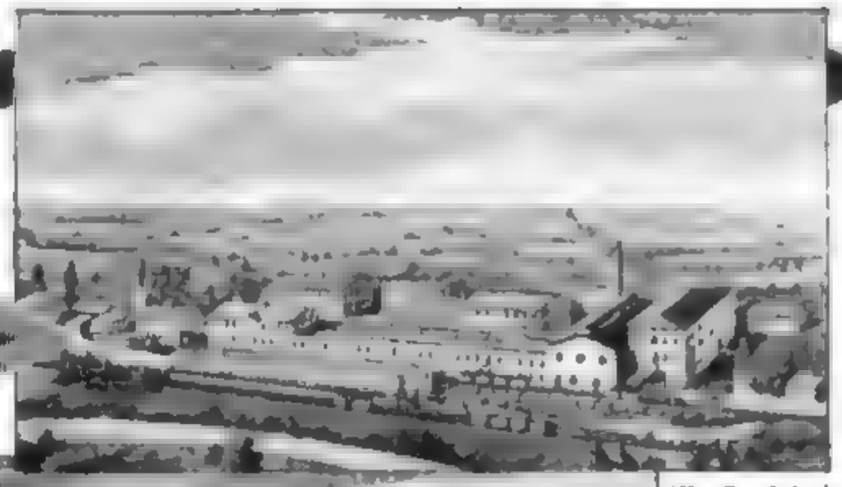
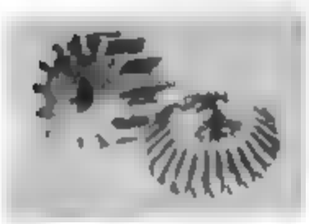


West Conshohocken, Pa., Mills (From Photograph)

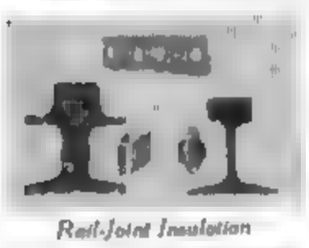
Chicago, Ill., Factory (From Photograph)

Diamond State Fibre Company —the Institution

NEARLY thirty years ago, Edward M. Taylor, founder of this business, began the making of vulcanized Fibre at Elsmere, Delaware. In those pioneer days, Fibre was used chiefly for washers, gaskets and for dust-guards in railway-car journals. With the development of electricity, the superior insulating properties of Fibre opened new and greater spheres of usefulness for this wonder-material. ✱ To insure uniform quality of his Fibre, and to be able to apply his high standards to *all* the operations in its manufacture, Mr. Taylor soon acquired and developed the paper plant at Bridgeport, Pa., and another at West Conshohocken, Pa., both near Philadelphia. To accommodate customers in the Middle West, a branch factory was established in Chicago. ✱ It followed as a natural sequence that the Company should engage in the manufacture of Parchment Paper, which is the same in principle as Vulcanized Fibre—both being cellulose fibres, hydrolized by chemical action. This development was followed by the manufacture of Glassine Paper, the fibres of which are mechanically hydrated. ✱ The prodigious development of the Diamond-F institution has demonstrated the policy of producing clean, high-grade Fibre, and extending facilities to render prompt, efficient *service* to the industries of America to have been a sound, far-sighted one. DIAMOND-FIBRE and Diamond-F Protective Papers are our chief products.



Silent Gears and Pinions



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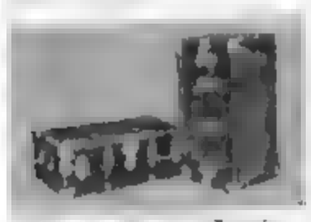

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DIAMOND-FIBRE is a dense, horn-hard material of unique texture, designed to supplant for many purposes wood, iron, steel, brass, tin, hard rubber, leather and many other scarce and costly materials used in the electrical, automobile and a great variety of other industries.

DIAMOND-FIBRE is furnished in three primal shapes—sheets, rods and tubes—as well as in numerous special forms. DIAMOND-FIBRE can be sawed, bored, tapped, turned, threaded, milled, punched, and, in short, can be machined the same as metal. It cannot be moulded, but may be bent and formed.

A most vital feature of DIAMOND-FIBRE is that it is comparatively free from dust, grit, metal or other foreign substance. It therefore can be machined with greater speed on automatic screw machines, millers, etc., and with less wear and tear on edge-tools.

DIAMOND-FIBRE gears, worms, pinions and sprockets are true to pitch and pitch-line. Meshed with other gears of metal, they silence the entire gear-train and prolong its life.

Diamond Insulation and Disfco Horn Fibre, high-grade insulating papers, are noted for their dielectric strength and bending qualities. These are therefore in high favor with manufacturers of motors and armatures, where such properties are of paramount importance.

Numberless uses already exist for DIAMOND-FIBRE and new uses are being discovered daily. Perhaps right now you are using some material which DIAMOND-FIBRE would replace at less cost and with better results. Our engineers and chemists will be glad to collaborate with yours. Tell us your problems. One of our representatives is frequently in your city.

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Attractive—Sanitary—Preservative

This is the name of a broad line of greaseproof and airproof protective papers used in the wrapping and packing of meats, confectionery, desiccated fruits, crackers, tobaccos, block ice-cream, coffee, tea, lard, butter, fish, etc.

Beginning with scrupulous selection of raw materials, every step in the manufacturing process is under the watchful eye of paper specialists who see to it that the finished product is as near positive perfection as modern machinery and human hands can make it. Pure spring-water is used in their manufacture, resulting in a pure cellulose sheet, free from metals, waxes, oils and other foreign material.

The most important of Diamond-F papers are Glassine, Greaseproof (Imitation Parchment), Vegetable Parchment and Parchmoid. They are furnished bleached, semi-bleached, unbleached, embossed and colored in the form of sheets, rolls and circles.

Diamond-F Parchmoid for wrapping butter does away with waxed paper and vegetable parchment, with one less wrapping. Water rolls off. Color of butter shows through. Diamond-F Filter Paper, for use in chemical laboratories, etc., is U. S. Government-tested.

Bakers, confectioners, florists, meat-packers, fruit-packers, manufacturers of coffee, tea, cocoa, soap, tobacco, and electrical apparatus find Diamond-F Protective Papers almost indispensable. These papers are also extensively used for containers in place of tin, cardboard, etc.

Ask your jobber for Protective Papers bearing the Diamond-F trade-mark on each ream or roll. If he cannot supply you, write us direct.

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Protecting Print Butter

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Diamond State Fibre Company

Bridgeport, Pa. (Near Philadelphia) *Offices in Principal Cities*

P. S.—**Celoron and Condensite-Celoron are two remarkable new water-resisting materials**

WOOD WHEELS for MOTOR VEHICLES

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No matter how far back we go we find wood wheels.

The ancient Egyptians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Greeks and Romans used them for transporting the materials for their great buildings and temples, for their war chariots and for their conveyances.

Wood served their purpose because it was strong and tough; it was durable; it was light in weight; it was resilient; it was quickly available; it was economical.

Wood today still has all these qualities and will always have them, because it is made with Nature's unvarying perfection.

And the supply of wood is absolutely inexhaustible.

We use wood wheels on our modern vehicles—our wagons, our luxurious motor-cars and our tremendous commercial trucks—for the same reasons that caused the ancients to use them.

Wood wheels have stood the test of time—and of all times.

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"Let the reader try to fancy it, let him see the chariots, light of wheel, very graceful and ornate as paint and burnishing can make them, ... let him see the drivers, erect and statuesque, undisturbed by the terrific motion of the cars"
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This is the "R&W" Boxer, a dignified light overcoat for all weather wear.
Silk trimmed throughout. Cloths are shower proofed by our own "Mackinette" process.
"R & W" expert tailoring gives the garment smartness and distinction.
The "R & W" label is your protection—look for it.
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Makers of good summer clothing, trousers, overcoats, raincoats, fancy and dress waistcoats, smoking jackets, bathrobes, golf and automobile apparel.
Rosenwald & Weil
Clothing Specialties
CHICAGO

(Concluded from Page 34

awful vocality and the hardly less agonizing accompaniment had to be paid for. His green pepper at eighty cents was to pay for it. It was stuffed, that green pepper, not with rice and tomato but with ragtime jazzeries and syncopated shrieks. E. Van Tenner laid the menu on the table and would have risen and escaped, but there hovered over him, portentous and awful, the head waiter himself.

"You haf ordered?" he inquired.

"I—that is—no: I think I won't order this evening," quavered the patron.

"There is a table charch of one dollar," said the official severely.

E. Van Tenner, overawed, reached for the beggar's purse. It flatly refused to open. As the owner strove with it there was instilled into his veins a calm and chill determination, born of a discovery that he had made—or had the purse magically indicated it?—regarding the menu.

"I shall not pay it," he said quietly.

"You shouldt haf to pay it." The head waiter's threatening tone took on a little more pronounced accent.

"You're a German, aren't you?" inquired E. Van Tenner blandly.

"Dot is my bisaness," retorted the other excitedly. "You pay dot table charch!"

"No; I shall not pay the table charge. But I will do this: I will pay you one dollar for that menu card, which, I observe, has on it two, four, seven, eleven—eleven different kinds of meat, on a Meatless Tuesday! Come; what do you say?"

The head waiter said nothing. His jaw dropped. He put his hand to his chin undecidedly, then turned and fled, taking the card with him. Glowing with virtue which, after all, was the purse's, not his E. Van Tenner departed, not even tipping the coat-room attendant, to such heights was his courage inspired, and found a chop-house where he supped excellently on a strict Hoover basis, and entered an estimated saving of eighty-five cents, and ten cents extra for the defrauded hat boy.

All that night he slept the deep, sweet sleep of one justified of good deeds. The beggar's purse, at least equally justified, slept equally well under his pillow. In the morning it started work for him again. It saved him the usual coat-room charge, and rudely checked his mildly emotional impulse to drop a quarter in the tin cup of a pitiable and shivering mendicant cripple who owns two tenement houses on the East Side and has amassed a small fortune by distraining on tenants' furniture. He hardly knew whether to repeat the entry on the morning's taxi or not, since he felt it already a habit not to hire a cab when he could conveniently take a car. But he was clearly to the good on one item of a quarter, when in carrying his grip from the elevator he was charged upon by a liveried youth. Horror was writ large in that youth's face; horror that a guest of the golden Von Gorder should carry a grip weighing almost four pounds across ten yards of floor alone and unaided. As Christian strove with Apollyon so strove E. Van Tenner with the liveried youth for that grip, which he finally delivered safe out of the enemy's hands, and himself bore, triumphant, to the street car.

In the returning train, where he won to the day coach through the stricken hopes of the embattled Red-Caps, he figured out his day's savings to date as follows:

Station porter	$0.15
Parlor car	.15
Pullman porter	.25
Red-Cap	.15
Cable car vs. taxi	.05
Chauffeur's blackmail	.15
Pride of hotel room that went before a fall in price	1.00
Washroom hold-up	.10
Coat check	.10
2d Chauffeur's supertax	.25
Cocktail forgone	.25
3 Check-room petty larcenies	.30
1 Theater-ticket-agency grand larceny	1.65
Cabaret highway robbery	.85
Victory in wrestling match with hall boy	.25
Cripple's curse	.25
Cable car vs. taxi [he decided to put it in, including tip]	.50
Triumph in footrace with Red-Caps	.10
Parlor-car fare and tip	.80
Making a grand, impressive, but insufficient total of	$5.05

Insufficient, because two of the beggar's War Savings Stamps would cost $8.28. At the Philadelphia terminus he would save fifteen cents more of his accustomed expenditure by dispensing with a porter's service. Still he would be eight cents short of the total. Suddenly E. Van Tenner felt himself bitterly disappointed. The zest of the game had got into his veins. Had he braved hotel clerks, striven with bell boys, bearded head waiters and outfooted the fleet and determined Red-Cap only to fail in sight of the goal? Perish the

"Evening papers! All the magazines! Here y'are before the train starts."

"Evening Sentinel and Sat ——" began E. Van Tenner, and dropped his voice and the beggar's purse simultaneously. "Never mind. Don't want I mean need 'em."

For here was his eight cents saved! With a triumphing heart he retrieved the wallet, took out the pencil and entered upon the celluloid tablet the final and victorious eight cents—that is, he thought he had entered it. But lo! the line upon which he had written remained blank. He examined the pencil. Its point was perfect. The celluloid surface invited it. Again he essayed to set down the consummating eight cents. It was as if he had written with a wand upon water.

"This is not white but black magic," said E. Van Tenner, appalled.

In response there came back to him again the words of the beggar: "What you save on current expenses without giving up anything that you need or want or aren't better off without." Obviously, then, the beggar's purse was backing up the beggar's undertaking. It considered that he was better off with than without his favorite reading. E. Van Tenner pursued the boy and spent the eight cents.

All the way back to Philadelphia, however, his mind reverted painfully to the problem. In vain did he pass up a subsequent train boy's blandishments on the subject of chocolate; he never ate chocolate. The sensitive tablet refused to be gulled into accepting an entry on any such pretext. Equally idle was it to pretend that he might have given a quarter instead of fifteen cents to the porter at Philadelphia. Fifteen cents was his unerringly methodical tip. To make matters worse the train was nearly an hour late. Consequently there would be no opportunity of further saving; not even eight cents.

Heavy-hearted he disembarked. The beggar had asked to be informed about the experiment. Well; he'd tell him. Too bad! Might as well get it over with. And there was only ten minutes' leeway. He'd phone from that hotel opposite. Possibly the beggar could, of his magic, evolve some last-moment plan. So approaching the telephone girl he began: "Broad, Four-four ——" and gasped.

The beggar's purse had stirred. It had more than stirred. It had flopped. It was now doing more than flopping. It was turning frantic handsprings in his pocket.

"Never mind that call," said the perturbed E. Van Tenner. "I'll I'll write"

The beggar's purse settled down and went to sleep.

"How—how much would that call have been?" asked E. Van Tenner breathlessly.

"Local. Ten cents."

"And a letter—no, a postal card—is two cents. That's eight cents saved. The exact amount! Gimme a postal card. No; I don't need to write. I'll save the whole ten cents and be two cents to the good. I've done it! I've done it! Whoopee!" said E. Van Tenner, dancing upon the marble floor.

"Police!" said the telephone girl.

With the purpose of calling up the beggar on his own phone, free of charge, E. Van Tenner hurried joyously to his office. The beggar was there awaiting him.

"Well?" said he.

"Yes," said E. Van Tenner.

"Two stamps?"

"And two cents over for a third. The magic worked."

"What about the price of the lessons?"

"Lessons?"

"Haven't you learned anything in the last twenty-four hours?"

E. Van Tenner considered. "I've learned that every time I spend a dollar I spend an extra quarter for vanity and a dime for timidity. I've learned how to go without things I don't want, and to stop doing things I dislike myself for doing. I've learned the difference between parsimony and thrift."

"Is it worth anything to you?" insinuated the worker of white magic.

"How many stamps can I take?"

"One hundred and ninety-eight more. That'll make your total investment $828 and it'll bring you in $1000 at maturity."

"I'll buy." Thus did E. Van Tenner, ex-waster, join the Take-the-Limit Club.

Serving the Well-dressed Man is our business; the EMERY Shirt, our sole product.

We do things not ordinarily done in shirtmaking; and, of course, not required by men indifferent to fit, style, character in the garments they wear.

We pre-shrink the neckband. It is true to size.

We cut "shorts," "longs," and between, in sleeves.

The box pleat on an EMERY shirt is faced with the shirting material itself.

Buttons are clean, clear, unchipped pearl; and they don't pull off. Buttonholes are reinforced.

The finest needle work! Seams are clean and straight.

The numerous details receive no less care than the patterns and colors.

EMERY shirts have more than counter-display appeal.

Their wearing qualities; their superior workmanship and finish, fit and comfort; their absolute correctness and value, will win your enthusiastic approval.

Look for *Emery*. Pay $1.50 up; in silk, $5 to $10. At better-class haberdashers'.

W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc.
Philadelphia

Emery Shirts

They're "Jim Dandy"

NEARLY ten thousand men's outfitters think *Vindex* is the best shirt value—and they have the whole market to choose from.

So when a dealer offers you *Vindex* Shirts, you can be sure of the utmost in fabric, pattern, making and fit for your money.

And—

don't forget *Vindex* Athletic Underwear. It is as good as *Vindex* Shirts and represents a new standard of value and a new degree of comfort in summer underwear.

If you don't know the *Vindex* dealer in your town, please write us.

The *Vindex* Company
Baltimore, Md.

A LITTLE POLITICS ON THE SIDE

(Continued from Page 6

Some of these men will not be candidates, and others of them will have hard fights not only for renomination but for reelection. There will be thirty-two hold-over Democratic senators, and twenty-nine hold-over Republicans. The prospects now are that the Democrats will hold forty-three seats and the Republicans thirty-four, leaving nineteen doubtful. The Democrats claim four of these doubtful states—Colorado, Kentucky, Montana and Nevada—as sure, albeit the Republicans do not admit that, which if it comes out as predicted will give the Democrats forty-seven sure seats, or one less than half of the Senate membership of ninety-six, leaving fifteen senatorships in fourteen states as contests. This, of course, may be changed by death. Five senators have died in the past eighteen months.

This résumé of the political situation in the Senate shows how much obliged the Republicans were to Stone for giving them license to get into active trim. To be sure, they would have been forced out in the open even if Stone had not made his partisan speech, but they came out with far better excuse because of that speech, and are having the burden of their partisan activities on the shoulders of the acerbous Missourian. Wherefore, we shall see what we shall see in Congress, and hear what we shall hear, and know that most of what is being done is partisan; for what is a mere war when compared to the necessities of holding or gaining control of the House and the Senate?

The 1920 presidential situation is mixed largely with the 1918 congressional situation—intermixed, indeed, for what the Republicans may be able to do in 1920 will be predicated largely on what they do in 1918. The Republican fight must necessarily be an offensive, as the Democrats are put automatically into the defensive because they are in power at present and are charged with the supreme responsibility of the war. The war has tremendous political potentialities. No one can tell what the situation will be at election time this fall. If it is a favorable situation the Republicans will lose thereby, but if it is an unfavorable situation the Republicans will gain. This is inevitably the outcome of our system of government by party, however repugnant it may seem to the people to have war phases used for political purposes. If we are winning the war and if our war-makings are going well it will be easy for the Democrats to retain control of Congress; but if we are losing it and if our war-makings are going ill the Republicans will have the advantage; and the disadvantage of the Democrats is greater than is apparent from these two conditions, for it is the record of history that those who begin a great war never finish it; and while it may work out that the war will be finished while the Democrats are still in power, the initial burdens of the enterprise are so great that the inevitable mistakes must react against the party in power in a political way. Conversely, a great victory or a great progress would be the supreme political avail if it came quickly enough.

Planning for 1920

One thing that is not generally appreciated by the people is that politics is never stationary. Just as soon as it was definitely determined that President Wilson had been reelected in 1916 the politicians, knowing that 1916 was water over the dam, began planning for 1920, and the early events of 1917 projected into Republican Old Guard consideration the bogy of Col. T. Alternative Roosevelt. There he was again. They had beaten him in 1912. They had beaten him in 1916. Likely as not he had something to do with beating them at both these encounters, but resilient as ever The Colonel bounced up in the midst of the Old Guard, grinned dentally and observed: "What are you going to do about me?

Well, what are they going to do about him? That problem is acutely before the men who claim to hold the organization of the Republican Party in the hollows—and they are very hollow—of their hands. There are but two ways out of the Roosevelt dilemma: Either he must be beaten again—he surely takes a lot of beating, that fellow—or he must beat them again. The Colonel is always an active irritant for the Old Guard. He is never a salve. And he is irritating at present beyond the susceptibilities even of the incrassate hides of those toughened gentlemen.

Once they used a bludgeon on him, and it never fazed him. Once they rolled the steamroller over him, and he sprang full panoplied from his flatness. Other times they had used other expedients, and they never got anywhere. The Colonel remained, remains and will remain. He is the vital equation of the whole Republican game, having his angles of perplexity for the Democrats as well as for the Republicans.

A great deal of Republican presidential politics has been played since the beginning of the year—since Congress adjourned last October, indeed. And the bulk of it had to do with The Colonel. The Republicans have been strategizing round so ardently as not to leave a single strat unturned. And their strategy in its outward aspects recalls the time when the late Senator Pugh, of Alabama, was sitting toasting his thin shins before a fire in the Democratic cloakroom, and reading a letter. Another senator came in.

"Howdy, Pugh."

"Howdy."

"Things going well with you?"

"Oh, not so well. I've got a letter here from my son down in Alabama, who writes me that them Populists down there is gettin' bad, gettin' very bad, and I guess I'll have to go down there and see about it."

"Going down to fight them, I suppose?" said the inquiring senator.

"Fight them!" exploded Pugh. "Hell, no! If they are as bad as my son writes I'm going down to jine 'em."

The Pilgrimage to Oyster Bay

That seems to be about the situation of the Republican leaders—seems to be. That is the outward and visible sign of their strategy as displayed recently. Now witness these happenings: It is not so long ago that we observed, with considerable amazement and some amusement, a certain pilgrimage to Oyster Bay, which is the seat of The Colonel. Two pilgrims pilgrimaged thither, to wit: One Reed Smoot, senator from the state of Utah; and one Martin B. Madden, representative from the state of Illinois—both good men and true, exceptional pilgrims, and not perhaps any more standpatters than Boies Penrose, Joseph G. Cannon and Jacob H. Gallinger; not any more so—nor any less progressive than these three.

These pilgrims approached The Presence with due humility, and were received with excellent enthusiasm—a couple of brands snatched from the smoldering. They spoke in this wise—that is, in this broad general wise, which was pretty wise: "Sire, things are at sixes and sevens in Washington. The Republican Party in this crisis is leaderless. It is disunited, inchoate, suspended in animation. We need a great, peerless leader to unite all the factions, draw the ends together, stiffen up the middle and prepare us for a united front to the foe. Though it may be true that we as individuals have opposed your policies and even your imperial self, we are now repentant and desire to get in out of the rain. To that end—which also is the sentiment of those from whom we bring this message—we come to ask you to journey to Washington, advise us, unite us, counsel with us and assume the headship of our clan."

It is recorded that The Colonel met them halfway, three-quarters of the way, that he anticipated them, indeed! For not so long after that pilgrimage of these two repentant politicians The Colonel journeyed to Washington, and there was fêted and received with glad acclaim. Further than that, it so happened that there was a meeting of the executive committee of the Republican National Committee almost coincident with the arrival of The Colonel, at which nine of the fifteen members were present. These nine members conferred, and as a result of their conference it somehow seeped into the daily press that The Colonel was in control of the said executive committee. The vote, I believe, that brought about this remarkable shifting of alignment was five to four—a small preponderance, but enough, forsooth, for the purposes of publication.

Continued on Page 40

NEW-SKIN

The danger of infection is from the germs that get into the wound, not from the injury itself.

Never Neglect a Break in the Skin!

New-Skin has real antiseptic power, as shown by tests in the laboratories. It is one of the best aids in preventing infection.

It is put up in small packages, convenient to carry around. Buy it and be prepared for emergencies.

CAUTION:

Genuine New-Skin comes in glass vials, in red-and-gold paper containers, *never in tin tubes*. 15 and 30 cent sizes. If your druggist does not have the real New-Skin send to us, direct, 30 cents in stamps and we will mail the larger size, postpaid.

NEWSKIN COMPANY, NEW YORK

The battery in your automobile is there for just one thing—to put "power and punch" into your starting and lighting. This it must do consistently and dependably.

You don't want to worry about it, you don't want to fuss with it; what you do want is to know that it is there, ready to swing its power into *performance* the instant it's needed.

And that's the reason for the "Exide" Battery—the "Giant that Lives in a Box." It is the Original Unit-cell Battery.

It's a battery that's right in every respect—*proved* right by long years of service in all sorts of cars under all sorts of conditions.

It is the battery that is sold you on a *throughout quality* basis—not on the strength of one highly individualized talking point.

It is the battery behind whose performance stands the reputation of the oldest and largest battery maker in this country—the company whose batteries are used by the large Central Lighting and Power Companies, by the Telephone, Telegraph and Wireless Companies, in thousands of House Lighting Plants, for Electric Vehicles, Industrial Trucks and Tractors, Mine Locomotives, Battery Street Cars, Railway Signals, etc.

There is an "Exide" perfectly suited to every type and model of automobile—and there are "Exide" Service Stations located in principal cities and towns throughout the country

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

1888 PHILADELPHIA, PA. 1918

New York, Boston, Chicago, Washington, Denver, San Francisco, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Cleveland, Atlanta, Kansas City, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Rochester, Toronto

"Exide", "Hycap-Exide", "Ironclad-Exide", "Thin-Exide", "Chloride Accumulator", "Tudor Accumulator"

How I Found Edgeworth

Like many other pipe cranks, I used to think no *one* tobacco would do. Tried them all from the 5-cent "plank road" mixture to the imported fancy tins costing as much as 70 cents for a few pipefuls. None had the exact taste, aroma or whatever you call it—not one of them had what I desired which I couldn't for the life of me describe, yet which I knew I would recognize when I had found it. Then I tried my own blending—every pipe crank does that sooner or later in his searching for "the thing"—but no use. An ounce of this, a pinch of that. Blending and mixing tobaccos of high and low degrees in various proportions and blendings—but again—nothing doing. Could it be the pipe's fault? I fell for that idea, too, and tried out others—corn-cobs, meerschaums and those rich, dark-colored briars severely plain, don't you know—but as pretty as ever was polished in a man's palm—it wasn't the pipe's fault.

Then one day a distant relative from distant Virginia blew in—one of those chaps who doesn't let you know when he's coming, who finds you on a busy day and insists on taking two hours for lunch, after which he takes the most comfortable chair in the office, lights his pipe, picks up the morning paper, and in a comfortable, all-afternoon-attitude tells you to go on with your work and not let *him* interfere; he'll wait until you are through for the day. Now and again he wonders how in heaven a sane man can stand the noise, wear and tear of New York.

But the smokes!—I didn't see what he filled his old briar with, yet I caught presently a delicious whiff. I looked up to see my friend buried behind page 2 of the *Times*—reading how there was "nothing of interest to report from the West Front." Finally, when the office had enough smoke in it to advertise unmistakably there was something real good burning behind that newspaper, I demanded, "What's that you're smoking?" Without any undue haste he reached in his hip pocket (Southerners and Westerners can always produce something interesting from the hip pocket) and in a drawling voice said: "There it is. Try it." I took the neat blue tin and filled my favorite pipe with his good feeling, correctly moist tobacco and lighted up. I didn't even read what was printed on that tin. But after a few delightful draws, followed by more delightful inhales, I knew at last the end of my pipe-smoking rainbow had come.

Without losing any time, I pushed the nearest button for a boy, handed him that tin and told him to see how fast he could go to the nearest tobacco store and return with half a dozen just like it. Didn't even ask the price—just gave him a bill and told him to beat it.

This is, as near as we can remember it, the story told us by a fastidious New York man as to how he became acquainted with Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco. To make it easy for other pipe smokers all over the land whom we can't very well meet personally, and who are not fortunate enough to have a distant relative from distant Virginia, we will send generous free samples of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice—enough for several pipes. Write for the samples. Edgeworth may not suit you, but the chances are it will.

Edgeworth is sold in convenient sizes to suit all purchasers, Edgeworth Ready Rubbed in packet size; package is 13c or two for 25c. Other sizes, 30c and 60c. The 16 oz. tin humidor is $1.15, 16 oz. glass jar $1.25. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 30c, 60c and $1.15.

For the free samples address Larus & Bro. Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

(Continued from Page 38)

The Colonel made his speeches, held his levees, was glad-handed for some several days, patted on the back, and backed on the pat—the standpat—and returned to Oyster Bay, happy and content. There seemed to be nothing to it. The Colonel had come or, at the very least, was coming into his own again; and all went merrily until the called meeting of the Republican National Committee, at St. Louis, on February twelfth, for the purpose of selecting a chairman to replace Mr. Willcox, who had resigned for reasons not, mayhap, entirely disconnected with the conduct of the last presidential campaign.

There had been a contest for Mr. Willcox's shoes—odd as that may seem. One Mr. Adams, of Iowa, was prominent in the ado, and seemed to be in favor—seemed to be. But, as it happened, a young man from Indiana, named Will H. Hays, who had done remarkable things in his state in the latest campaign as chairman of the Indiana State Republican Committee, was mentioned favorably—a progressive young chap, and a live and lively and skillful politician. So the contest waged. Presently it was made to appear that Mr. Adams had, early in the war, written to his local paper from Germany extolling the Huns, and that his name had been signed to the call for a peace meeting after the sinking of the Lusitania.

Mr. Calder, senator from New York, was the protagonist of this sinister information, as was right and equitable, for Mr. Calder, if information is correct, was the fifth man voting in that executive committee meeting in Washington whereby the control of the committee was so generously bestowed on the Colonel—Mr. Calder made the necessary fifth as against the recalcitrant four.

And Mr. Adams was not, it seemed, lined up with Smoot and Madden and the folks for whom they were pilgrims to Oyster Bay.

Mr. Hays was elected, and unanimously, and I take this comment on his election from a gentleman who is described in the press as "a Progressive of assured standing and sufficient information to make his views worthy of credence": "It would be exceedingly disingenuous to deny that the friends of Colonel Roosevelt are pleased with the outcome of the election of the national committee last week, but this is not equivalent to saying the result was a Roosevelt victory."

Republican Possibilities

A modest, well-contained statement, that; and reasonable. However, barring the natural curiosity as to whether the gentlemen who were proffering Mr. Adams to the committee did not know, until Mr. Calder tossed it at them, of this deadly gas bomb, there can be no doubt that in Hays the committee secured a most capable chief and that his selection is well worth Democratic consideration. Also it is worthy of observation that Mr. Hemenway, and Mr. Penrose, and several other real powers in the Republican Party were for Hays in their own manners. Moreover, the bearing of a political observation always rests in the application of it.

Leaving for the nonce these maneuvers at this point, let us gaze with contemplative eye on the general subject of candidacies for the nomination in 1920. Now 1920, in times like these, is about four times as far away as 1920 would be if things were normal; and there may be happenings within the next year that will make impossible any candidacy predicated, predicted or secretly nursed at present. Also, it is the fact that this war may develop, between now and 1920, some great, outstanding figure, in either a military or a governmental manner, that will cause the efforts of any other to get the nomination and election futile and fatuous. There are no rules left for the game; nor will there be any rules except those established by the event.

It is doubtful whether any man is more than a receptive candidate at this writing, for all men who may legitimately hold themselves as of the proper timber are aware that circumstances—war circumstances—may make kindling wood of them overnight. Still, there is much talk of Republican candidacies, and though I do not desire to do any man an injustice or set down any man as a candidate when he is not a candidate, that talk at present embraces these following:

Colonel Roosevelt, to whom the ambition, whether rightly or wrongly, is ascribed, and who certainly is held in that light by men who are supposed to know the trend of Republican politics.

Governor Whitman, of New York, who has been elected twice, but who must negotiate another election this fall to keep in the running: for unless he is governor during the next two years, and thus prominently in the public eye, he cannot hope for much on the past four years, when war circumstances and the vital changes and shifts are considered.

Governor Lowden, of Illinois, who will be in office until 1921, and therefore in active political life during the trying-out period.

Senator Weeks, of Massachusetts, who had votes in the Chicago convention of 1916, and who shows signs of being actively in the race again—signs in the Senate, that is, in relation to the war policy of the Administration.

Senator Johnson, of California, a Progressive, who is in favor of government ownership of the railroads, who was a candidate with Roosevelt in 1912, and who is an able and intelligent radical.

Senator Watson, of Indiana, who is of long experience in politics, comes from a geographically correct state, and has begun to make himself felt in the Senate.

Senator Borah, of Idaho, a radical who is not too radical, and who is credited with having the desire.

The New Parties of the Future

Now, mark you, I do not list these men on the basis of personal information from them that they are candidates; and, as I said, I do not desire prematurely to set them forth; but in the political talk in inside circles these are given as men who may decide, if events are propitious, to enter the race in 1920.

The same reservations hold concerning Democratic candidates or, rather, men who are said to be candidates for the Democratic nomination in 1920. The man most spoken about as the Democratic candidate is Secretary McAdoo, of the Treasury Department, who also is Director General of the Railroads, and whose Treasury work has caused him to be classed as the ablest administrator in the Government. Mr. McAdoo's troubles with the railroads are yet to be developed, as are his successes with them. It is said that Secretary Baker, of the War Department, also is constructively a candidate. I have no knowledge of this beyond report. There are some other Democrats mentioned, but only mentioned. And it must not be forgotten that the war may develop a man who will be logically a nominee; and it is far more likely to develop one on the Democratic side than on the Republican, because of the present character of our Government, for the Democrats are inside and have the machinery in their control.

There is one phase of the general situation that must be taken into consideration when any thought is given to any future political campaign in this country, and that is that there is no assurance that any political predication, made on either precedent or on present-day assumption, will have any vitality six months from now. Things are changing rapidly. New conditions have risen because of the war and the problems connected therewith that may in a week overturn all accustomed affiliations and set forth new alignments.

Any prophecy of what this war will do to the existing political order in this country is foolish, for the march of events is so rapid and the change in conditions is so radical that what is a party to-day may be swallowed up to-morrow in an entirely new organization or controlled by entirely new factors. No observer of public affairs in this country is unaware of the vast increase in radicalism, of the onward march of regulation, of the force that labor is attaining, of the strength of the new order. It has long been my contention that, ultimately and inevitably, the political parties of this country instead of being designated and operating under the name and style of Democrat and Republican will be absorbed, as will the Progressives, into new party organizations, and that those party organizations and political divisions will be radical on the one hand and conservative on the other—that is, that democracy *per se* means nothing now; nor does republicanism. Those terms are merely convenient

(Concluded on Page 43)

Genco
RAZORS

THERE is no guesswork about buying a Genco Razor. In the old days the average man felt quite sure that getting a good razor was purely a matter of luck.

Now, men ask for Genco Razors.

Genco Razors must make good or we will.

Such a guarantee, "must make good or we will," means that there is no guesswork in the manufacture of

Genco
RAZORS

Every Genco Razor is scientifically forged, ground, hardened and tempered in our own factory, of steel made according to our own formula.

They leave the factory with a keen edge ready to give you a cool, clean shave.

Give a Genco Razor the same decent care you do to any of your personal belongings and it will be a friend to you for years.

Many dealers are displaying Genco Razors. If you do not easily find them in your town write us and we will advise you how or where you can get them.

Descriptive catalog sent free on request.

Dealers' Note

We are furnishing every Genco Distributor—absolutely free—a beautiful display case in connection with our interesting selling proposition. Write us about it today.

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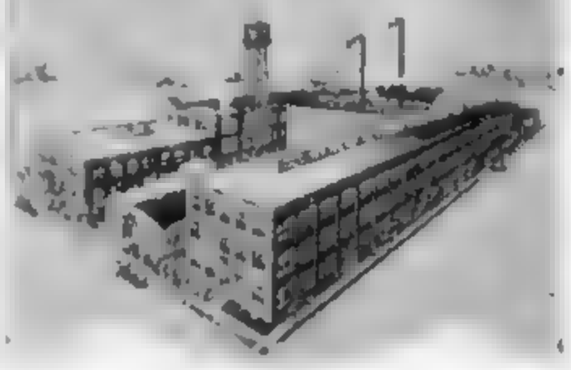

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While renewing old furniture, woodwork and floors is a part of the Glidden job, the biggest saving can be made by keeping things from getting run down in the first place. True home upkeep comes from the use of Jap-a-lac Household Finishes.

Whatever Jap-a-lac Household Finishes do, they do well. That ability is put into every package—full measure.

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Stain and varnish combined

Jap-a-lac Floor and Interior Varnish
A hard-wearing varnish for floors and general interior use

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Seven colors. Dries in 2 hours. Wide and flat brushes

Jap-a-lac Gold Paint
A rich gold finish for wood or metal

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A protective silver finish for wood or metal

Jap-a-lac Porch and Floor Paint
A hard-wearing paint for porch floors and interior use

Jap-a-lac Screen Enamel
A fine enamel for screens and other wire surfaces. Black and green

Jap-a-lac Stove Pipe Enamel
A black heat-resisting enamel, brilliant and lasting

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Jap-a-lac Crack and Crevice Filler
A wood-colored filler that does not crack or shrink

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If you are building a new home or refinishing the old one in any way, go to a practical painter and be sure that he uses Glidden Architectural Finishes, Varnishes, Enamels, Stains, etc.)

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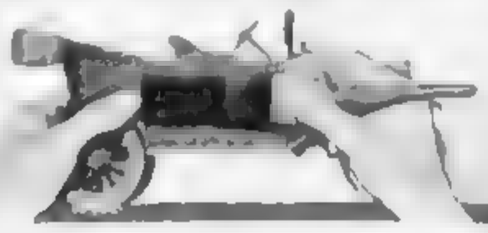

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You can easily do it yourself and in less than 48 hours you'll be driving again.

You'll have a rich, brilliant finish that will give you lasting satisfaction

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Are you letting your children grow up with defective teeth?

Safeguard your children's teeth until they are old enough and wise enough to do it themselves, and they will never cease to be grateful. Allow them to grow up with the handicap of defective teeth and they will never forgive you. For sound, beautiful teeth are a priceless possession to carry through life.

Caring for teeth is little trouble. The expense is slight. Simply keep the little ones under your dentist's close supervision until the permanent teeth are fully formed.

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The chief cause of tooth decay—so most authorities claim—is "Acid-Mouth." They believe that it is present in 95 out of every 100 mouths, and that it destroys the enamel, the teeth's outer shell of protection. Once the enamel is weakened, the soft inner pulp goes even more quickly. Then the tooth must be filled or pulled.

Take Advantage of This Offer

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GENERAL CIGAR CO., INC.
119 WEST 40TH ST., NEW YORK CITY

(Concluded from Page 40)

titles. There are two alignments of Democrats, as there are two alignments of Republicans. There are radical Democrats and radical Republicans, and conservative Democrats and conservative Republicans.

Inevitably what is coming out of this war, and the new conditions that are arising, joined with the new methods imperative to meet them, will go a long way toward forcing this realignment of the politics of this country; particularly when, as we see it now and as we know we shall see it in greater force before this war is over, the working element of our population will demand and receive their greater participation. This trend is plainly to be seen at present. It will develop from month to month. And the workingmen are radicals. Thus the conservatives will be forced together, if any conservatives remain that have not been absorbed or squeezed dry, and the next fight is likely to be along those lines.

This covers that phase of the present, and brings us again to the great political fact, factor and frustrum of the Republican situation—The Colonel. We have learned of the pilgrimage to Oyster Bay by the repentant Smoot and the equally repentant Madden; of the journey of The Colonel to Washington and the high offices thereof, the greetings and acclaims, the lauds and the laudations. We have watched the permutations at St. Louis and the advent of Hays. We have seen the Washington developments and learned of the Washington ambitions. We find The Colonel looming large on every horizon, apparently with the aid, consent and advice of the Old Guard of the Republicans, whose hereditary foe The Colonel has been.

Wherefore we ask: What is it all about?

Far be it from me—far—far—to assume to set forth what may be lurking in the recesses of the minds of the proprietors in fee of the Republican national organization. No such temerity is mine. A long and careful consideration of the problem arrives at nothing tangible, save this: The rudiments of politics in this country have not changed. They will change, and change radically, one of these days; but it is impossible to teach an Old Guard new tricks. Now, then, what is Lesson Number One in the Political Handbook that is still used by those political strategists?

Lesson Number One is this: The surest way to eliminate an undesirable candidate from final consideration is to force his candidacy, to get him out in the open where he will be exposed to attack from his opponents, to give him all the rope he needs, in the anticipation that he will hang himself and save an ultimate job of lynching. In other words, to push him forward so he will be set upon not only by the opposite party, but by the men in his own party who have ambitions similar to his; and if he is given to oratory and speech and other methods of communicating his thoughts to the public, so much the easier, for it is a precept that no man can last two years in such a campaign. Also, the two years between now and 1920 will be the most difficult two years to last in that this nation has ever experienced.

Is it possible that The Colonel is the Eminent Come-On of the present situation? Is it possible that the repentant Smoot and the repentant Madden and the equally repentant Old Guard sold The Colonel a gold brick?

Oh, perish the thought; but ——

JACK THE KAISER KILLER

(Continued from Page 11)

Well I been keeping my eyes pealed all right and I kept them pealed all night last night but I can't stay awake all night every night and the first time I doze off it will probably be the last time.

Sebastian hasn't spoke to nobody or looked at nobody today and when a man acts like that it means they are makeing plans. Well Al I only wish he was planning to dessert from the army and if I seen him trying to make his get away I wouldn't blow no buggle to wake up the guards. I'll say I wouldn't Al.

I pretty near forgot to tell you that Teddy Roosevelt was here today over looking us and he made a speech but they was about 20 thousand for him to talk to and I was a mile away and couldn't hear nothing but I suppose he told the boys they was fine physical specimens and etc. Well Al that stuff is O.K. but if I wasn't a fine physical specimen I might be somewheres where I could go to sleep without some stabber waiting to carve their initials in my Adams apple. Your pal, JACK.

CAMP GRANT, Sept. 29.

FRIEND AL: Well old pal you see I am still alive and I guess that is because by the time night comes a round Nick the Blade is all wore out with them upseting exercises and etc. and hasn't got enough strenth left to carve nobody or maybe he has figured out the truth which is that I wasn't realy laughing at him Al but when I am takeing a bath I feel so good that I am libel to bust out laughing at nothing you might say.

But Sebastian isn't the only bird I got to watch now Al because last night they sprung a new one on me and he just come into the camp yesterday and the man that was sleeping on the other side of me is sick in the infirmiary so they stuck this new one inthis bunk and now I got them on both sides and I don't know which is the worst Nick or him because this one wispers all night and it would be O.K. if he was wispering in his sleep or wispering to himself but he isn't.

I didn't turn in till 11 and Nick was buzzing away like a saw buck and I figured on getting some sleep myself but I hadn't no sooner layed down when the wispering begun on the other side. First I didn't catch what he was trying to get at but I heard him the second time all right and he says "Do you want me to kill?" Well Al for 2 or 3 minutes I couldn't get enough strenth up to turn over and look at him but the next time he repeated it over again I couldn't stand it no more so I said "Are you talking to me?" And what do you think he said Al? He says "I am talking to God."

Well Al the connection couldn't of been very good you might say because he kept asking the same question over and over and not getting no answer but how was I to know when the party at the other end would speak up and maybe say yes and they wasn't nobody closer to him then me for him to work on so you can see what a fine nights rest I got Al and this A.M. I told Shorty Lahey about him and sure enough Al the bird is a gun man named Tom the Trigger and Shorty says he is a nut that thinks he is aces up with the all mighty and some times he imagines that they are telling him to go ahead and shoot and then he takes aim at whoever is handy.

Well Al this was inspections day and everybody was supposed to have a clean shave and their hair brushed and all their buttons sowed on and their beds made up neat and their shoes and mess kits shinned bright and etc. and Capt. Nash and the lieuts. give us all the double O and some of the boys got a nice little balling out for the way they looked but I looked like a soldier ought to look Al and didn't give them no chance to ball me out.

But what difference is it going to make Al for me to look good and have things neat when I am sleeping between a man that if he can ever stay awake till I doze off he will dig a trench system in my chest with a stilleto and on the other side of me they's a bird that the minute the lord says Fire he will make me look like a soup strainer. It don't hardly seem like its worth while to be strick about looks when sooner or later they are bound to muss me and my bed both up. Your pal, JACK.

CAMP GRANT, Oct. 8.

FRIEND AL: Well old pal I just got some good news and this it it Al. Next Saturday they are going to let some of the boys go home on leave and I asked Corporal Daly to fix it up for me to go and he says he didn't know if he could or not because most of the ones that's going is men that has been here a mo. or more but on acct. of me haveing been with the White Sox they fixed it so as I could go and the world serious opens up in Chi Saturday and I won't get away from here till Saturday noon so I can't get there for the first game but I will see the Sunday game and won't Gleason and them pop their eyes out when I go down to the bench with my cocky suit on and shake hands with them and I bet Rowland will

(Continued on Page 48)

Wear a "Vanity V"

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was given to the Vanity Hats for Men when we put them on the market last Fall.

This Spring many of the livest dealers in the country are featuring them, and are proud to be our exclusive agents.

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United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme

(Continued from Page 43)

wish I was wearing the White Sox uniform instead of Uncle Sam's uniform.

Well Al I can't hardly wait to get home and see Florrie and little Al and of course I will see them Saturday night and I will take them to the game Sunday and leave for back here after the game because a man has got to be back in camp at 11 Sunday night and the funny part is that Florrie was going to bring little Al and come and see me next Sunday but now I am going to see her and I have wrote her to not come.

Well I am feeling to good to go to bed but that is where I ought to be Al because I wasn't never so tired in my life because they hung a new one on us this P.M. Instead of giveing us upseting exercises from a quarter to 4 till a quarter after they made us all run 20 minutes without stopping and they says it was to improve our wind. Well before we was half through I didn't have no wind to improve and I suppose some day they will pull all our teeth so as we can chew better. At that I would of been O.K. only my feet got to hurting and now I can't hardly walk and all because the shoes they give you are about 6 sizes to small and they keep lectureing us about feet hygeine but how is a man going to keep your feet O.K. when they make you wear shoes that Houdini couldn't get in or out of them.

But listen Al the news about going to Chi isn't the only peace of good news I got today because I also found out that this bird that Shorty called Tom the Trigger isn't no gun man at all and this here Nick the Blade won't do nothing to me because he is scared of the officers so I won't have to lay awake no more nights worring but I didn't find it out till today and here is how it come off.

This A.M. I went to sleep right at breakfast and couldn't keep my eyes open so Corporal Daly come up to me afterwards and asked me what was the matter so I told him I was to nervous to sleep nights on acct. of a crazy man bunking next to me and any minute he might take a notion and shoot me full of holes. I didn't say nothing about Nick the Blade on the other side of me because he was standing where he could hear us. So Corporal Daly asked me who I was talking about and I told him and he laughed and says that if I waited for Castle which is this other bird's name to start shooting I would probably die of old age or something because he is one of these objecters that don't beleive in war and he told them about it the first day we got here and says he objected to being a soldier. So Capt. Nash asked him if he would object to unloading a few cars of coal and that is what he has been doing up and till last Friday and then he begun objecting to a shovel and he says he would like to join the rest of us and see what it was like and maybe he would loose his objections. So now they are giveing him a week to make up his mind what he is going to do and he is talking it over all the while with the Lord and if the Lord tells him its O.K. to kill people why well and good but he won't practice on us because in the first place he hasn't no gun and if he had one he wouldn't know if it was to shoot with or stir your coffee.

So afterwards I told Shorty Lahey he had made a mistake about Castle and he says "All right and if he is a objecter it is up to us to talk him out of it." So after supper tonight Castle was seting right near me in the recreation room and Shorty come up to him and says "Well Castle haven't you been able to get that party on the wire yet" so Castle asked him what he meant and he says he heard Castle was waiting for a message from somewheres telling him if he should be a soldier or not so Castle didn't answer and begun to read. So Shorty says "You ain't the only one that objects to war but we got to make the world safe for Democrats and you shouldn't ought to object to getting your head blowed off in a good cause." So Castle spoke up and said he didn't object to getting killed but what he objected to was killing other people. So Shorty says "Well then all you got to do is stick along side of me in the trenches and when you get orders to go over the top you can slip me your gun and bayonet and I will see that they don't nobody sneak off with them dureing your absents." So then Castle got up and walked out on us.

So I says to Shorty I said, "You certainly had the wrong dope on that bird and maybe you got Sebastian wrong to." So he says "No I haven't and I may as well tell you what he told me today. He told me he would of cut you up in slices long ago only if he done it here in the camp he wouldn't have no chance to make his get away and he is waiting till some time he catchs you outside of the camp and then he will go to work on you. And if I was you and a married man I would rather get it here then in France because if you get it here your Mrs. can tend the funeral provide it they find enough of the slices to make it worth while."

Well Al he has got a sweet chance to catch me outside of the camp because when he is outside of the camp I will be inside of the camp and I am glad I found out the truth about both he and Castle and now maybe I can get some sleep.

So all and all I feel a whole lot better then I did only for my feet but feet or no feet I will enjoy myself in Chi and I only wish I was going tomorrow instead of wait till Sat. Your pal, JACK.

CAMP GRANT, Oct. 7.

FRIEND AL: Well Al its Sunday night and I haven't been to Chi or nowheres else and I don't care if I ever go anywheres and the sooner they send me to France to the front line trenchs I will be tickled to death.

Well old pal I decided yesterday A.M. to stay here and not go and I made up my mind all of a sudden and it was partly because I wasn't feeling good and my feet pretty near killed me and besides they are going to pick some of us out for corporals and sargents pretty soon and I figured a man would have a better chance of getting a officer job if you didn't ask them for leave all the while. So as soon as I changed my mind about going I found one of the boys that was going and asked him to call Florrie up as soon as he got to Chi and tell her I couldn't get off and for her to come out here today and see me and bring little Al.

Well Al yesterday and today has been the 2 longest days I ever spent and it seems like a yr. since yesterday A.M. and it don't hardly seem possible that I was feeling so good yesterday A.M. and now I don't care if school keeps or not as they say. Yesterday A.M. I was up before the buggle blowed all ready and so excited I couldn't hardly eat breakfast and just before inspections Shorty Lahey seen me smileing to myself and asked me what was the joke and I told him they wasn't no joke only I was going home and he says he hoped I would have a good trip and come back safe in sound so I said I guessed they wasn't no danger of anything happening to me and he says "You will be O.K. if you keep your eyes open." So I said "What do you mean keep my eyes open."

So he says "Your a game bird but they's no use of you takeing reckless chances so you want to be on the look out every minute till you get back."

So then I asked him what and the hell he was talking about and he says "Didn't you know that Nick the Blade was going along with you?"

Well Al it seems like Sebastian got wise that I was going home on leave and he seen a chance to get even with me for laughing at him or that is he thought I was laughing at him but I really wasn't but any way as soon as he found out I was going he told them his brother in law had fell and struck his head on the brass rail and was dying and wanted him to come home and they eat it up and give him leave. So when Shorty tipped me off I said I would wait and go on a later train but Shorty says that wouldn't do me no good because Nick wouldn't be a sucker enough to try and pull anything on the train amidst all them soldiers but would wait till we was in Chi and then he would get his gang and lay for me and the way he generally worked was come right up to your flat and get you and if your wife or kid says I yes or no it would be taps for them to. And Nick could come back here to camp and they wouldn't never know he was mixed up in it.

Well Al I guess you know I am not scared of anything in the world as far as myself personly am concerned but Florrie isn't one of the kind that would set there in a rocker and pair her finger nails while their husband was getting massacreed and little Al is a game bird to and a chip of the old block and they would both holler like a Indian and call for the police and you know what would happen to the both of them and I wouldn't care for myself but if anything happened to them I would feel like I was the murder.

So while I just laughed at Sebastian and his gang on my own acct. I would be a fine stiff to in danger my wife and baby and

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besides as I said I eat something for breakfast that didn't set good on me and I don't know if it was the coffee or the milk or what it was but I eat something that was poisoned and that's a fine way to treat soldiers is to give them poison food and the easiest way to get the Germans killed off would be to invite them out here and board a while. And in the second place if a man asks for leave when he hasn't only been here 2 wks. it would hurt my chance to get a corporal or a sargent and any way I figured Florrie would rather see something new like the camp then set through a ball game and of course it would be different if I was pitching but I suppose it was Faber's turn today and I see where Cicotte trimmed them yesterday but at that the score would of been 1 and 1 if Felach hadn't of hit that ball out of the park and Sallee must be his brother in law or something to give him a ball like that to hit. If I was pitching he would be lucky to hit one up in the press box.

So I told Sargent Leslie I wasn't feeling good and would he fix it for me to take my leave some other time and he says I was the only soldier he ever seen that was to sick to go on their leave so then I told him my wife and kid was comeing out here to see me today and he says all right.

So I didn't go Al and the funny part of it is that somebody must of tipped Sebastian off that I wasn't going and what does he do but get his leave called off to and he has been here all yesterday and today and that proves he is laying for me and just wanted to go because I was going and it looks like the only way I can ever get away from here is sneak out without letting nobody know I am going and even then he would probaby send word to his gang in Chi to keep their eye on me till he come.

I have caught him looking at me 2 or 3 times and I had a notion to ask him if he seen anything green but what is the use Al of starting something with a man like he and if I was to loose my temper and bust him Capt. Nash might hear about it and shut us both up in the guard house together and one or the other of us wouldn't never come out alive and which ever one it was it would give the camp a black eye.

Well Al about all I done today was look for Florrie and little Al and I didn't give them up till 5 o'clock tonight because I thought maybe they had missed the A.M. trains and would come later and every time I seen a woman and kid toddleing up the road I would think sure it was them this time and I was dissapointed about 30 thousand times because they was at least that many women and kids here today and if they was all somebody's wife Camp Grant must be infected with Mormons.

All the women had baskets and boxs full of pie and jell and fried cakes and what all but they wasn't no package of goodys with my name and address on them Al and they wasn't no little schaefer yelling theres daddy when they seen me and running up to get huged.

Well Al the man that was to call up Florrie come back this P. M. and come in the barracks just before I started this letter and I asked him I said "Well Bishop did you call up my wife like I told you?" His name is Bishop. "Hell" he says "I forgot all about it." And honest Al his size is all that saved him the little srimph and if he was anywheres near a man I would of Bishoped him right in the eye. But I managed to keep my hands off of him and all as I said was for him to get out of my way before it was to late and then he begun to whine and says how sorry he was and he says "I got some excuse because I reached home just in time to be presented with a baby girl."

How is that for an excuse Al and the only wonder is that he didn't forget if it was a boy or a girl before he got back here but of course a man like he wouldn't have nothing but a girl. But isn't it just my luck Al for me to trust somebody to do something and then for them to go and have a baby on me? And I hope every time he gos home she is yelling all night with the collect.

Your pal, JACK.

CAMP GRANT, Oct. 10.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I wrote to Florrie Sun. night and told her what had came off and about this fat head forgetting to call her up and I just got a letter back from her and she says her and little Al both of them cried themself to sleep Saturday night because I didn't show up and she had let little Al set up till 9 o'clock so as he could see his daddy in a uniform and when I didn't come then or Sun. A. M. neither they thought I didn't care for them no more so they went to the ball game Sun. P. M., and McGraw started another left hander and you probably read what happened to him and I suppose everybody is saying what a whale Faber is and who wouldn't be a whale if they get 5 runs for you in one inning but even if you are a whale that don't excuse you from trying to steal a base that one of your own men all ready got there ahead of you and hasn't left yet.

But Florrie and little Al are comeing out here next Sunday Al and this time they won't be no mix up because I won't depend on no half wit that the minute they become a father they go all to peaces.

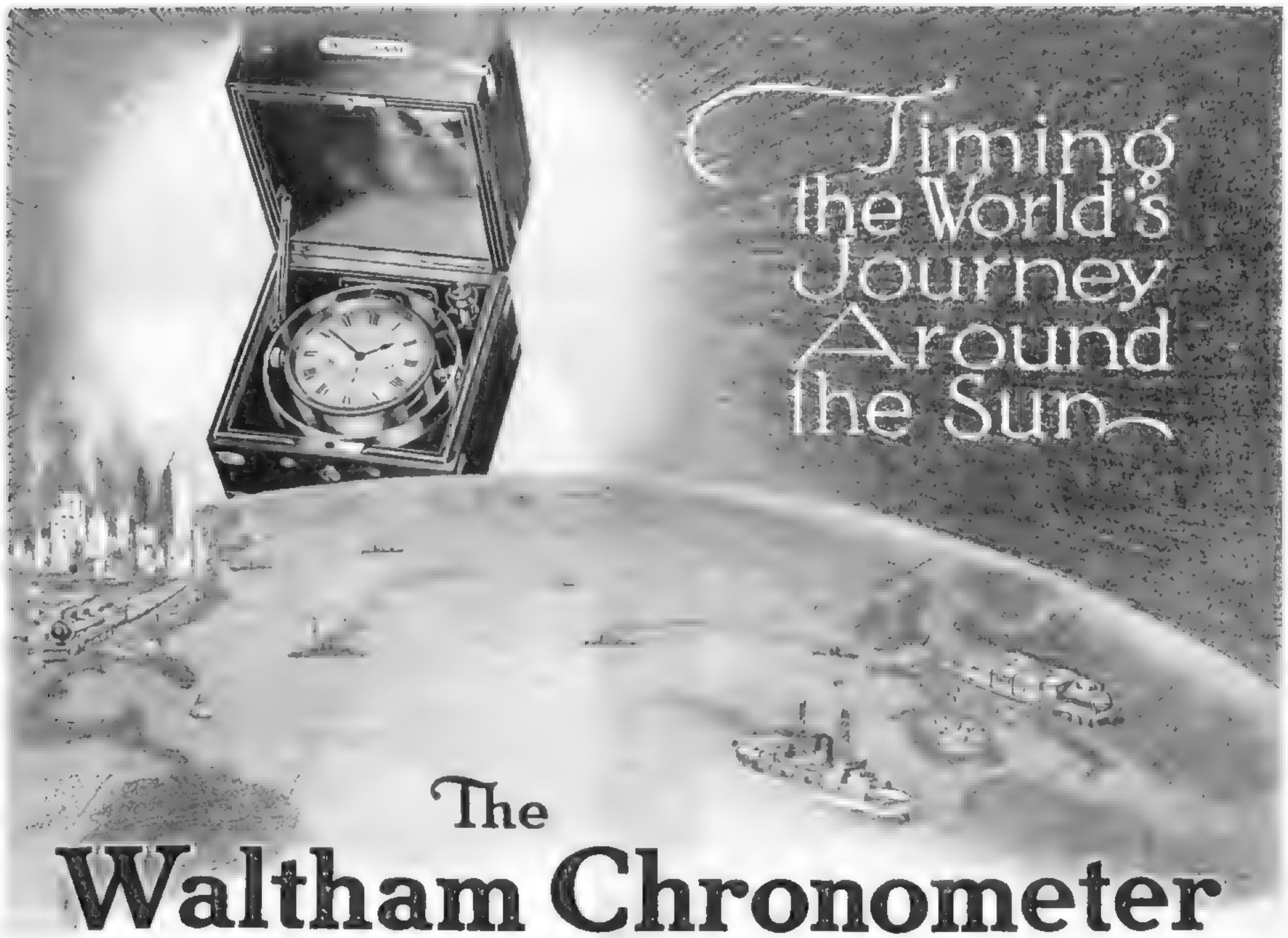
But what I wanted to tell you about was Sebastian. Well Al Shorty Lahey was trying to make me believe this bird was a bad egg and that they called him Nick the Blade because he always went a round with a knife and whittled you if you looked X eyed at him but the next time Shorty wants to kid somebody he better try it on some yapp that hasn't been in the big league and I let him think he was stringing me just to see how far he would go with it but if he thought he had me fooled the shoes was on his feet not mine.

Well Al Sebastian's name is just plain Nick without no Blade on it and the only blade he ever pulled was a blade of grass or something because he use to help take care of the grounds at Washington Pk. before he was drafted and he has been one of my admirers for a long while and that is why he kept looking at me and he says he use to always try and get to the games when it was my turn to pitch and he has been wanting to talk to me ever since we been here but today was the first time he got up the nerve and he never had no intentions of going on leave last Sat. and to prove it he showed me a letter he got from his wife last Friday and she don't spell very good but she spoke in the letter about comeing here to see him this next Sunday and nothing about him comeing there to see her and she is going to bring their 2 kids along and he says he never seen a man with a prettier wind up then I got and all together he is O. K. and when Shorty trys to make you beleive somebody is a murder he ought to pick out a man that looks like the part.

I haven't said nothing to Shorty and I won't but what I will do is play a joke on him right back only I will make it a good one and not no fizzle like some of his.

And oh yes Al they have sent Castle over to the quarter masters dept. and he won't have a chance to kill nobody there except when they come after a pair of shoes.

Your pal, JACK.



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TALES OF THE REFUGEES

(Continued from Page 23)

of us in England; in France they liked us because of our money; and in Germany they loved us."

"You think so?" I questioned.

"Yes, and I think the Germans would not hate us now if the government didn't tell so many lies about us. All over Berlin there are pictures and reports about Germans being drafted into the American Army. They accuse the President of conscripting Germans to fight their own relatives over here."

Glancing hastily at her watch and pulling her torn veil over her face she interrupted the conversation.

"I must be going. I have to sing before a Swiss theater manager this afternoon. I'm trying to get some work here until I get permission to return to New York. What about German opera in the United States? Shall I be able to sing Wagner?"

I lifted my shoulders and then dropped them—and she understood.

"The German people are simply wild about Shakspere. Every big theater in Berlin, Munich and Dresden is playing his comedies. For awhile the theaters played only heavy drama and opera, but they actually live on Shakspere now."

Her remarks about the theater came to my mind one day when I was speaking with a Bavarian, a gray-haired business man who had come to Switzerland because, so he said, he was a "Republican."

"What has become of Anton Lang, the Bavarian who played the rôle of Christ in the Oberammergau Passion Play?" I asked. I had spent the Christmas Eve of 1916 with Herr Lang in his mountain home and I have often wondered since whether he had been called to the Front. At that time Herr Lang was dressed in the uniform of a Red Cross worker.

"Ah, yes, *der Christusdarsteller Lang*," replied the Bavarian; "he was called to the Front to do Red Cross work, but he is back in Munich now.

"*Und München! Ach, mein München!*" sighed my visitor; and I thought he would weep in my presence over his Munich, but by sounding the Republican chord in his peculiar make-up I induced him to talk about politics.

"Yes, I'm a dyed-in-the-wool Republican," he said. "I was a German Radical before the war, and now that I am away from Munich all my property has been confiscated and I get very few letters. Sometimes my relatives write, but I receive the letters only if they write that Germany cannot be defeated. The German censor will not pass a letter unless it has something very pro-Kaiser about it. A few days ago I received a letter from my lawyer. He had some important business that he wanted to write about. He was afraid the letter would not get by the censor, so he began by saying that he was having so much food he had to go to Karlsbad for the cure. The censor evidently read this much and then passed the letter."

The News Quarantine

"What are the chances of the Liberal or Democratic Party succeeding in Germany?" I asked.

"Germany is a military power to-day, and a military power understands only military language," he replied. "The best way to bring democracy to Germany is to defeat the army. After the war, when the soldiers and people can read democratic publications, then you may expect a German republic, not before."

Not many days afterward I met an American woman who had been living in Hamburg. She was neither a musician nor an artist, but had lived in Germany before the war because her small income when exchanged into marks enabled her to live more comfortably. Her explanation was that the money "went further"!

"I'm not supposed to know anything about Hamburg," she said, "because I have been quarantined!

"When I got ready to go they sent me to the mountains for a month. The police were afraid I knew something about the shipping plans, or perhaps they thought I had seen a ship. I really don't know. But all foreigners who leave Hamburg are given the 'news quarantine,' and that is what I have had. No foreigners can go near the shipyards anyway, so I don't see how they could find out anything if they wanted to.

"I had quite a time with the police, too, before I left. I had been corresponding with a friend in Copenhagen. One day she wrote about what wonderful food she was having, especially about the butter, cheese and milk, and my mouth watered. I sat down and wrote her immediately that if I could come to Denmark I'd get fat. I said every time I read her letter I unconsciously said to myself 'Um yum yum!' and wished for some of the food. This letter fell into the hands of the police censor and a policeman came to my *pension*.

"'*Fräulein*,' he asked me, 'vat does that y-u-m y-u-m mean? I don't find it in a dictionary. We who know *Englisch* never heard that word. Vat does it mean—y-u-m y-u-m?'

"I couldn't help but laugh, and that made him angry," she added. "He thought this was a code phrase; that it probably had something to do with shipping. They put me down as a suspect and I had a dreadful time afterward."

An Interrupted Love Feast

I had not been in Switzerland very long before I met a German socialist whom I had known in Berlin.

Upon some excuse which he refused to tell me he had obtained permission to come to Berne for a few days. For fear some one of the seven hundred attachés of the imperial legation here would see us together, we walked through the dark and deserted streets of the city at night.

"Well," I interrupted after we had talked about some of the enemies I had known before we left Germany, "what are the socialists doing?"

"Working, of course," he replied; "but we have a new crowd helping us."

"So?"

"Yes, the *Vaterland Partei*."

"What!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean that that crowd of annexationists and extremists is working for socialism?"

"*Jawohl*. That is, indirectly. The Fatherland Party, which Grand Admiral von Tirpitz founded, wants to annex all territory occupied by German troops, from Riga to Ostend. The Fatherlanders held a big convention in Berlin a few days ago and invited several hundred wounded soldiers and as many widows to attend. The leaders planned it as a patriotic demonstration to convince the government that the poor people and old soldiers want annexation. A dozen or more speakers were scheduled. Telegrams and resolutions were written to the Kaiser, Von Hindenburg, the King of Bavaria and others, urging them not to make peace until the Fatherland could be made secure against the rest of the world.

"Everything was peaceful," the socialist continued, "until one of the speakers rose and shouted: 'Hindenburg and Ludendorff are the only flags of the German people. He who would desert these leaders in this hour of trial is to be pitied.' And then the speaker denounced all those who are clamoring for peace, when suddenly a wounded soldier in the audience yelled: 'The Fatherland Party is prolonging the war; not the enemy!'

"The fight which followed was a *schweinerei*," the socialist said. "Soldiers used their crutches, women their umbrellas and policemen their sabers. No one knows how long the fight continued, but more than two score men and women were dragged out before order was restored. Then the chairman, General von Lochow, and the other leaders began to sing 'Deutschland, Deutschland Uber Alles,' which they had to continue at least ten minutes before they could proceed with the convention.

"Now do you understand what I mean? The Fatherland Party is the best friend we have." And he laughed so heartily that his voice echoed through the narrow thoroughfares.

As we walked along in the cold I recalled my last talk with him in Berlin when a member of the Reichstag was present.

"What is Herr Fritz doing now?" I asked.

"He talks to the workmen whenever he can and to the soldiers who come through Berlin. But he has to be very careful. In several armies a drastic order has been given that no soldier may talk to or write a member of the Reichstag. An order signed by Field Marshal von Mackensen, dated December eighteenth, has been found, and

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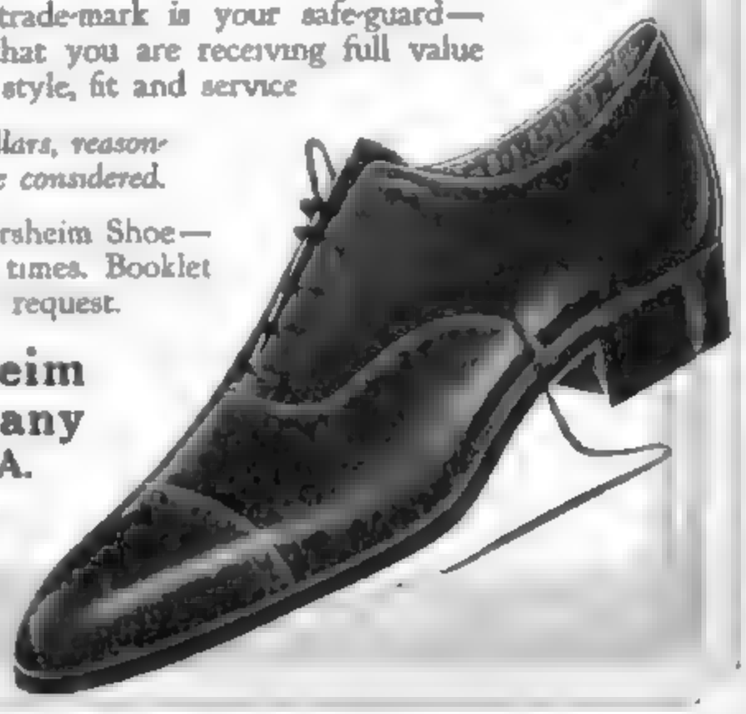

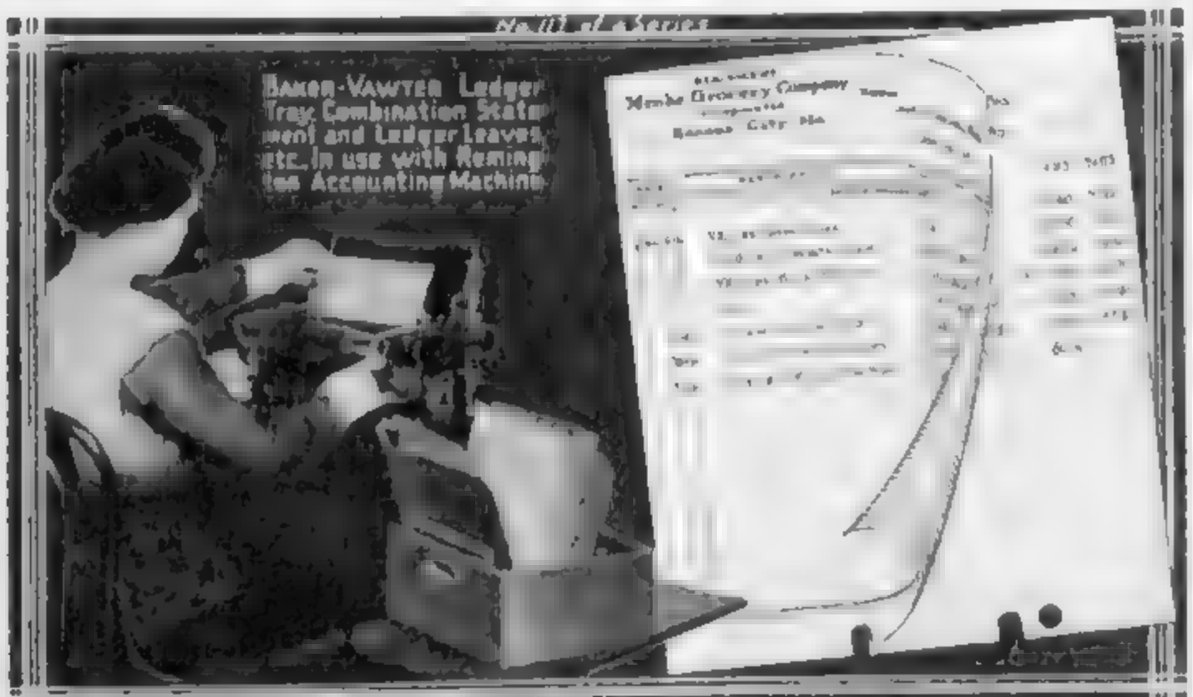
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Deputy S. has publicly asked the chancellor what the government was going to do about it. But there is no doubt that the government will do nothing."

"Do you expect a German revolution?" I asked.

"Nothing would please me more, but as long as the Military Party controls the government I don't see much of a chance. The women and men at home are ready to act, but the soldiers aren't. The General Staff gives each company only a few days at home and there is no opportunity; besides we lack leaders. But if the war goes on the revolution will come unless"—and he paused and looked at me—"unless the Military Party wins in the West. If Hindenburg and Ludendorff have more victories against France, England and the United States it will go worse with us. Our only hope is for a German defeat. If the war ever begins to go bad for our leaders then you may expect something."

"I don't suppose you have won the Iron Cross yet?" I remarked as we were parting.

"What made you think I wanted it?" he retorted. "*Aufwiedersehen.*"

"*Bis der Tag?*" I asked; but his only reply was the tipping of his hat, and he was soon lost in the shadows of the street.

Like all foreigners arriving from neighboring countries I had to report to the Swiss police. A new police regulation provides that everyone has to register within twenty-four hours after arriving, give up his passport, and receive in exchange a Swiss permit to visit in the country. Though I did not consider it right that a foreign power should take away the only citizenship papers I possessed, still there were no arguments. Neither the United States, France, England, Germany nor any other country had protested, so why should I? I asked myself. But the day I appeared I stood in line at headquarters with enemy, Allied and neutral subjects, waiting my turn at the bar.

In front of me was an American woman who had just arrived from Germany.

"How long do you intend to stay?" the inspector asked her.

"Until the end of the war."

"You say you are an American, but where is your pass?" he asked.

"The Spanish consul at Wiesbaden took it away and the German police gave me this traveling certificate," the witness answered. "To-morrow I shall go to the American legation and apply for a new one."

The following day she appeared at the passport bureau of the legation.

"How long has it been since you left the United States?" the clerk asked her.

"Three years," was her reply.

"And you don't want to return to the United States?" he asked.

Crime on the Increase

"No, indeed!" was the emphatic answer. "The German submarines are sinking every ship going to England and France, and I wouldn't think of crossing the ocean."

"That is strange," said the clerk. "Is that what you were told in Germany?"

"Oh, I know it," the woman stated. "The submarines return to Germany every day with their reports and everything is printed in the German papers. It isn't safe to cross the Atlantic."

"Why, madam," the clerk answered, "we get our mail at the legation every week and there are Americans in Berne who have just come from New York."

Though she was convinced, still she did not desire to give in and so she said: "I don't want to go back to that country which went to war to make money out of it."

The clerk did not answer because it was not his business to pass judgment. All passport applications to-day are decided upon by the State Department and hers was forwarded to Washington too.

Though it is difficult to obtain accurate information from any one of the refugees coming from Germany, still the sum total of their impressions makes an interesting account of conditions in Germany to-day. The little sidelights on the situation and the character of the people lead one to conclude that it is the nerves of the enemy that bear the closest watch. As one American remarked:

"It is not that there is less food than there was a year ago which is important but that the power of resistance of the people is less. There are more murders, robberies and suicides in Germany to-day than ever before in her history."

His conclusions are substantiated by the brief announcements in the press. About a year ago all such notices were suppressed, but to-day the court records are published and the epidemic of crime is not confined to the large cities. It reaches far into the smaller communities, especially in the villages where the peasant women live, secluded with their large families.

It is indeed a pitiful record of weakening nerves which the newspapers print to-day. Realizing this condition the government now permits the cafés to be open until eleven o'clock at night, and in every large café there is an orchestra. Music seems to be the one diversion the people crave. Cafés, hotels, theaters and restaurants are reported crowded.

"Everyone seems to be on the streets or away from home," said an American woman. "I suppose many of them are hunting for extra food or clothing, because despite the card system so many things can be bought under the hand. This year coal is so scarce that coal cards are now given out. There is also a gas shortage and the people are permitted to cook only during certain hours of the day. In Vienna they now have gasless days. The quantity as well as the quality of the gas is poor, and the city authorities have issued special warning to the people about shutting off their gas, because the escaping gas has poisoned so many people."

What Germany Wants to Know

"Last year," continued my informant, "snow brigades were organized to clean the streets, and again this winter General von Kessel, the commander of the Mark of Brandenburg, ordered every family to clear the sidewalks and streets of snow in front of their houses or apartments. Sometimes the streets are so packed that the tramways are blocked for hours. This makes the underground overcrowded and one has to wait for hours to get home to the suburbs. On the street railways now they have two women conductors because one can't collect all the fares."

One of the recent arrivals from Germany brought a card with this text:

"Who does not wish that 1918 may bring peace?

"Ask yourself!

"Sacrifice your pearls and precious stones upon the altar of the Fatherland.

"Go to the Gold Purchasing Bureau, where the government pays the highest foreign prices."

The imperial German bank is not only storing gold, silver and platinum in its vaults, but diamonds, pearls and other precious stones. The only precious articles the government is not demanding are the imperial decorations!

Since Dr. Richard von Kuehlmann has been secretary of state he has been attempting to find out the minimum peace terms of the United States. This winter three German politicians, including a member of the Reichstag, were sent to Switzerland to interview Americans. They traveled from Basel to Zurich, Berne, Lausanne and Geneva, and back again, asking every American who would talk what the United States was doing and what kind of peace the American people would approve.

They sounded all kinds and varieties of Americans, and from most of them they heard the same story: "America is fighting for an ideal and for universal peace, and America will not make peace until a democratic peace can be made with Germany."

This, of course, was not the kind of talk they had expected to hear, so they searched for the Americans who have been living in Switzerland during the war and who have been considered pacifists. In Geneva they asked an old American university professor who had been an official of some international-peace society. At last, they thought they would hear something reasonable. But this man was more belligerent than all the rest and they said to him: "My! If you think that way it looks serious!"

And then they returned to Berlin to whisper their reports into the imperial ears of the minister of foreign affairs, but there were no reports in the German newspapers about the mission. It is not the policy of the censorship to permit the publication of anything that will give the German people the impression that the United States is in earnest. The result is that throughout

(Concluded on Page 53)

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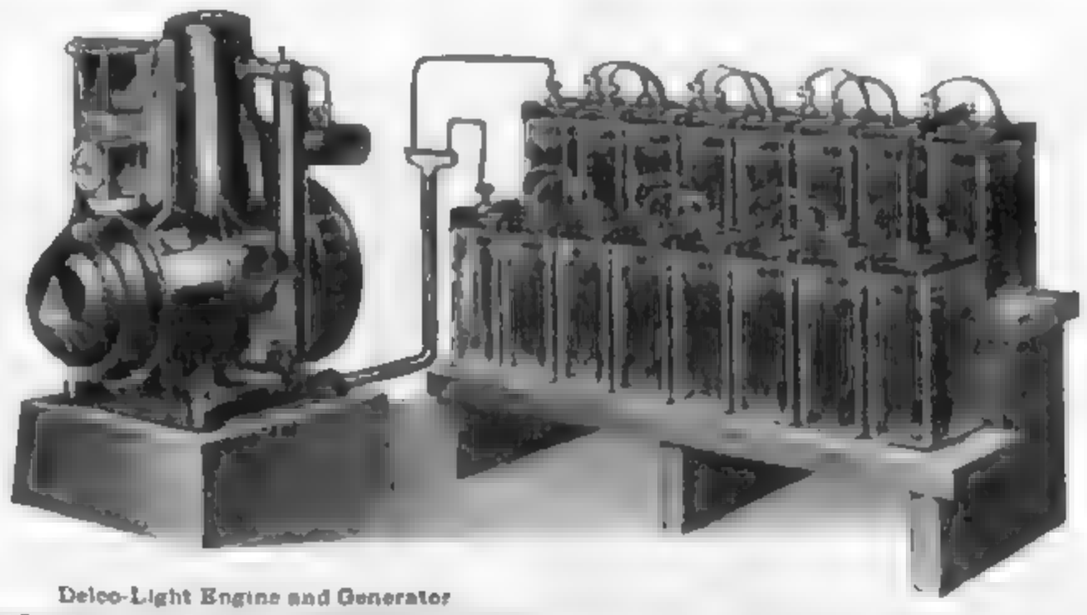

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CRAVATH LONG DISTANCE TYPE

(Concluded from Page 50)

Germany the people have the impression that the United States is only bluffing and that the war will end before America has a real army in France. Meanwhile the political parties continue to fight among themselves and the party truce which existed practically unbroken until the United States declared war has been treated as another scrap of paper. Socialists are fighting the Radical Socialists; Conservatives are against Catholics; National Liberals are at arms with the Progressives; and the Reichstag, which so many Germans wish the outside world to believe is united, is split into at least seven different factions.

Meanwhile the people criticize and condemn the government. The German Liberals are fighting to force the Kaiser to permit the Reichstag to make peace. The War Industrial Party and the Military leaders are clamoring for more war so the Military Party can make peace. Rumors of all kinds spread throughout the nation. Not even the Emperor escapes criticism.

Something of the contempt for the present Reichstag which the people have is indicated in a short dialogue printed in a Vienna socialist newspaper. Herr and Frau Meyer, it said, were walking past the Austrian Parliament building.

"Dear husband," said the woman, "what are those figures of horses for?"

"I don't know exactly, my treasure," he replied; "but they may be a sort of art symbol of the animal patience of the people."

One day a Swiss acquaintance of mine arrived from the United States, and one of the numerous German agents in Berne asked him: "*Was ist die Stimmung in Amerika?*"

This is the question every German aska. The enemy wants to know what the people are talking about, what the government is doing, what kind of an army the United States is sending to France. Germany has made Switzerland a center for information about the United States. The imperial legation here has seven hundred accredited attachés and among them are Germans who formerly were considered experts on the United States.

I have recognized a large number of Germans whom I knew in Berlin, from Count Montegelas, formerly chief of the American Division of the Foreign Office, to Captain von Ernst, of the General Staff.

In speaking to this Swiss one of these agents said the impression in Germany was that the United States shipbuilding program had been a failure; that the Liberty Bonds were selling way below par; that the people were demanding peace at any price, and that President Wilson had no intention of carrying on the war until the Allies won.

"Absolutely incorrect," said the Swiss. "The United States is in earnest, and the people, though they want peace, believe that peace cannot be concluded until there is a change of heart in Berlin, until the Military Party is defeated; and if they have to fight to win they are going to fight!"

"*Ach*, so?" remarked the German. "*Mehr* bluff!"

As I look back upon the Germany we left in February, 1917, when diplomatic relations were broken, and compare it with the enemy of to-day I think of the statement of the budding young opera singer:

"You know they force them to sing now when they march through Berlin."

And the words of the Socialist:

"If the war goes on the revolution will come—unless the Military Party wins in the West."

Finance or Gambling

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

ONE of the most common and deeply ingrained human instincts is bargain hunting. The shopper satisfies an intense natural craving when she buys a hat below the supposedly normal price. The investor acts in response to much the same instinct when he purchases a bond or stock below its nominal or face value; or, to use the language of finance, at a discount. At the present time, when four or five great belligerent nations are straining their resources to the utmost to raise money for war, it is not only natural, it is inevitable, that every device known to finance should be employed, including a strong appeal to the bargain hunter.

But now it is proposed both in England and in this country to go even further—to employ the lottery principle in selling government bonds. Unless one has given close attention to the details of bond selling it is difficult to realize how intricate and complex are the motives that lead men to invest. In nearly all men struggle two often opposing motives, that of safety and security along with that of chance, risk, speculation and gambling. It requires a delicate balancing of both these motives, together with pure patriotism and perhaps even polite and veiled compulsion, to induce people to buy enough bonds to pay for the war in countries like England, France, the United States and Germany.

Costly British Financing

With relatively few and early exceptions it has been the historic policy of this country to sell its bonds at par and redeem them at par. Such was the policy which Salmon P. Chase, the great Civil War Secretary of the Treasury, sought to establish, and it has been followed ever since. It is both wise and economical. Though a government may appear to be paying a lower rate of interest when it sells bonds at a discount it is only postponing the evil day.

If government bonds are sold at a discount the government must some day pay back more money than it has received. There is always a disinclination to do this, and so nations are induced to transmit to the future the debts received from the past. One of the greatest French authorities on finance, M. Leroy-Beaulieu, believes that the European practice of selling bonds below par has been the chief reason why Europe, unlike the United States, has never paid off its debts. During the Napoleonic wars England created debts of $3,868,000,000 but took in only $2,493,000,000 in money. And England has not yet paid off these obligations. In the long run England would have saved more by putting out nine per cent bonds at par than three per cent bonds at 47 at the darkest hour of the Napoleonic wars.

The Lottery-Bond Idea

At the present time England is selling her bonds at par, paying five per cent on one series, which is taxable; and four per cent on a nontaxable series. But in addition she agrees to redeem them at a slight sum above par, ranging from two to four per cent according to the year they are presented for redemption. This is a concession to the general desire for a profit, and the plan is taking hold very well indeed. These so-called national war bonds are not sold in one great campaign, but are continuously on sale. Recently the monthly sales have amounted to $100,000,000, and such devices as tanks with bond-selling booths attached are meeting with great success. Through the tanks alone $100,000,000 were sold in a few weeks.

As these national war bonds will be redeemed in three to five years it will be seen that with a bonus, or premium, of two to four per cent the proposition is attractive. But many Englishmen feel that the government should go much further, and for two years England has been bitterly debating the advisability of using a lottery—that is, of giving prizes to those who draw lucky numbers. The idea was to hitch the gambling instinct to war finance, just as France has often done.

The scheme was first proposed by a newspaper writer, but the country became so worked up by the agitation that the government finally appointed a committee to make a study of so-called premium finance. The word is unfortunate, because it has several more legitimate meanings, one of which at least has already been used in this article, and it was adopted in England merely to sugar-coat the disagreeable word "lottery." It was proposed that war bonds pay only three per cent instead of five, and that the government use part of the difference to pay annual prizes, running as high as $500,000. The most preposterous

(Continued on Page 55)

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THE Duplex-Alcazar is the all-season range. One type burns Gas and Coal or Wood singly or in combination. The other type is built for sections where Gas is not available and burns Oil and Coal or Wood.

This range, in either style, not only keeps the kitchen cool in summer, warm in winter and consumes less fuel but insures better cooking by giving exactly the proper temperature for all purposes the whole year round.

To change from fuel to fuel of the one type, just a slight pull or push and the work is done. The Oil range type is ready always.

THE DUPLEX ALCAZAR
TWO RANGES IN ONE

This range is the prize product of one of the great stove factories of the country and we make it in enough different styles to suit the pocketbook and taste of every housewife in the country.

See your dealer or write us direct mentioning whether you are interested in the Oil or Gas type.

ALCAZAR RANGE & HEATER COMPANY, 400 Cleveland Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

GEM
7
7
The Sealed Package
7 Blades for 35¢
"The Best Blade in the Service"
THE Gem Damaskeene Blade is held high in the estimation of thousands of Uncle Sam's fighting boys in both services. It has earned its honor mark—its efficiency and dependability—measures up to "Active Service" requirements.
$1.00
$1.50 in Canada
New—Special—Compact, Khaki Service outfit, includes Gem Damaskeene Razor complete with seven blades and shaving and stropping handles.
In sealed, waxed paper wrapped package—dust and rust proof—each blade protected—packet of seven blades 35c. 50c in Canada.
GEM CUTLERY COMPANY, Inc., NEW YORK
Canadian Branch: 591 St. Catherine St., W., Montreal
"THE ENCLOSED BLADE"
"THE BLADE ITSELF"
QUALITY DE LUXE
GEM
GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR BLADES

DEL MONTE PRODUCTS

Have received highest awards at scores of Expositions the world over. Ask your grocer for the DEL MONTE Kind and convince yourself of its goodness, purity and quality.

Peaches, sliced peaches, apricots, pears, grapes, cherries, plums, loganberries, blackberries, Hawaiian pineapple.

Catsup, tomatoes, tomato sauce, artichokes, asparagus, spinach, peas, beans, pumpkin, beets, pimientos, chile peppers.

Olives, preserves, jellies, jams, Maraschino cherries, honey, prunes, raisins and many other varieties.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco
California

Convince yourself

(Continued from Page 53)

arguments and the most degenerating and illusory hopes were held out for the plan, both in England and by the few advocates of the scheme in this country.

It was argued that the premium scheme was not like the lotteries which are forbidden by law both here and in England, because it would not be conducted for private or commercial purposes. In a commercial lottery only the prize winners get anything back, but in the premium scheme they all get three per cent interest and a safe bond. It was even said that such a device would reduce poverty, immorality and drinking among the working classes; though prominent labor leaders did not seem to share this rosy view. The most demoralizing line of argument was to the effect that even the poorest might win a fortune. An office boy might subscribe only one dollar along with other persons for a $1000 bond, but if that bond happened to win the $500,000 prize the office boy would make $500 from his investment of one dollar.

Of course the most obvious weakness of such a scheme is that great numbers of persons who could ill afford the sacrifice would be getting only three per cent on their money when they might as well be receiving five per cent. Large investors, such as insurance companies, savings banks, corporations and wealthy individuals would not go into it, at least to any large extent. It was partly on this ground that the committee rejected the scheme, for it did not feel that the amount of new money would be more than $200,000,000 to $500,000,000; which it held was not enough to risk splitting the nation over a great moral issue.

But the committee's report was not very emphatic and its opposition to this gigantic gambling scheme seemed to be rather lukewarm. While its long deliberations were still under way two of the leading department stores in London started lotteries of their own. Partly as an advertising stunt they set aside $50,000 in prizes and sold $25,000,000 of the regular national war bonds in six weeks' time. More than 300,000 people bought bonds, and the government did not express its disapproval until the undertaking was practically completed.

No one really knows just how much help a lottery would be at the present time in war finance. Many of the small investors who buy government bonds under a lottery scheme would buy them anyway. Methods of reaching the small investor are daily being perfected to such a wonderful extent, in both England and America, that it is the part of doubtful wisdom to stir up the ugly, disgusting instincts of gambling, even for patriotic purposes.

The Instinct to Save

It has long been held by students of war finance that lotteries are justifiable, even in a moral sense, as a last resort, or as an extremely rare resort. It is well established that all such abnormal methods, or rather makeshifts, of finance soon wear themselves out. The great majority of people who go into such a scheme fail of course to get any prize, and after trying it several times become tired of the gamble. Thus the system is one that quickly exhausts all its own resources, and is likely to fail the country when the country most needs assistance.

Nor is any country likely to go back to the old tontine, or survivorship gamble. This was frequently employed by governments in earlier days. A hundred persons would subscribe for a loan in a series, and when the first person died the remaining ninety-nine would receive the interest for the entire hundred. Each time a death occurred the survivors profited; and not many years ago a woman died in France at the age of ninety-six who had originally subscribed six hundred francs for a loan, but had been receiving during the latter years of her life, as the last survivor in a series, no less than seventy-six thousand francs annually.

It is always easy to exaggerate the gambling instinct latent in mankind. We see evidences of it every day on every hand—in the fly-by-night mining venture, in stock-market speculation, in race-track attendance and card games. But there is just as strong evidence of the strength and appeal of the sound savings and straight investment instinct. Look at the billions of dollars invested in savings banks, postal-savings banks, insurance companies, mortgages, war savings stamps and possibly building-and-loan shares—without a hope of profit or bargain, promising only a safe return of the principal and a moderate rate of interest.

Look also at the billions of dollars invested at three and a half and four per cent in Liberty Bonds, at no bargain prices and with no chance of the owners' having their property redeemed at more than they paid for it. Of course the price of Liberty Bonds may go above par some day. Who knows? But there is no particular allurement, or especial cheapness, or bargain, or speculative or gambling attraction, in a government bond bought at par to be redeemed at par.

It is impossible to see very far ahead in times like these, but I firmly believe that our Government will be able to sell many more billions of Liberty Bonds at par and at a very low rate of interest by appealing to a combination of patriotism and the instincts that lead men to put money into savings banks, life-insurance policies and old-age pensions.

Indeed it would seem to be the policy of Mr. McAdoo and those associated with him to accustom the public to the idea that Liberty Bonds are essentially a medium for conservative and fairly permanent investment, essentially a savings device and with the same position in the general scheme of things as that held by the savings bank and insurance company. This policy means that small and moderate investors will be sought more and more, and less reliance placed upon the professional business or financial man who subscribes to a big block of bonds only to sell them out at the first opportunity. If this policy proves successful, and I believe it will, there is no immediate need of appealing more frankly to the gambling impulse.

Investors' Preferences

It is doubtful, however, if the average investor fully realizes how many bargains the regular investment markets always offer. I am not referring now to the low current prices of securities, either bonds or stocks, but to the chances that the irregularities, variations and abnormalities, as it were, of the bond markets frequently afford. Nearly all bonds are redeemable at par upon maturity; and if bought above or below par they should gradually fall or rise. This fall or rise should in theory be at all times so regular that the bond will all the time yield the same rate of income on its market price; but in fact bonds show all manner of variations and respond in price to all manner of influences.

In other words bonds are constantly varying from their theoretical or mathematical value. Naturally, a bond that is not secure enough to be certain of redemption cannot be governed by any mathematical considerations. It may appear to yield a return of twenty-five per cent, but is in reality a hollow sham; but many bonds whose redemption at par is a moral certainty suffer from changes in fashion, in popular taste, in demand and from ignorance, by which I mean that investors generally are unfamiliar with them.

It takes much alertness and knowledge of technical conditions to profit from these more or less senseless irregularities and variations. Yet any bond dealer usually has the facts in hand to point them out to his customers. It would be difficult in an article like this to give many examples, because the conditions might change before the article was printed. One common discrepancy is to find that four per cent bonds of a corporation often sell much lower, relatively speaking, than five per cent bonds of the same company and of the same security. Recently the four per cent bonds of a very strong concern sold to pay 5.37 per cent, while the five per cent bonds of the same company were selling to return only 5.12 per cent.

Investors are nearly always prejudiced against premium bonds—that is, those that are bought above par and that will ultimately be redeemed at par. Of course any sum paid above par will be lost when the bond is redeemed. But if the rate of interest is high enough it may more than compensate for the loss. The seven per cent bonds of a very prosperous company were recently selling at 118 and the five per cent bonds were selling at par. As a matter of fact the seven per cent bonds were really much the cheaper, but the prejudice against the premium kept investors away. Trustees of estates have actually been known to prefer one series of New York City bonds

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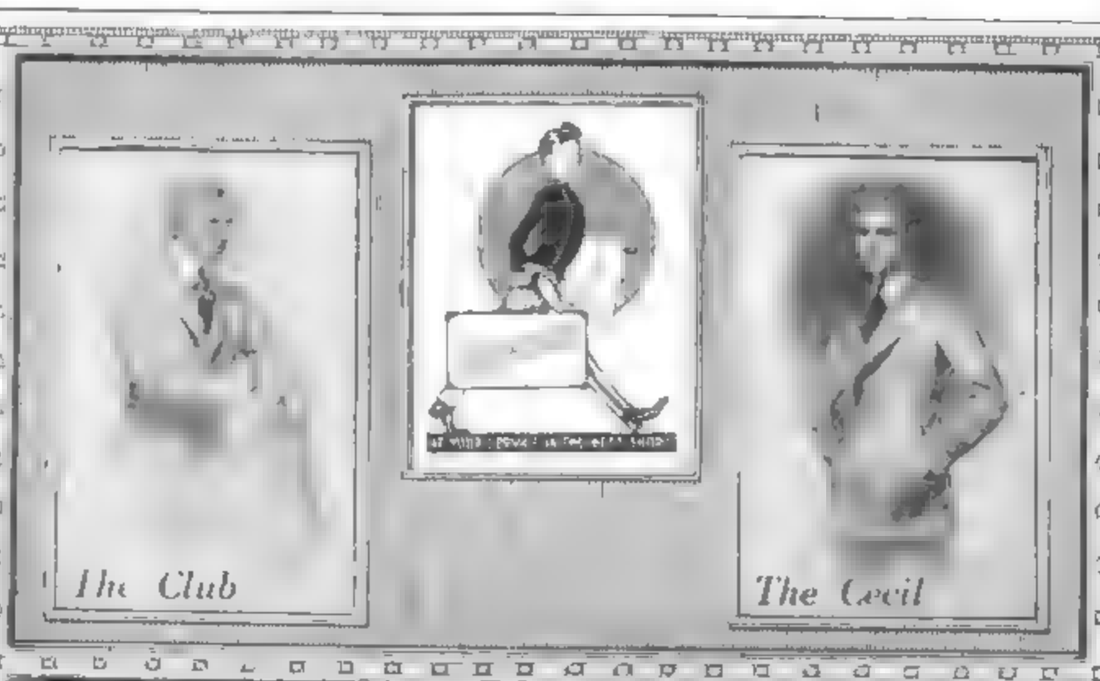


WAR has changed America from a nation of careless spenders into one of careful buyers. To-day the national thought is "VALUE FIRST."

"VALUE FIRST" is not a new creed to Michaels-Stern. For more than one-half century, it has been their steadfast policy.

MICHAELS-STERN
VALUE-FIRST CLOTHES

best meet the needs of to-day. They are distinguished by sensible styles, honest fabrics and skillful tailoring, assuring good fit and long wear. Prices that mean true economy.

At "Value First" stores

MICHAELS, STERN & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

Largest Manufacturers of Rochester-Made Clothes

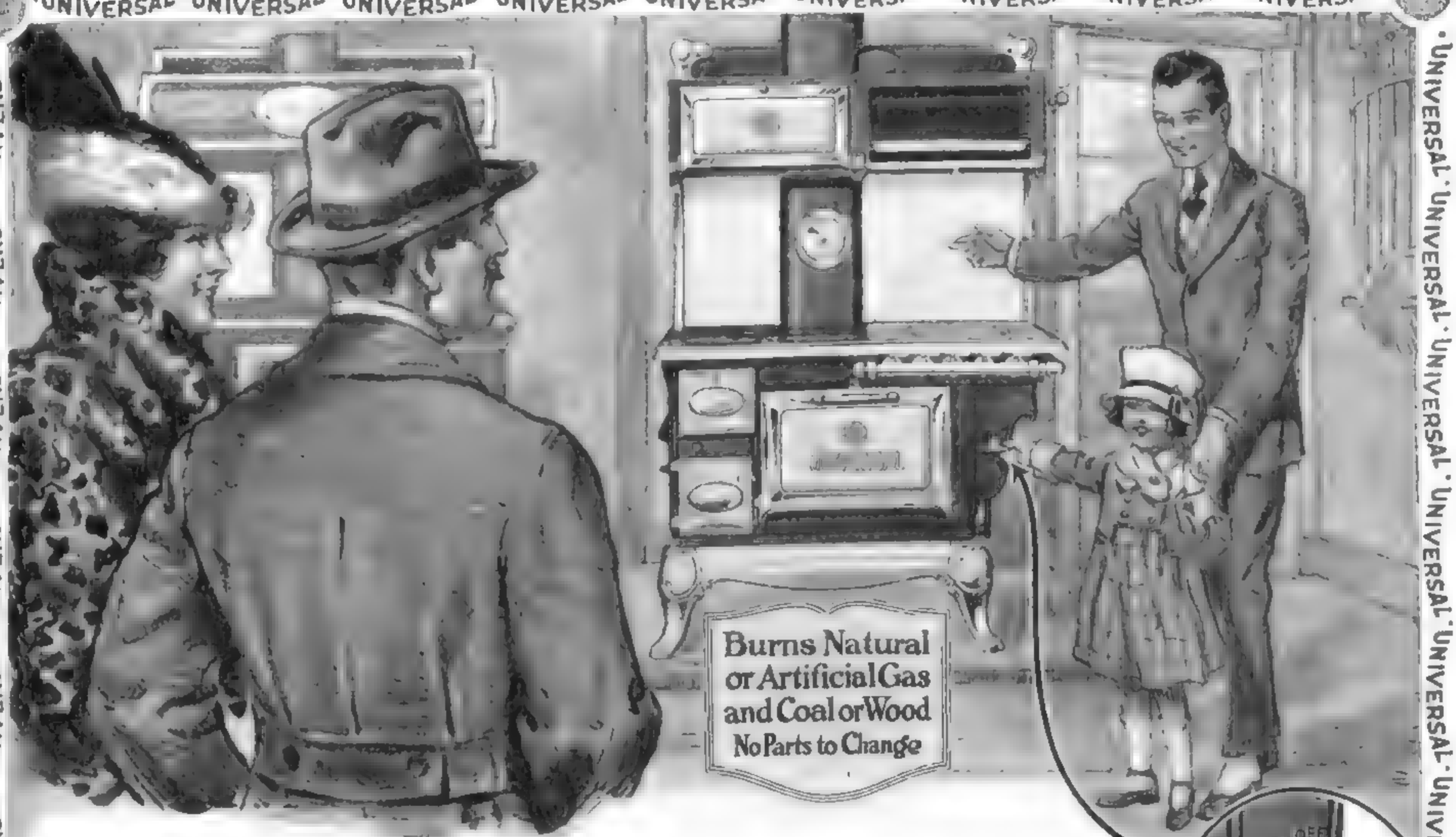
MUNGER
"Always Tight"
Piston Rings

NEVER LOSE THEIR COMPRESSION—because the Munger "Always Tight" Expansion Joint compensates for wear as it occurs and always remains gas tight until the rings are worn out. Gas cannot escape under, around or through them. It is easy for even a novice to slip them into place over the Munger Ring Insertion Tool. With the *oversize* rings and the Re-grooving Tool which accompanies each outfit, worn grooves can be fitted perfectly without expensive lathe work, and without even disconnecting the piston from the connecting rod.

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL CO.,
Newark, New Jersey

The MUNGER
ALWAYS TIGHT
EXPANSION JOINT

Get them from your accessory dealer or garage man.
List price for all sizes up to 3¾ in. diameter, $1.25 per ring
With each complete outfit of rings a *Munger Piston Re-grooving Tool* and a *Munger Ring Insertion Tool* are supplied without extra charge.



"You Can't Beat That Range for Baking and Roasting"

"Your biscuits, pies and cakes are sure to be done evenly—top, bottom and sides. And the roasts always turn out so juicy and tender and brown!

"That's because with the Universal Combination Range you can use the fuel best suited to the cooking, baking or roasting you have to do. You can use gas for quick baking; coal for big roasts; wood for emergency. Use any fuel to suit yourself, the cooking or the weather. And it's all done by a simple twist of the wrist.

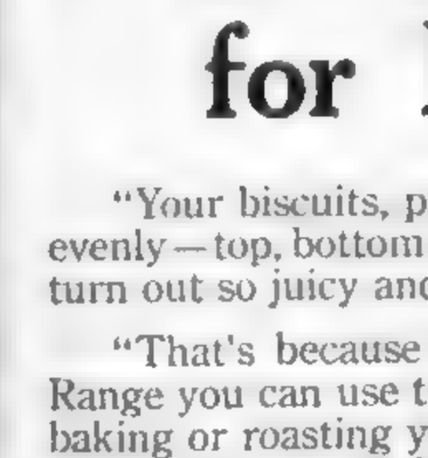
"You turn the key the little girl is holding—and everything is ready for gas. Turn the key back—and use coal.

"That's all—you can't make a mistake. Because you have only to turn the key. Absolutely nothing else to do."

See demonstration of the wonderful

UNIVERSAL COMBINATION RANGE

(U.S. Pat. Issued Dec. 25, 1917)



Eastern Type Universal Combination Range
Right or left [illegible] to the floor; [illegible] fire box [illegible] and ash drop and chute [illegible] Plain or nickel finish and Dover Black UNIVIT enamel

Get all the facts. How the Universal Combination Range bakes and roasts under most difficult conditions when other ranges fail. Helps the Government save coal and saves your fuel bills. Keeps the kitchen **cool in summer, warm in winter.** Gives universal satisfaction to all the family, including the maid—or enables you to get along without one.

You can get a Universal for a few dollars more than an ordinary gas range—about the same cost as a good coal range. Why not have both at the price of one?

Sold for cash or on easy payments by good dealers everywhere. Made in plain or nickel finish, and blue or black UNIVIT porcelain enamel.

We also manufacture a full line of Ranges, Heating Stoves and Furnaces. At low cost—on easy terms. ***Write for FREE Book and Name of Nearest Dealer.***

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DEALERS— Great demand for Universal Combination Ranges, Stoves, Furnaces, makes agency most desirable in the field. Write for our Unusual Sales Plan.

UNIVERSAL WEEK
March 27—April 6

During this period dealers throughout the country will give Special Demonstrations on this wonderful Range Recommended by Marion Harris Neil, National Culinary Expert "Starred" by Good Housekeeping Institute largest selling Combination Range in America. Write us for your dealer's name.

UNIVIT · PORCELAIN · ENAMEL

A splendid, vitreous, porcelain enamel possessing unusual strength, durability and glaze. As far ahead of ordinary stove finishes as the porcelain enamel bath-tubs over the old tin tubs! Look for the trade mark UNIVIT stamped on enamel before you buy. Comes in black, blue or white.

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(Concluded from Page 55)

paying only four per cent to another series of exactly the same security paying nearly a quarter of a per cent more, because with the latter it would have been necessary to make some extra calculations.

Though nearly all investors prefer bonds selling below par to those whose market price is above par, it often happens that buyers greatly prefer five per cent bonds at par to four per cent bonds at 80. This is wholly illogical and provides opportunities for the shrewd bargain hunter. Of course the arithmetic value, or yield, always includes an allowance for discounts and premiums—that is, the yield on a bond is the rate of interest remaining net after all allowance has been made for either a premium or a discount. But many, indeed most, investors pay no heed to such considerations, because they feel they are not sure to hold the bond until it is redeemed, and all these arithmetic values are based on the lapse of time before the bond is redeemed. But the surprising fact is that, even when bonds are held only for a year or two, it is often possible because of almost unexplainable and wholly illogical irregularities to purchase a particular bond cheaper than another of the same inherent security.

In the case of short-dated bonds or notes, those for five years or less, any marked discount may mean a big profit and a real one. For of course the owner of a bond with only three or four years to run is quite likely to continue to be the owner until it is redeemed. If he gets it at 90 and it is redeemed at 100 he has distinctly come out ahead. But his emotions in regard to a bond purchased at 90 and to be redeemed two hundred years hence at 100 are rather faint. Many of the European governments have put out short-dated bonds either below par or with an above-par redemption feature during the present war. If these governments are able to meet their obligations there will be many a fat profit made by European bondholders.

Among the short bonds of corporations, and especially among the English, Canadian and French bonds sold in this country, there are at present almost startling discounts. If these bonds are paid off at maturity a few years from now, the profits will equal anything the stock market has to afford.

One practice by which investors often profit, and which partakes to a slight and harmless degree of gambling and is yet perfectly sound and proper, is the calling of bonds and preferred stocks for redemption ahead of time. As a rule an investor cannot be compelled to surrender his bond ahead of the regular date of maturity. But a corporation may offer as inducement a price well above par and well above the price the investor paid for his bond. Corporations may either regularly redeem a certain portion of all their bonds in this way every year or they may pay off all the bonds at once.

The Du Pont Powder Company and the American Tobacco Company are examples of concerns that rather suddenly found themselves able to redeem entire issues of bonds not only well above the par value, but far above the market value that had prevailed for years. The United States Steel Corporation has an issue of five per cent bonds that do not normally sell above par; but the company has more than a million dollars every year which it uses to draw bonds by lot at 110. This is a perfectly legitimate lottery and it adds spice to the dull business of investment. The discriminating investor will always be on the lookout for bonds or preferred stock in companies whose prosperity is likely to become so burdensome that only the redemption of its obligations at a fat premium will reduce the burden.

Sense and Nonsense

His Part

HE NEVER curbs his appetite,
Though others practice conservation;
He isn't saving heat or light
Or treating wheat with veneration;
He hasn't helped at all to float
A loan to keep our banner flying;
But he declares that he would gloat
If he could watch the Kaiser dying.

The cushions of his big sedan
Are deep and soft, its panels glisten;
Plead Red Cross needs as best you can,
But he will not consent to listen;
He has no service flag to show—
His only offspring is a daughter;
He would be much elated, though,
To watch the Kaiser led to slaughter.

The war has added to his gains,
His income steadily increases;
When taking sugar he disdains
To put a limit on the pieces;
He has not bought a Smileage Book,
He clings to all that he is earning;
But it would please him well to look
If he could see the Kaiser burning.

In his opinion it's a crime
The way they're darkening our cities;
He locks his door and has no time
To hear soliciting committees.
If you surmise that in his heart
Shame lingers, you're a poor surmiser;
He thinks that he has done his part
By having learned to hate the Kaiser.

—*S. E. Kiser.*

The Limit of Disguises

THE story is told that, at the Players Club, in New York, a member who is an avowed pacifist fell into an argument with another member, who believes that this war, so far as our own nation is concerned, is a righteous war. In the course of the argument the latter used the much-overworked word camouflage.

"I'll bet you do not even know the correct meaning of camouflage," broke in the pacifist.

"Oh, yes, I do."

"Well, what does it mean, then?"

"It means this: If an artist were to take you in hand he might, after days of hard work, so disguise you with paint that at a distance you might pass for a real American; and that, my boy, would be camouflage!"

Fromage and Not Vintage

A SELF-MADE millionaire, who was not entirely finished, took a friend who was in an even more incomplete state of auto-construction to a dinner party. They sat upon either side of a beauteous lady, who undertook to discuss literature with her companions.

Turning to the one on her left, she asked: "Do you like Omar Khayyam?"

"Nome," replied the gentleman truthfully. "I like sparklin' Burgundy; but them Hungarian wines don't seem to agree with me."

Going home in the car, the rugged capitalist, who had been placed upon the lady's right, turned in disgust upon his companion.

"You big slob!" he ejaculated in disgust. "It looks like you never will learn no culture. Don't you know yet that Omar Khayyam ain't a wine? It's a cheese!"

The Retort Herfordous

AT ONE of the big war-charity bazaars held this winter in New York there was present, both day and night, a gentleman of a slightly effeminate manner, who had been responsible for the decorative schemes of some of the booths and exhibits. For convenience, let us call this person Ernest Gonswobble. So proud was Mr. Gonswobble of his handicraft that he stationed himself near the main entrance, and whenever a notable entered—and was recognized—he dashed up to the newcomer, introduced himself, and bore the other off to view the things he had achieved.

One evening Oliver Herford, the poet and wit, visited the bazaar. Hardly had he set foot inside the door when the lion hunter saw him, hurried up to him, tapped Herford playfully on the shoulder, and twittered:

"I'm Ernest Gonswobble."

"I'm not!" said Herford calmly, and passed on.

Just Like Ezra

INTO a New England farmhouse kitchen the son of the household entered.

"Maw," he stated, "great goin's-on down to the barn to-day: Paw up and hanged hisself!"

"Ain't that jest like Ezra?" commented the widowed one. "Here he goes and hangs hisself, and probably not a chore done!"

For the man at the front
For the girl he left behind him

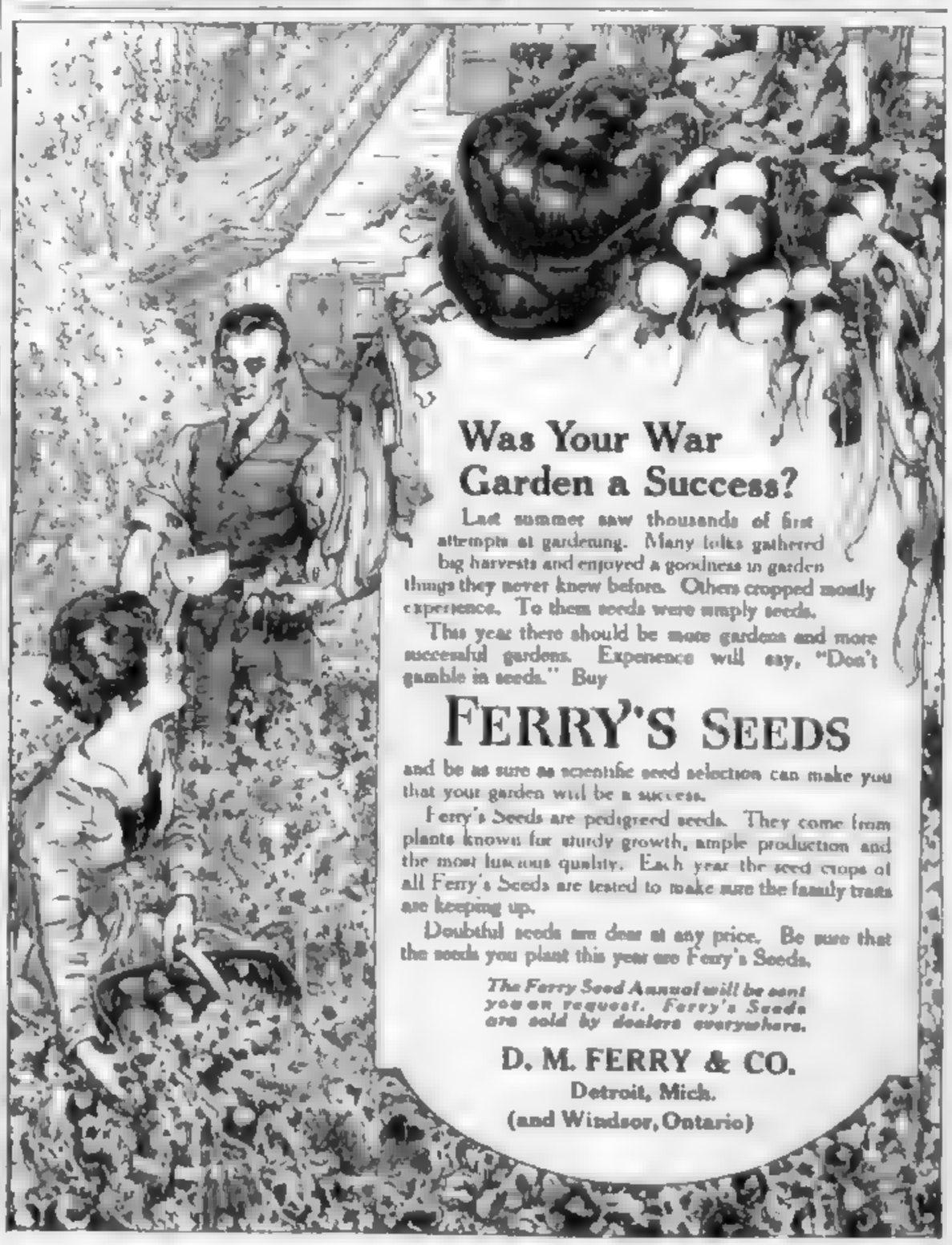
Whitman's Service Chocolates

Each package contains a book by a standard author.

A striking new military package in blue, gold and white. Nothing is too good for the boys at the front. Equally good for the soldier and sailor to send back home as a souvenir of the Service. The chocolates are Whitman's "Super-extra" quality—none better are made. The books are by standard authors. Insignia of the Service are gold-embossed on lid. $1.10 the package—with book.

Sold by Whitman agencies almost everywhere. They will take care of the mailing for you, in a special safe carton. If you do not know your local WHITMAN'S agent, send $1.10 and parcels postage to us, with the name and address of the soldier or sailor

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip



Was Your War Garden a Success?

Last summer saw thousands of first attempts at gardening. Many folks gathered big harvests and enjoyed a goodness in garden things they never knew before. Others cropped mostly experience. To them seeds were simply seeds.

This year there should be more gardens and more successful gardens. Experience will say, "Don't gamble in seeds." Buy

FERRY'S SEEDS

and be as sure as scientific seed selection can make you that your garden will be a success.

Ferry's Seeds are pedigreed seeds. They come from plants known for sturdy growth, ample production and the most luscious quality. Each year the seed crops of all Ferry's Seeds are tested to make sure the family traits are keeping up.

Doubtful seeds are dear at any price. Be sure that the seeds you plant this year are Ferry's Seeds.

The Ferry Seed Annual will be sent you on request. Ferry's Seeds are sold by dealers everywhere.

D. M. FERRY & CO.
Detroit, Mich.
(and Windsor, Ontario)

OUT-OF-DOORS

Tricks of the Hunter's Trade—Knowing the Habits of Wild Game

IT IS necessary for the hunter to deceive some sense of the wild game if he is to be successful. The scent of the deer, for instance, is exceedingly keen. The sight of the antelope is unbelievably keen and precise. On the contrary, the bear—especially the grizzly—has very poor sight indeed and relies very largely upon the sense of scent. The white goat of the mountains is rather stupid and seems to rely more upon his climbing ability than upon his sight or scent; his sole ambition is to get on top of a mountain where, he reasons, no sensible human beings will follow. The bighorn sheep, however, has not only very keen scent but very keen eyes as well, and hence is a far more important trophy for the sportsman. A buffalo would run into the wind. A deer will run down the wind. All these habits of wild game must be known by the successful hunter.

The dog and wolf families have extremely keen scent. I was always of the belief that the sense of scent, as owned by a dog, is something we do not really understand at all; that it carries with it some mysterious adjunct amounting almost to a sixth sense. There are certain phenomena in the life of a dog that we can scarcely explain otherwise. But even the sagacious timber wolf has his weak side. A coyote is like a yellow dog—he owns up to the weakness of a sense of curiosity and will stop to look back. Sometimes this gives time enough for a shot or for a swift run of the pursuing wolfhounds.

On the other hand, the gray wolf, now so rare but once so abundant in the buffalo days, was a far bolder animal. Once afoot, he would never run in a circle, but would line out and perhaps go forty miles, entirely leaving a country even though he had killed fresh meat but recently. The gray wolf—or lobo, as we formerly called him on the plains—was bold, independent and unattached. He was never localized. The wise hunter who saw a wolf track almost as large as the mark of his horse's hoof did not waste much time in following him. The smaller track of a coyote was another matter, and usually the rifle and hounds of the ranchman were enough to annex his pelt in time.

It is thought by some sportsmen that artificial decoys may successfully be made a trifle larger than the life size of the species they imitate—decoy ducks are usually larger than life size. Thus, if fish be rising to a certain hatching fly, they will often take a larger fly if tied to the same pattern. I have always doubted that there was much in this, and believed it to be covered by the tendency of fish to strike at almost anything when actually on the feed.

Fine Points for Fishermen

The ultra dry-fly school, of course—those who fish upon the clear and sluggish streams of England, for instance—adhere to the theory of exact imitation of insect life. Halford, ultra purist, would only fish dry fly, only fish a rise, only fish upstream, and only fish a fly in exact imitation of the one being taken. He used a strong pair of binoculars to study the fly on the water. This makes the most difficult and the most dainty form of angling.

It is, of course, quite otherwise in streams where the fish are not so much used to the ways of man. Why trout or grayling will sometimes feed on almost anything offered them, and then, for hours or even days at a stretch, lie at the bottom of the deep pools and not rise at all, is something no fellow has yet found out. The usual theory is that they are feeding on the larvæ of insects at the bottom of the stream; yet observation would seem to confirm the belief that sometimes for days they do not feed at all. When they do begin to move they are apt to take the first fly offered them. Hence that fly is apt to be recommended by the successful angler as the very thing to use.

The accuracy and swiftness of a fish in striking its prey is something very extraordinary, for it must certainly be obliged to make allowance for the speed of the current and for the distance of the fly. A grayling is not so sure a striker as a trout, and the average fisher should be careful not to strike too soon. The mouth of this fish is very small and very tender. You will take few grayling with the hook very far back in the mouth. On the contrary, a cutthroat or native trout will sometimes almost swallow the fly before you can strike him.

Of course it is an open secret to the skillful angler that about sixty per cent of the fish taken really hook themselves. Perhaps the Eastern brook trout is the quickest to be up to and away from the fly, and, therefore, requires the quickest eye and hand.

The ultra school of fishing—not excepting the wide range of conditions that may prevail elsewhere—have established certain dogmatic principles which a good many of us have come to accept without argument. The tapered line is a useful thing in angling, because it gives greater distance in casting and greater flotation at the point. The long-tapered leader, dwindling to a hairlike fineness at the point, is another tenet of the ultra school.

In actual practice, however, one does not need a nine-foot leader, or even a six-foot leader, in fishing trout in average Western or mountain conditions. Indeed, I was once out with an angler who had broken his leader—all but a piece about eight inches in length. He fastened his fly to this and calmly went on fishing. He took during the day quite as many fish as I did with a nine-foot tapered leader and a well-handled tapered line; in fact, he fished far more comfortably, for the day was windy and the light leader on a windy day is a great test of the human temper.

To convince myself I borrowed his rod and, with the same outfit mentioned above, took quite as many trout as I had been fastening on my more delicate gear. The truth is that if a fish wants a fly he sees the fly and little else. When he does not want the fly he is difficult to delude. Most people use too long a line in fishing trout. I was about to say that most of them also use too long a leader; but, since so much trout fishing is done in what we might call educated waters, this might be called heresy.

Forgotten Lore of the Open

A widening use of the gun by all classes of human beings has wiped out many of the old formalities and dignities with which the pursuit of the chase was surrounded in older days. In early times a gentleman was supposed to know the phraseology and terminology of the chase as well as to be proficient in the use of the weapons. Much of this old lore has now passed entirely out of mind.

Perhaps it may be of interest to recall here some of the old terms with which our forbears were familiar. I recall that my old father, who was my first companion afield, would have been disposed to take me across his knee had I ever spoken of a covey of quail. He always insisted on my saying bevy of quail, and pointed out that there might be a covey of grouse, but no such thing as a covey of quail.

In the ancient days of crossbow and harquebus, when our ancestors were laying the foundation of sport as we later knew it, followers of sport did not speak of a flock of herons or bitterns. They called it a sege of bitterns, though few of us may have heard that term. Swans, cranes and curlews never went in flocks but in herds. Sheldrakes went in deppings—another phrase quite obsolete to-day. They spoke of a covert of coots and a spring of teals; and always of a gaggle of geese. We say that ducks go in flocks, but not so our old writers, who speak of a badelynge of ducks; and they differentiate by naming a sute of mallards. They speak of a muster of peacocks, and always of a bevy of quail. They mention a walk of snipe, a fall of woodcocks and a building of rooks.

You may also set down, if you are interested in useless information, that old writers spoke of rummuration of starlings and an exaltation of larks! On the other hand, they would mention a flight of swallows and a host of sparrows, though speaking of a watch of nightingales and a charm of goldfinches. It is difficult to-day to trace the origin of all or many of these ancient phrases of the chase. I have never heard any of them in use.

As I note the methods of the sportsman of to-day, it seems to me I find a lack of dignity and an accession of haste and an eagerness for results that certainly did not mark the better-class sportsman of a preceding generation. There is less skill in practical and applied natural history—less knowledge of the daily habits of game.

It is not necessary to draw comparisons, but perhaps not invidious to mark the difference between that day and this. The sportsman of to-day is as good a shot as the world ever saw—indeed, much better than the best of the preceding generation, or the one before that, for the modern weapons are far and away more efficient than those ever known before. But the use of such weapons and the use of what we may term the high-power six-cylinder bird dog make for haste and for results alone; so that one misses a little of the stateliness and exactness of the practice of the arts of the field among an older generation of sportsmen, even though nowadays we have no need for rummurations and exaltations.

For instance, marking down a bird used to be a distinguishing trait of the practiced gentleman field shot. It was an accomplishment more especially useful on the Western prairies, where once a grouse was down under the grass tops it was difficult indeed to find alive or dead. The old-time chicken shot, who used the muzzle-loader, would line down his dead bird by the nearest rosin weed or other upstanding plant which showed above the level of the surrounding green or gray. He rarely failed to find a bird, even if he shot without a dog. And trust the nose of the old-time chicken dog to find any bird that had struck the ground!

To mark down a dead duck on a marsh, if it has not fallen directly to the shot, is something of an art, which sometimes you may see in practice even now. Of course when you line your bird you should do so not merely by one object ahead of you in line, but by two objects, one in front of you and one back, remembering the axiom that it takes two points to establish a straight line. Usually you will find that the bird is a little farther than you thought; you must remember that you do not see it go forward after it goes below the surface of the cover. The force of the load drives it onward a little, and the momentum of its own flight has a tendency to carry it forward. Also, it may struggle onward a bit before it dies.

How to Mark Your Bird

Many sportsmen do not like their bird dogs to retrieve, because they fancy it renders them unsteady to shot, so that they may flush a lingering bird or so while hastening to find the bird that has been knocked down. This seems to me rather a refinement of the hunting greed of to-day. We shoot very few prairie chickens now, and—if we obey the law—usually our bag limit is not over a dozen birds a day. Why, then, should we need to kill the last bird that gets up in front of the gun?

On the other hand, in quail shooting the bevy is apt to go up pretty much all together, and very rarely a good bird dog will flush a single quail while going after a dead bird; but I have sometimes known a dog to point a bird with a dead bird actually in his mouth. Shots actually lost on quail through use of the retrieving bird dog are not very numerous.

But if you do insist on your dog staying at heel after you have shot, you need all the more to know how to mark your bird. Always do so by fixing in your mind some definite object in line that is unlike the surrounding cover. Then walk forward with your eye directly on that line post; and when you think you have gone far enough go just a little farther.

A bird is apt to be farther on a bright day and closer on a dull one, as no doubt you know.

No sportsman, of course, wishes to knock down game that he cannot retrieve. Suppose you are on a grassy marsh in which there is a hole where you want to put out your decoys. You will put your decoys—half a dozen will be enough—not very far from the edge of the cover. You will bear in mind that ducks draw in against the wind, and arrange your blind accordingly. If you have been very wise you will have built your blind early in the season and not that very day, because if everything is fresh and new the birds will be keen enough to note it and be suspicious of your artifices.

Your decoys and your blind should be so arranged also—and your shooting should be so governed—that whenever possible you will knock your birds down upon the water, and not upon the grass. It is most difficult to find a dead mallard in a grassy marsh, and impossible to find him if he has not been killed; they are unbelievably clever in crawling away.

Moreover, a wounded duck quite generally will dive and be entirely out of sight if he be too closely pursued on a wet marsh. If your bird is knocked down upon the open water in front of you and is not killed instantly—as it ought to be if you have led him sufficiently to strike him with the center of the load—you can administer the *coup de grâce* with the close-shooting left barrel.

Game Affected by Weather

The weather has everything to do with the habits of game, as any shooter will have observed. In extremely stormy weather game loses a certain amount of its courage and becomes timorous. Wild geese that have been flying for a long time in a sleet storm will lie in a field and be almost helpless. In certain conditions of severe winter storms—more especially when falling water has left sheets of ice along the shores of a river—I have seen mallard ducks and other species skulking and hiding, rather than taking flight, as they so usually do at the first sight or sound of alarm. They seem to be cowed by the severity of the weather, and to be hunting a hiding place back under the ice sheets or somewhere in the brush heaps along the stream. Their resources were quite as efficient—indeed, far more so—than had they taken wing. It was their business to take care of themselves, and they know their business.

Instinct is powerful in all wild game. The young duck learns to dive as soon as it learns to swim. So does the young swan. Not long ago on a Western lake, while traveling in a skiff driven by an outboard motor, we spied a pair of wild swans swimming on ahead, attended by a brood of five cygnets, or young swans—rather an unusual number.

These birds swam with astonishing speed and with that extraordinary gracefulness which marks the species. They had spied our boat, and had we not driven them against the shore of an island we should not have overtaken them. We approached within a distance of thirty feet before the adult birds took wing.

The male flew a distance of two or three hundred yards, the mother bird not half so far; and as soon as their parents had left them every chick of the five little swans upended and dived out of sight as skillfully as any deep-water duck could have done. When they came up they were widely scattered. It was their notion of getting safety and, I fancy, the best ruse left to them.

It is hardly needful to say that, though we could have killed the old birds (illegally) and captured alive all these young swans, we let them all go. And I trust the cygnets will grow up to be as big and beautiful as their parents.

Columbia Grafonola

"First in France"

That was the slogan of the United States Marine Corps—and they made good. And with the first marines to sail for France sailed the Columbia Grafonola—to give them song and cheer on the voyage through the submarine danger zone, to pass the time in camp and cantonment, to help them laugh in trench and dugout under shell-fire.

The marines that sailed for France had to cut their baggage down to bare necessities, but no one ever dreamed of leaving the Grafonolas. For officers as well as men know how real is the need for music in the stress and strain of modern war.

That is why you will find Columbia Grafonolas and Columbia Records today in the Y. M. C. A. and Knights of Columbus Huts of every great American army camp. That is why the Canadian overseas armies have hundreds of Columbia Grafonolas and thousands of Columbia Records always in active service in camps, cantonments and at the front.

This is a war of peoples, a war of endurance and morale—in homes no less than in the trenches. It is no small thing that song and music should cheer the free peoples of the world to fight for liberty. And it is no small share of war-time music's inspiration that the Columbia Grafonola brings to all who hear it.

Photographs furnished by the U. S. Marine Corps

Columbia Grafonolas are priced at $18 to $250 Period Designs up to $2100

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, New York

Columbia Grafonola
Price $215
With electric motor, $245

Food will win the war.
Don't waste it.

BETHLEHEM SPARK PLUGS

Service in Spark Plugs is Nine-tenths a Question of Insulation

TESTED in the terrific temperatures of the electric furnace—heated until it glowed like live coals on an open hearth—Bethlehem Porcelain in Government tests has given clear proof of its superiority as spark plug insulation.

Insulation is vital. No plug can successfully resist the intense temperatures and hammer-like blows of repeated explosions unless its insulation remains unaffected. The smallest crack, the slightest flaw, means short-circuit, in other words, no spark at the sparking point. In the thorough fashion in which Government tests are made, Bethlehem Porcelain has been shown to have three times the dielectric insulation strength of other porcelains. Other tests prove it nine times stronger mechanically.

These facts—the logical development of the scientific study of ignition which The Silvex Company has been making—lend added emphasis to the value of specifying and insisting upon Bethlehem Spark Plugs for your motor.

The Silvex Company, BETHLEHEM PRODUCTS, South Bethlehem, Pa.

E. H. SCHWAB, *President*

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Nina W. Putnam and Norman Jacobsen

WHO are shown busily at work on a SATURDAY EVENING POST serial and seemingly enjoying it are, as a matter of fact, not enjoying it—they are merely having their pictures taken! The principal fact about their partnership is that they get a lot of fun out of writing together because the stenographer does most of it. Mr. Jacobsen was a Wyoming cow-puncher until a few years ago. He is primarily a painter, and recently held a most interesting exhibition of this side of his work in New York City. Mrs. Putnam has been a writer for years and comes of Spanish-American stock. Theirs is a genuine collaboration, because before one word is put on paper they have quarreled over the people of whom they are going to write until those characters have become objects of familiar gossip. They have written a book for children with pictures by Mr. Jacobsen, and he has illustrated some of her stories.

Robert E. Peary

IF FOR the coconut palms in the adjoining photograph you were to substitute an iceberg or two, you probably would not need a formal introduction to Rear Admiral Peary. As chairman of the National Aerial Coast Patrol Commission he is endeavoring to awaken the country to the need for adequate coast defense against possible attacks from German airships and submarines. The spirit that carried him to the North Pole should help him to attain any goal he sets out for, even if it be in the air.

Violet Oakley

IN MISS OAKLEY'S vocabulary, creation and recreation are synonymous. A member of a family of painters and musicians she first earned distinction as a decorative artist by her designs for stained glass and her magazine illustrations. Today Miss Oakley ranks among the leading mural painters. One of her first big commissions was that given her by the state of Pennsylvania to paint the decorations in the governor's reception room at the capitol in Harrisburg. Recently she completed a new series for the senate chamber, and she is now at work on the decorations for the supreme court room. The photograph at the right shows Miss Oakley in her studio, which she was obliged to enlarge in order to accommodate the central Harrisburg panel—forty-five feet in length—containing a colossal symbolic figure of Unity.

Peter B. Kyne—By His Wife

THIS picture of my husband shows him dressed in the habiliments of his first incarnation. That's what he calls it, because the last time he wore khaki was the first time he lived. I have a photograph of him taken in '98. He was a private in the regular army then, and I must say he was not a handsome boy. He was all ears and a surprised expression, like a Belgian hare. Ten years later, when I first met him, he was in the heyday of his second incarnation and patronized what is known as a distinctive tailor. He was dressed real fancy but not loud, and his business was selling lumber wholesale and fussing with a disreputable little steam schooner. He was very much interested in becoming a lumber and shipping king and operated entirely on optimism and courage. So you know the end of that story. I just want to say that he had a host of friends in the lumber and shipping trade when he left California Street—and he has them still.

I admit I liked Peter the very instant I saw him. Later we became acquainted, and immediately

(Concluded on Page 74)

Columbia Dry Batteries

If the engine won't start or the bell won't ring—if you need quick power for a truck or tractor—if autos won't go, or lanterns won't light, or telephones are dead on your hands—wire in a set of COLUMBIA Batteries. *They'll renew the spark of life like a flash!* For COLUMBIAS are eager with power. Their energy flows hot—*they make things GO.* They're the little red bundles of might! COLUMBIAS are the simplest form of power-source. You can buy them anywhere and wire them up yourself. Though they cost no more, they last longer.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc.
Cleveland, Ohio

In Canada,
Columbia Batteries are made and sold by Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario.

Fahnestock spring binding posts, no extra charge

JOB VII, TEN

By Everett Rhodes Castle

ILLUSTRATED BY LEJAREN À HILLER

"Mr. Nickerson, Let Me Introduce to You the Retail Merchants' Board of the Hurryapolis Chamber of Commerce"

NICKERSON & COMPANY has been called the Temple of Merchandising by at least three generations of Claytonites, and the title is not without aptness. Even Charlie Ellis, the bustling young president of the Clayton Real-Estate Board, working thirty-six hours each day for a terra-cotta Broad Street—which is Broadway in Clayton—is glad to state to all comers that Nickerson & Company is the exception. Indeed, the progressive Mr. Ellis is willing to go much farther and proudly boast that this Clayton institution is a world-wide exception.

When badge-bestrewn merchants' committees came to view the collective activities of Clayton's sixty-odd thousand Mr. Ellis, acting this time in his capacity as chairman of the entertainment committee of the Chamber of Commerce, starts the gentlemen from the Herman House—which has a private bath for nearly every room—and works south along Broad Street.

First, the glistening face of the new Elks' Club Building is viewed from all angles; second, the spot where it is proposed to erect the sixteen stories of the new Clermont Building is indicated with the casualness of deep pride; then, in rapid succession, the First National Bank, the Economy Center Department Store, the Elite Theater, featuring the latest releases, and the vermilion exterior of the latest proof of Clayton's progress, the Clayton Branch of the World Five-and-Ten-Cent Store—all these with the necessary modesty and conservatism of adjective; but when the committee had admired to the full—and not until then—were they shown the grand finale in civic pride.

Two blocks farther south they march, as Mr. Ellis prepares to throw modesty and conservatism to the eight different winds by tipping his shiny derby forward over his shiny forehead. In front of a six-story building of sandstone Mr. Ellis stops. In a voice that he strives to keep free from the shrill of triumph he utters his stock phrase:

"Gentlemen, this—this is Nickerson & Company!" It was as if he had said "Gentlemen, beat this if you can!"

Five minutes later—if the mahogany door to the third-floor executive office was not temporarily closed in conference—the proudly smiling Mr. Ellis ushered his charges into the venerable presence of Isaph Nickerson. For fifty-two years, ever since his seventeenth birthday, Isaph Nickerson had sat in that room, with the same furniture of rheumy walnut—and some said the same calendar; but they were joking, of course. From seventeen to thirty-five his had been the little desk in the corner, while Isaph Senior sat behind the walnut table near the center of the room and drove him with gentle tenderness first to one department and then to another—but always back to the little desk.

"The only bedrock in retail business is public confidence!" the elder Nickerson had hammered. It was his last business admonition. And it was so. When Nickerson & Company displayed all its wares on one floor, back before the days of Lincoln and progressive Chamber of Commerce committees, the seven thousand-odd residents of Clayton purchased Isaph Nickerson's word. Absolute was the only adjective Nickerson & Company allowed to be coupled with their interpretation of satisfaction.

Clayton grew with the lanky ungainly strides of civic youth. Seven thousand and Nickerson & Company had grown to thirty thousand and the additional competition of the Economy Center Store before the executive office of Nickerson & Company was occupied by the younger Isaph; younger being but comparative, as Isaph Junior had by this time reached the age of thirty-five—and confirmed bachelorhood. Soon two additional floors were needed and, by the same token, several additional buyers—but the Economy people already had five floors.

The gentle Isaph, however, clung not only to the ideals of the early days but also to the methods; and in addition—and we say it in a spirit of reverence that it could be true in modern merchandising—that the Nickerson Christianity went before the Nickerson purse. To be sure many of the newcomers among the merchants said that he carried his Christianity too far—too far to be sound. They pointed the finger of shrewd business disapproval at the following excerpts from the Nickerson business decalogue:

No advertising coming from this company shall appear in a Sunday issue of any newspaper.

No windows shall be open to display on Sunday.

No buyer shall travel on Sunday.

No employee of Nickerson & Company shall work on the Sabbath.

No merchandise pertaining to gaming or chance shall be offered for sale.

This last was pure narrow-mindedness, they said. Isaph was becoming an extremist in his mellow years.

"Can't a person play an innocent little game of solitaire?" they demanded with heat.

"I am entirely within my rights in selling only the merchandise I care to sell," was the imperturbable answer.

When the Chamber of Commerce—now fully organized and busily bustling—announced that Clayton's population had reached the fifty-thousand mark, a keen statistician, merely as an indoor sport, had calculated that, minus the majority of Isaph's peculiar ideas of Christianizing merchandise, Nickerson & Company would be the largest store in town, at least completely filling a ten-story building as compared with the Economy Center's eight. He proved it on the basis of population; and then, being a very straightforward person, admitted that personally he preferred the old-fashioned, rather dingy emporium of Nickerson & Company to the glistening Economy Center. This was so of many Claytonites. They acknowledged that the Economy certainly was a swell-looking place; but all-wool meant more when the House of Nickerson said it.

"A gold mine of public confidence!" was the flowery compliment paid it by the flowery Mr. Harvey Bibker, merchandising manager of the Mammoth Store in Bigburg, who happened to be the principal speaker at one of the yearly banquets of the retail division of the Chamber of Commerce.

But if Christianity was the Nickerson hobby, as was often charged by Mr. Elkin, of the Economy, he dressed to the character. Clad in the blackest and shiniest broadcloth, with the black square skullcap of the old retailing days still drawn, rather tightly, over the whitest of hair, worn rather long, he took his place each morning at the head of the glove aisle, which faced the main entrance, and personally met the patrons of Nickerson & Company until eleven o'clock. Courtly, kindly, venerable, he dovetailed into the atmosphere of quiet and conservatism that the elder Nickerson had decided was the only ethical atmosphere of honest barter.

But toward the end of the day he found himself tired as he had never been tired in the past. Was he getting too old? Was he making a mistake in not adopting the airy talk and methods of his more modern competitors? Of course his merchandise was in most cases superior; but a young man to help bear the burden—the right kind of young man—the kind that would ——

But we neglect the particular committee that the beaming Mr. Ellis is conducting through the doorway toward the rheumy walnut desk. In a throaty whisper Mr. Ellis begins the introduction:

"Good afternoon, Mr. Nickerson!"

"Good afternoon, Mr. Ellis!"

Mr. Ellis smiles in the direction of the committee and indicates with a little nod that the pleasantness of this greeting springs from the highest of mutual esteem. With a little finger crooked Mr. Ellis beckons the committee forward.

"Mr. Nickerson, let me introduce to you the retail merchants' board of the Hurryapolis Chamber of Commerce—Mr. Lovey; Mr. Gerstenberger; Mr. Croker—an' Mr. Peeney."

"Good afternoon, gentlemen."

Bowing, the ancient Isaph greets each member of the committee personally.

"Gladda know you, Mr. Nickerson."

"Sure!"

"Gladda meecha, indeed!"

"How-do, Mr. Nickerson? Mr. Ellis has been tellin' us ——"

"Good morning! Yes; Mr. Ellis has been sayin' that here is the one house in America that's run on the true Christian idee."

Mr. Gerstenberger interrupted and continued for Mr. Peeney:

"An' he was sayin' that you don't allow buyers to travel on Sunday; an' that the curtains are down on the windows—an' that you don't even advertise on Sunday."

Outside, hurrying males and lingering females shopped and chattered; elevators clanged with an old-fashioned cowbell clang; shrill voices implored "Boy—ee-ee! Cash-h-h-h-h!" instead of using the more modern cash register of the floor below. But the gentle Isaph raised a tremulous blue-veined hand and seemed not of the commercial picture. His eyes were too soft and his lips too tender. With his white hair he seemed almost like a patriarch of old—in shining broadcloth.

"And 'on the seventh day thou shalt rest,'" he quoted to them slowly.

Mr. Ellis, to whom it was a familiar quotation, smiled approvingly.

"By Gosh!" whispered the awed treble of Mr. Peeney in an aside to Mr. Croker.

Mr. Croker shuffled uneasily; and Mr. Gerstenberger, whose store did all of these things in addition to keeping open one night a week, coughed hesitatingly.

The rest of the committee looked at Mr. Gerstenberger accusingly. Mr. Gerstenberger coughed again and felt that he was expected to justify himself to his colleagues.

"Of course—to be sure!" he agreed hastily. "But ahem!—is it good business? Er-r-r—that is to say, don't you feel that in the light of modern competition you havta —— Well, anyway, Mr. Nickerson, don't it cut an awful hole in the profits?"

The rest of the committee ceased to move their feet. Mr. Gerstenberger had justified himself as a shrewd business man. A cash basket jangled without and squeaked loudly in the silence that followed—a silence that the head of the House of Nickerson filled with a smile.

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," he told them; then, more slowly: "What shall it profit me if I gain the whole world, and in so doing make some poor little girl work twelve hours a day or a tired man on Sunday? But our profits are sufficient, at that, sir."

Everyone nodded approvingly.

"Sure thing!" said Mr. Peeney.

"Great stuff!" agreed Mr. Gerstenberger.

"Uh-huh!" agreed the rest.

Once more without the building, Mr. Ellis beamed after the fashion of a man whose performance had lived up to all previous billings.

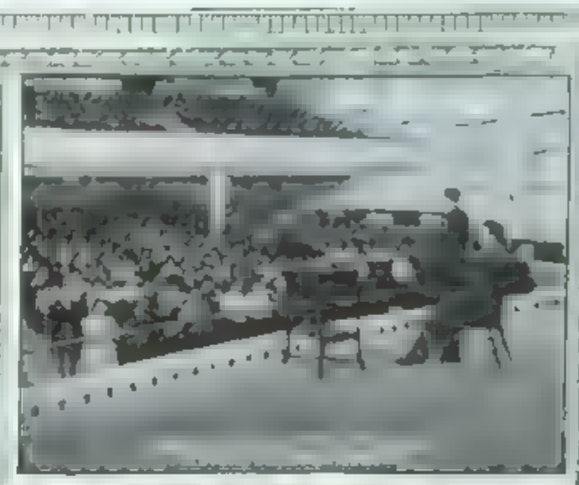
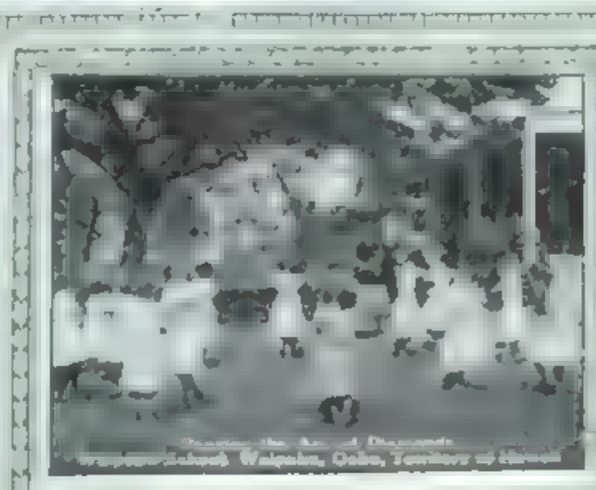
"What did I tell you, gentlemen?" he demanded triumphantly. "What did I tell you—eh?"

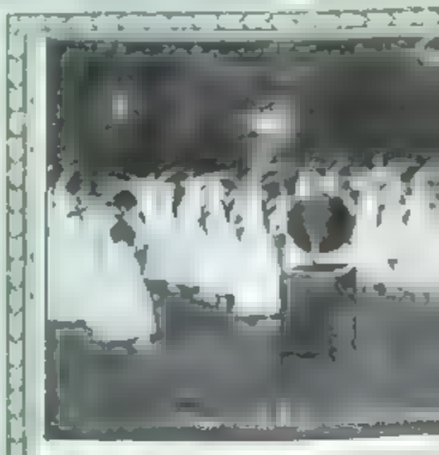
This to the group about him; but, a dozen steps behind, Mr. Gerstenberger discussed the situation, sans camouflage, with his fellow townsman, Mr. Lovey. "This Billy Sunday stuff," he confided in a whisper, "may be all right for him—an' it may make money at that; but ——"

"They say," interrupted Mr. Lovey, in the wondering tone that is popularly associated with the working of

(Continued on Page 67)

Moulding the American Citi



Victrola:

Before the advent of the Victrola, the public schools were seriously handicapped in the study of music. Now Caruso and Melba sing to the children in the dreariest and most remote of rural district schools. Now the coming generations of Americans—the future bulwark of the state—listen day in and day out to the piano of Paderewski, the violin of Mischa Elman, the sweet soprano of Alma Gluck, the golden tenor of John McCormack. They live in the ennobling atmosphere of the world's musical masterpieces, sung and played by the world's supreme artists. This priceless benefit has been bestowed upon them by the Victrola.

The Victrola is in daily use in the public schools of 6000 cities and towns. It is in the regular equipment of more than 25,000 public schools, urban and rural. It has become an indispensable auxiliary in the educational system of every state, from kindergarten to university.

Endorsed by the foremost educators

To insure Victor quality, al
trademark, "His Master's
products of the Victor Talkin

zen of Tomorrow

Victrola XVI, $375
special manufacture
for School use

Its great constructive service to the nation

The Victrola is performing an incalculable service in the teaching of our national patriotic music, the folk lore of the ages, the art treasures of all mankind. It is illuminating and vitalizing the study of history, literature and geography. It is teaching wireless telegraphy to our Army and Navy. It is teaching French to the soldiers of Uncle Sam.

The Victrola is used in calisthenics, folk dances, rote songs, ear training, nature study, penmanship, typewriting, folk song, art songs, ballads, operatic and orchestral music, vocal training, and community singing. New and authoritative study courses are constantly being supplied by our large and expert Educational Department.

The America of tomorrow will owe much to the Victrola.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Used in more than
25,000 public schools

Look for the famous
It is on all
Machine Company

—but suppose They couldn't Rely on It.

TRAINS on a minute and a half headway. Stations and cars crowded 'way beyond anticipated capacity. And the wonder of New York's old subway is the safety to the millions who use it.

Two things have made the subway's record for safety. An efficient, smooth-running organization and the MAZDA Lamp. Without either, the hauling of a million and a half passengers daily in a system designed for four hundred thousand would be impossible.

And the lamp the subway depends on is the very same lamp you can rely on in your home, factory, office or store. It is the economical Edison MAZDA and gives three times as much light for the same amount of current as old-fashioned carbon lamps.

The convenient way to purchase Edison MAZDA is by the carton, which contains five lamps. Order them from your electric light company or nearest MAZDA Lamp agent.

Edison Lamp Works of General Electric Company
Harrison, New Jersey

EDISON MAZDA

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Continued from Page 63)

miracles, "that the people in this burg believe every word that appears in his ads." Then, as if this mercantile wonder was beyond his ken: "Gosh! Whatya think of that—eh?"

Apparently Mr. Gerstenberger thought very little of it indeed.

"Maybe," he conceded; "but, just the same, I notice that his store is just as old-fashioned as he is; an', furthermore, that, though they don't talk that way about this Economy Store down the street, an' the floorwalkers ain't got any white hair—why, anyway, this Economy Store has got a bigger building, more business, better fixtures, an' is more up to date every way."

"But think what a bright business man could do with a backing like that. Eh, Gerstenberger?"

Mr. Gerstenberger sucked in a prodigious amount of free air and let that be his answer.

Mr. Lovey drew forth two cigars and nodded approvingly.

"After all," he stated, "when you come right down to it—why, business is business. Ain't it, Gerstenberger?"

Mr. Gerstenberger said it was.

II

AND so, seven months later, when the news drifted out through the merchandising world that old Isaph Nickerson was finding the cares of his department store too weighty for shoulders already weighed down with the cares of sixty-odd years, and, therefore, sought an assistant manager, some hundred-odd applicants modestly admitted—by mail, wire, telephone and proxy—that in them the gentle Isaph was obtaining the very pearl of business efficiency. Another hundred-odd, hearing that the assistantship was but a preliminary step to a five-year contract as general manager, found sudden business in Clayton and dropped in on the gentle Isaph—merely out of courtesy—and, when leaving, casually mentioned the fact that, though they were making an unqualified success of assistantships in New York, Chicago, Detroit, and elsewhere, they felt that a change was good for a man. Here they paused.

After the pause had developed into what is technically known as a stage wait Isaph merely nodded. Continuing, they said they had always been attached to Clayton—splendid, healthy place for the wife and kids. Isaph said that was true. Another pause. Then bluntly they sought the position

To each he was pleasant and asked for written applications, which he might consider at his leisure. He was in no hurry, he told them; he sought a peculiar type of man in the merchandising world. He would see.

Things, then, were at this stage when the news reached Hurryapolis—and Mr. Gerstenberger. Mr. Gerstenberger suddenly remembered what Mr. Ellis had said, what Old Nickerson had said—and what he, in turn, had said to Mr. Lovey.

It was then that Mr. Gerstenberger, with businesslike promptness, reached for his desk phone and summoned his nephew, Mr. Dexter I. Markin.

Now young Mr. Markin was a bright young man and possessed a future filled with all the possibilities of a fresh-forged, well-balanced jimmy. But Mr. Markin, despite the fact that he was a graduate of a first-class thorough sales managers' course and a trusted guide among the devious paths of business psychology, was temporarily without a connection. This was, of course, no fault of Mr. Markin's, inasmuch as Mr. S. P. Silver, president of the Perfection Waist Company, had judged his former sales manager by one trivial incident and forgot all previous successes.

The incident had to do with certain consignments of waists sold below cost in an effort to get more business at a greater profit. That this had failed was a small matter; but Mr. Silver had been narrow-minded. Indeed, he went so far as to call the new era in modern selling bunk and hokum. But Mr. Markin reviewed his qualifications, headed by absolute business efficiency and followed by the ability to put youth, jazz, pep, vim and purpose into any mercantile pursuit; and then sat back and calmly awaited his destiny.

While waiting, he supplied his cigars, manicures and laundry by playing the mercantile version of pocket billiards called Five, Ten, Fifteen. It was while at this amusing pastime that Mr. Markin was called to the office of Mr. Gerstenberger.

Characteristically—everything about uncle as well as nephew was businesslike—Mr. Gerstenberger came to the point at once, even before the tonsorial triumph of Mr. Markin was comfortably seated.

"Dexter"—he smiled—"I got a fine job for you down in Clayton. You can be the assistant manager of a fine store right away, an' in a coupla months, anyway, maybe the manager. Ain't that fine?"

Young Mr. Markin ran a highly polished finger, tipped with a highly polished pink nail, along the knifelike edge of his swagger tweed business trousers and smiled.

"'Lead on, Macduff!'" he said brightly.

Mr. Gerstenberger did.

"They ain't nothing to it," he explained. "All these fellas have been sending in their applications an' talking round; but they ain't been talking or writin' about anything but their qualifications. Get me, Dexter?"

Mr. Markin confessed that he didn't.

"Ha!" laughed his uncle shortly. "Neither do the rest of these fellas." With a waving forefinger in the vicinity of Mr. Markin's sleek brown waistcoat, Mr. Gerstenberger explained further: "It ain't qualifications that count with Old Nickerson. What he wants ain't somebody that's a shark about merchandise an' mark-up an' markets, so much as it's somebody that has a hobby like he's got. Get me? What he wants is somebody that knows all about the Scriptures an' don't believe in traveling on Sunday—an' like that. See?"

A Single Slip of Paper Was Clutched Between Rigid Unbelieving Fingers

"But ——"

"An' listen!"

In rapid, terse, forceful sentences Mr. Gerstenberger sketched the wonderful possibilities of making a big increase in business; the wonderfully fertile soil that only awaited the spade of a good sharp business man to bring in a crop that would be the envy of every house in the country.

Mr. Markin's eyes glowed with the warm light of your true sharp business man.

"But maybe, because of his principles, he'd object to a lotta good progressive merchandising," he objected.

"Well, what if he does?"

"But ——" Mr. Markin waited.

"Well?"

"Well?"

Mr. Gerstenberger shook his head sadly at this sudden lack of sharpness and businesslike penetration.

"Honest," he accused, "you wouldn't think you were my nephew a-tall—the way you sit there an' say Well? like that. Didn't I tell you he had a hobby? Ain't a hobby a weakness? Ain't it? All you havta do is to play it—y'understand what I mean?"

Mr. Markin was smiling broadly.

"Ab-so-tively!" he assured his businesslike relative. "An' say, when you couple that up to what I know about the wholesale market, an' human nature, an' general business—why, it's going to be as easy as makin' a cripple in a pool game."

His uncle nodded.

"Besides," he added, "ain't you a clever boy with your tongue?"

Mr. Markin leaned back and ran a graceful thumb under the armhole of the aforementioned classy waistcoat.

"You know me!" he assented modestly

Mr. Gerstenberger smilingly approved

"You're a bright boy," he agreed, "a sharp boy!" After a moment's reflection: "Go out an' get a book with a lot of good Scripture sayings in it—I forgot all I used to know—an' write a good strong letter of application. Use me for a reference—an' ladle in at least a coupla good sayings."

An hour later the shrewd Mr. Gerstenberger approved the rough draft of the letter and handed it to his stenographer to be written on the firm's stationery.

Three days later the gentle, eccentric Isaph was poring over the same sheet of crackling bond, and his eyes were suffused with the light of one who had sought—and not in vain

Dear Sir: I understand from mercantile sources that you are in need of an assistant manager, and I hereby tender you my name and qualifications for consideration.

I am a young man, with a good practical knowledge of merchandise and markets; but, like chapter fourteen in the Old Testament, which says "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow," I have found it hard to work under men whose sole aim is the price tag.

And so I ask you only to consider this letter in the light of an application if you feel, with me, that "A man's heart deviseth his way: but the Lord directeth his steps."—Proverbs xvi, 9

Mr. Gerstenberger, of Gerstenberger Brothers—see above letterhead—will be able to tell you more about my ability.

I should be glad to talk this matter over with you personally—if you are interested.

Sincerely yours ——

A week later the sprightly clad figure of Mr. Markin danced into the private office of Mr. Gerstenberger and waved a letter under that complacent gentleman's broad nose

"It worked!" he shouted. "It worked to a fare-thee-well! He wants me to come down an' see him righta way!"

Mr. Gerstenberger smiled.

"After all," he mused—more to himself than to his bright, dapper nephew "it takes a business man—looking at things from a businesslike view—to put anything over." Then, more sharply "An' don't forget you should study that book. An' say—maybe it would be better if you laid off those pinchback suits for a coupla months or so, anyway."

A quiet young man in the conservative pepper-and-salt of the tired business man faced the head of the House of Nickerson across the rheumy walnut and said he was Mr. Dexter I. Markin. The other half rose and held out the long, white, blue-veined hand.

"I am delighted to know you, Mr. Markin," he said "Your letter interested me very much; it was very much in line with what I sought and little expected to find."

Mr. Markin registered polite interest, and his "Is that so, Mr. Nickerson?" was quite conservative.

Tapping the desk with the rounded portion of an old-fashioned whalebone letter opener, the ancient Isaph continued. He spoke of the early days; of the planks of honesty and fair dealing upon which the business had been builded. Quietly, he explained his belief that a man could be a Christian and still be a merchant. He spoke of the growth of the store and his pride in the same; of Clayton and its confidence in his word.

"But lately," he added, "I have begun to feel that I am slipping behind; that my years ——"

Quietly Mr. Markin interrupted—gently really.

"'The hoary head is a crown of glory,'" he quoted.

Mr. Nickerson nodded approvingly and his eyes brightened with sudden interest.

"I thought that a young man—with new ideas—progressive—new blood—but still holding to the principles upon which we have builded ——"

Mr. Markin nodded vigorously

"'I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread,'" Nickerson quoted in support of his last statement.

"Just exactly what I was going to say!" Mr. Markin assured him warmly, and leaned forward earnestly on his conservative elbow. "Believe me—that is, let me assure you, Mr. Nickerson, that I believe you an' me is going to get along like a coupla—that is, both look at the problems of modern merchandising in much the same way."

The old fellow was tense and eager.

"Do you really think we can increase the business—improve our service—and still maintain our principles?" he asked.

Did Mr. Markin think so? He most certainly, ab-solute-ly did! No question about it!

But the other, agedlike, still hesitated.

"I am glad you agree with me." He nodded slowly. "Your general manner impresses me very favorably—but I had hoped to get someone with a little more mercantile experience ——"

(Continued on Page 71)

Fully developed rubber plantation in bearing, illustrative of the project Goodyear has undertaken in Sumatra

Copyright 1918, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

AKRON

Putting the Jungle to Work

"Labor's thousand arms, of sinew and of metal, all-conquering everywhere, from the tops of the mountains down to the depths of the mine and the caverns of the sea, ply unwearyingly for the service of man."
—Carlyle

FROM the first the aim of Goodyear has been to manufacture and market products of the highest possible quality at the lowest possible cost.

The success of this endeavor is continually dependent on two things: the degree of our productive efficiency and the adequacy of our sources of supply.

In our plants here in Akron and elsewhere, in our organization and methods, nothing has been left undone which could aid in carrying out our purpose.

And likewise, as affecting that other important factor, nothing has been left undone which could effectively safeguard our supply of raw materials.

* * *

We have already told you of our project in the Salt River Valley of Arizona, where we are reinforcing the world's long-staple cotton supply on reclaimed desert land.

We have already told you of our fabric mills in Connecticut, where we have developed a tire fabric stronger than any previously known.

These things are only a part of that broad constructive work we are performing in the interest of our product and its users.

It is a work which touches and benefits every department in our business, and which is carried on not only in our own country, but in far distant lands.

Half a world away, on the island of Sumatra, we are taming the trackless jungle to the service of man.

We have acquired 20,000 acres there, for the most part a prey to the wilderness, and are rapidly converting it to the cultivation of rubber.

Of the total tract 2500 acres already are bearing rubber, and we have cleared another 6000 acres of jungle.

This year we expect to have 10,000 acres planted, all of which will be bearing in five years, and eventually the entire acreage will be producing.

While the returns from this venture will in no wise meet our full needs in crude rubber, they will appreciably augment the world's supply of this valuable material.

Indeed, were it not for this sort of effort on the part of the rubber industry, the price of rubber products today would be prohibitively high.

The plain fact is, scarcely one-fifth of the total amount of crude rubber needed to answer present demands is furnished from original natural sources.

The incalculable service now performed by this material in industry, transportation and almost every branch of human effort, has been made possible only through its extensive cultivation.

* * *

Goodyear's purpose in undertaking its rubber cultivation project in Sumatra is entirely consistent with its policy of doing business.

We know that whatever is done to increase our supply of raw materials will tend to insure the value of our products and to keep their prices down.

Because so much of this sort of work is done for Goodyear products, Goodyear products will continue to represent the maximum value and worthiness for the money invested.

It is largely on this ground and chiefly for this reason that Goodyear products now enjoy so conspicuous a popularity throughout the world.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

CORD TIRES

Most Miles per Dollar for You Serves All

YOUR car, used on a thrifty basis, is helping the national cause while serving you. Keep it going to save time and prevent traffic congestion. And keep it on Firestone Cord Tires to save money.

Economy standards of today were anticipated in the building of Firestone Cord Tires. Their construction provides for far longer mileage at less cost per mile; more miles per gallon of gasoline; fewer delays because fewer tire troubles; less upkeep expense on car because of added resilience; greater safety because of easy, positive steering.

There are engineering reasons for all of these advantages. The tire body of surpassing strength is built of thousands of stout cords, each cord insulated with pure rubber. No two cords can touch to cause friction. Remember that—no two cords can touch to cause friction. Hence less internal heat to weaken the tire. Also greater resilience to absorb road impact, therefore less chance of internal injury.

Superior cushion stock, breaker strip and tread are other reasons. A reinforced bead, fixing the "hinge" or bending action at the widest point where it has least effect is still another reason.

Investigate. Most Miles per Dollar means more to you—to all of us, now than ever. Your dealer will supply you with Firestones.

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO, BRANCHES AND DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Firestone Tires

(Continued from Page 67)

"But, Mr. Nickerson, consider my fine experience with my uncle, Mr. Gerstenberger, an' the Perfection Waist Company, to say nothing about the swell record I made while actually selling, myself—from the ground up, believe me!"

"Yes; but ——"

But Mr. Markin had not been graduated from a thorough sales managers' course for nothing. A hesitating prospect needed the psychological punch of a continued follow-up. He continued in the assured tone of one whose explanation would assuredly be satisfactory:

"Take it from—that is, let me assure you that this rudimentary training, coupled up with my technical training, is a sure winner, Mr. Nickerson."

"I know; but I thought ——"

"An' the wholesale problem—a big thing in these days of shifting markets —— Well, I hate to talk about myself, Mr. Nickerson; but I know the market like a book."

But old age still procrastinated.

"An' my ability to instill up-to-the-second progressive efficiency methods—service, and everything!"

"But ——"

Mr. Markin played his little casino.

"An', furthermore, I will absolutely guarantee a twenty per cent increase in gross business, or—no—renewal—of—contract."

Isaph considered this. "And still maintain our principles?" he questioned.

Mr. Markin arranged his dark-blue cravat and nodded vigorously. But the prospect still hesitated. Mr. Markin, searching, probing for the clinching argument, suddenly thought of it and breathed a deep sigh of relief.

"'Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it,'" he said softly.

Tap, tap, tap—as the whalebone considered this new angle. Finally:

"I believe you are right, Mr. Markin. As the twig is bent, so inclines the tree; better to train than to try to teach even a wise old dog new tricks—eh, Mr. Markin?"

And Mr. Markin, looking down the road of mercantile triumph that was soon to be illuminated by his shrewd, progressive, modern businesslike methods, smiled assent—or something.

"I Hate to Say What I Think of Him—Being, First of All, a Lady," Was Miss Tubb's Verdict

III

EFFICIENCY—and still more efficiency—is the cry of the twentieth century; and no classier well-groomed, nifty exponent of the psychology of modern selling could be found than Mr. Dexter I. Markin as he sat behind his new mahogany desk, just outside the office of the gentle Isaph, some two weeks later—two weeks that had been spent in a close study of Nickerson & Company and the firm's merchandise, methods and men. He had promised a twenty per cent increase in six months—a six months' period at the end of which, if the increase materialized in accordance with the principles of the house, the ancient Isaph had promised a five-year contract—and a long rest for himself.

With the coldly detached air of your true efficiency gentleman, Mr. Markin considered the obstacles that confronted efficiency, profits, and incidentally himself. He listed them gravely in order of importance:

1—Mr. Angus Stuart, ready-to-wear buyer.

2—Miss Angela Tubb, women's ready-to-wear.

3—Sunday advertising.

With these three obstructions—commercial deadwood were the words Mr. Markin used in speaking of them to himself—removed or otherwise disposed of, Mr. Markin felt that the future of Nickerson & Company was assured. Gravely, and without malice, as Mr. Markin assured himself, he considered the first two. Both had been with the House of Nickerson for years almost without number; and both were aggressively aware of it. In addition, both, for some curious reason or other, had conceived a violent dislike for the sleek young assistant to Mr. Nickerson.

"He's a braw simp!" Mr. Stuart sneered.

"I hate to say what I think of him—being, first of all, a lady," was Miss Tubb's verdict; "but actually he had the nerve to suggest that I go out an' buy a manufacturer's bunch of seconds an' hold a sale—an' this is only March!"

And, as such remarks will, both drifted back to Mr. Markin. Did Mr. Markin follow contemporary methods and immediately demand the business scalps of Stuart, Tubb, *et al.*? Indeed, not! Instead, the morning after the remarks were passed on to Mr. Markin he returned good for evil by remarking to the ancient Isaph that he thought Mr. Stuart an' Miss Tubb were a fine old pair!

"Old?" Nickerson had echoed.

Mr. Markin held up a protesting hand.

"Don't make any mistake," he explained; "I like them both, fine—only they have been with the house nearly twenty years now—ain't it, Mr. Nickerson?"

"Twenty-two," said his superior, and beamed proudly.

Mr. Markin also beamed.

"Ain't that fine!" he applauded. "If you only knew, Mr. Nickerson, how I like those fine old people ——"

And here the matter was dropped—but the gentle Isaph caught and carried away the subtle emphasis on the last two words. But a week later, following a discussion of some minor incident, Mr. Markin casually mentioned the fact that his dear friend, Miss Tubb, seemed a little worn.

"Maybe it's those long trips down to New York every five or six weeks," he added with the sympathetic air of one who is deeply troubled.

Isaph tightened his brows anxiously, but said that he hadn't noticed it.

Two weeks later Mr. Markin's fresh pink face was seriously worried about Mr. Stuart.

"He's such a fine old man"—again the subtle emphasis—"an' I like him so much. I, for one, hate to see him break down under the strain of trying to do too much."

The other registered concern. Spurred on by the firm hand of duty Mr. Markin continued:

"It's really against our principles to overwork anybody; an' yet, y'know, Mr. Nickerson, Stuart is one of those fine old fellows—like old fire horses; they never know when they get enough work."

Mr. Nickerson said that was so, in a troubled voice.

"I was just thinking," continued the charitable and kindly Mr. Markin, "that maybe we could lighten his burden a little bit—all those departments is a whale—er-r, a big job, Mr. Nickerson—if we relieved him of the young men's an' boys' clothing. An' while we're at it we might rub out a few of those growing wrinkles in Miss Tubb's face by getting some nice sharp young fella to help her do the buying, make those long trips for her—an' all that."

Mr. Nickerson hesitated, stroking his thinning long hair.

"I don't know," he said finally. "Stuart isn't so old or Miss Tubb in point of years. Maybe they would think we were trying to curtail their authority."

Mr. Markin played his ace.

"We often must do good by appearing to do evil," he murmured softly; and then, as the other still trembled on the verge, as it were: "'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.'"

Tap, tap, tap—the whalebone considered. Tap, tap, tap—while Mr. Markin smiled softly to himself, with the smile of a man who knows he has won.

"Maybe you are right, Mr. Markin; maybe we should do something for those who have labored so diligently in our behalf." Then, in a tone that seemed to carry a closer note—almost a note of intimacy: "It's—it's mighty fine of you to be so considerate, inasmuch—well, er-er—inasmuch as they haven't been so considerate of you."

Mr. Markin, noting the change in diction, showed self-depreciation most convincingly, and held up a graceful forgiving hand. Again, however, Mr. Markin decided to clinch it.

"He that returneth good for evil is twice blessed," he murmured softly.

The gentle, ancient Isaph nodded vigorous approval. Mr. Markin toyed with his gold-mounted fountain pen and mentally crossed the first two from his deadwood list.

IV

DURING the month that followed, busy-beelike for the efficient young assistant, it became apparent—to those who moistened their palms and sought the direction of the wind—that it was blowing quietly in the direction of the classy Mr. Markin, who now occasionally lightened the office with a shapely pinchback suit of the most swagger variety. Mr. Markin was here and Mr. Markin was there, working quietly for that day, four months ahead, when he should sit behind the rheumy walnut, and be sure of its solitary grandeur for five long years—years during which —— How Mr. Markin's dark eyes did glisten!

Like a shrewd general of business strategy, Mr. Markin had marked out a campaign of efficiency and up-to-dateness that would show Mr. Markin as a young man of whom much could be expected, and—in addition—show where the angular Stuart and the equally angular Miss Tubb had been sadly neglecting the possibilities of their several departments. Also, it would show the effect of new blood. In short, Mr. Markin had determined to show, with the aid of Mr. Flesher, the new aid to Stuart, and Mr. Guffey, the new assistant to Miss Tubb, what profits could be expected later. He confided the idea with great glee to his uncle, Mr. Gerstenberger, during a hasty week-end visit.

"Honest, it's a bear!" he said to that smiling gentleman. "Flesher goes down to New York an' gets about two hundred suits at Blumenthal Brothers—well, at practically nothing."

Mr. Gerstenberger breathed heavily—skeptical.

"I never see those guys give anything away—an' I've known them for something like fifteen years," he observed.

Mr. Markin explained:

"Blumenthal bought some woolens from a new company started since the war began—y' understand what I mean?"

Mr. Gerstenberger smiled broadly.

"Maybe they ain't whatcha might call the best of dyes," he suggested. The nephew nodded encouragingly. "Maybe they ain't what you might call all wool but the buttons—eh, Dexter?"

Mr. Markin nodded again, lit a cigarette, and inhaled with deep relish—both of cigarette and idea.

"Of course I sell them at a low price an' make a profit like the Woolworth Building; but"—Mr. Markin paused, with a fine sense of the dramatic—"that ain't the best part of the idea."

"No?"

"I should say not!"—gayly. "We make a bigger profit in three months than those other old mossbacks, with only two clearance sales a year, make in eight months—see what I mean?"

Mr. Gerstenberger's deep bass laughter filled the room with its approval.

"Does it look good? Does it?"

Mr. Gerstenberger reached forward and took the highly polished Markin hand in a large moist embrace.

"It looks better than that," he congratulated; "it looks like a partnership, sure!"

Mr. Markin added heaping measure.

"I got another good idea like that worked out for Guffey—the other fella." Mr. Markin stood up and invited inspection. "Are we there?" he demanded. "Are we there with the progressive young-businessman stuff?"

"You are!" his delighted uncle assured; then just a trifle anxiously: "But what if Old Nickerson gets wise? Maybe he would ——"

Mr. Markin interrupted with a gentle air of reproach.

"Sure; he'll find out," he retorted. "Leave that to Angus and Angela. But what do I care?"

"But ——"

"Ain't I got a certain little book of quotations handy?"

Mr. Gerstenberger relaxed and reached for the cigar drawer.

Mr. Markin was right. The combined ladies' and gentlemen's midspring sale of ready-to-wear was a financial success that had few parallels in Clayton's business history. But the profits were not nearly sufficient to cover the twenty per cent promised so readily two months before. Mr. Markin analyzed the situation and, naturally enough, discovered the way out.

Monday, by reason of the fact that there had been no advertising the preceding day, was dull—appallingly dull. Good days—yes, only fair average days—on the Mondays in the four months to follow was the solution. But the solution involved the abolition of the third obstacle in the Markin efficiency program—Sunday advertising. No quotation could be found to cover the situation—none strong enough for the obstinate Isaph, at any rate.

For several days Mr. Markin sought a solution without success. Then he thought of the advertising manager of The Morning Argus and immediately asked him to step over. The advertising manager did. Mr. Markin explained the situation—already a sore point with a paper that could use an extra page of advertising every Sunday very handily.

"You need the business," Mr. Markin said crisply; "we need the advertising. I am straight behind you. Go back and figure out some way we can get round this unbusinesslike prejudice."

The man went. Two days later he was back and conferred at length with the crisp Mr. Markin. Ten minutes after his departure Mr. Markin, no longer crisp but gently troubled, opened the door to the executive office and walked in hurriedly. The head of the house looked up.

"Well, Mr. Markin?" he asked quietly.

But Mr. Markin found it impossible to be quiet or hide the trouble that lay in his dark brown eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Nickerson," he was almost shouting in his anxiety, "we have been making a terrible error!"

"What?"

"Why, we have been cutting out our Sunday advertising because of our fine scruples about keeping the Sabbath; an' now I find out that the Sunday papers are not published on Sunday a-tall—but are published on Saturday!" Slowly: "It's the Monday issue that's published on Sunday; so ——"

"But ——"

"Naturally, knowing your feelings in the matter as well as my own, y'understand—why, I immediately ordered the Monday advertising canceled and transferred it to Sunday."

"But ——"

Plainly the old yap was about to object—and strenuously at that. Quick action was necessary, and no quotation Mr. Markin could remember seemed to fit the

(Concluded on Page 74)

After Ten Years

of direct selling 90% of all Sterling Tires are used on business automobiles. WHY?

INDIVIDUAL car owners buy tires partly on the basis of experience, but largely on faith. Many of them do not keep mileage records, and few indeed know at the end of the year what has been their tire-cost per mile.

The owner of 6 to 600 commercial automobiles has given serious thought to the economical operation of his business, or he would not own and use 6 to 600 cars. He really buys mileage and not tires—the price per tire is not uppermost in his mind—what he wants is the largest number of miles for the smallest number of dollars.

90% of Sterling Tires are sold to men who figure on a brass tack basis. We demonstrate to them that, while Sterling Tires are not the lowest priced, they are lowest in cost-per-mile of service. We either demonstrate this, or we do not get the orders.

There is no mystery about Sterling Tires—our chemists have made no miraculous discoveries in the compounding of rubber—there is nothing startlingly unusual in our method of construction—we make Sterling Tires good for the same reason that a manufacturer of shoes, or furniture, or clothing, makes his product good.

Only One Grade of Tires

The first essential is the intent and determination to build the best that can be built, irrespective of cost—irrespective of selling price.

The Sterling Tire Corporation makes only one grade of tires—they are hand-made, *custom-made*, by artisans proud of their work. They have heretofore been sold, almost entirely, direct from maker to user—we have had a man-to-man, face-to-face proposition—we not only know who has bought and used every tire we made, but a year from your purchase, if you like, we can tell you the date the tire was made, the day you bought it, and the name of the tire builder who made it.

Again we say, there is no mystery about Sterling Tires. They show the *lowest cost-per-mile*, because they are built of the right kind of material and plenty of it, by men who know how, and whose aspiration is PERFECTION.

74% Resales

74% of all Sterling Tires produced in 1917 went to previous purchasers.

1918 is our fourth year with a chain of low-price grocery stores, operating over 600 cars. The profits of that kind of a business depend almost wholly on economy of operation—they buy Sterlings for ECONOMY.

A leading manufacturer of national reputation and distribution, uses Sterling Tires on over 500 delivery cars. During his third year with us he reported an average mileage of well over 10,000 and a cost per mile of one-seventh of a cent.

The Police Department of a leading eastern city recently reported on 158 tires an average of 6732 miles—a minimum of 4968 miles, and a maximum of 12,804.

The makers of a famous dollar watch say: "In over two years we have asked you to make good on your guarantee in only one instance . . . . . During our sales convention seven or eight salesmen enthusiastically stated that Sterling Tires were without exception the best that they had ever used, and as these men use their cars day in and day out the entire year, their word should be worth something."

* * *

THESE reports, and those of hundreds of other Sterling users, are not based on guess-work, but come from accurately kept cost records.

These facts, which we seek the opportunity of demonstrating to commercial concerns who are not now using Sterling Tires, should have strong significance for individual owners of passenger cars.

It is for the purpose of making it more convenient for individual owners to use Sterling Tires, that we are this year adopting two rather radical changes of policy—we are offering our product through dealers as well as through our own 28 branches, and we are advertising in The Saturday Evening Post and Literary Digest. Heretofore, for the ten years of our existence, we have sold practically all of our output by mail, or through our branches—and we have advertised to car owners direct through the mails.

The Spirit of Sterling Service

When a user has become our customer, he has been assigned to a Sterling

TRADE MARK **Sterling Tires**

representative whose business it is to keep track of his tires and see that he gets service. Thus we have been in touch with our tires from the time the crude rubber came into the factory, until the worn-out tire came back for its scrap-value.

Knowing our product and its performance thus intimately and continuously, we have from time to time been able to improve it. We hope that it may be possible to still further improve it, but right now we do not know how it can be done.

All tires are made on pretty much the same principle, and all tires are made of varying grades of about the same materials. We do some things which most other makers do not—we give Sterling Tires a four-hour cure in the vulcanizers, whereas many tires are made with a one-hour or a two-hour cure. This adds somewhat to the cost, and greatly to the life of Sterling Tires. Quick vulcanization means loading the rubber with sulphur and pigments—quick-cure tires oxidize speedily in the air and are brittle. The long-cure Sterlings are more resilient, and the rubber in a year old Sterling is practically as good as it was when it was a day old.

We use more and higher grade rubber than is usual, in saturating the cotton fabric, and in the layers of rubber between the plies of fabric.

There are other ways in which we think we are a little more careful and a little more earnest than a good many tire builders—some of these differences are important, some of them small, but they sum up into the one thing on which our highly satisfactory business has been built—*low cost-per-mile—not imaginary, but demonstrated, and clinched.*

That seems to be our whole story, but we would be glad to send price lists and more detailed information to any one who thinks he might like to know us better. We own and operate direct factory sales branches in the 28 cities listed on the right. Please write, or call on, the nearest one.

In addition, there are Sterling dealers in a good many towns in the East.

Sterling Guarantee

Sterling Tires are guaranteed on a 5000 mile basis—6000 miles on 30 x 3½ and 31 x 4.

Sterling Tires are repaired free of charge so long as the condition of the tire will justify a repair, no matter whether it has run 100 miles or 10,000 miles, and no matter what may be the cause of the injury.

This is not so startling a proposition as it sounds, because the prompt healing of minor hurts insures the guaranteed mileage, saves adjustments, gives our customers many thousands of excess miles, and so accounts in large measure for the fact that 74% of our sales are to those who have bought before—they are repeat orders, and repeat orders are the best of all evidence of quality, service, satisfaction.

The *Vacuum Bar Tread* is a scientific non-skid that really *holds*. It is exclusively STERLING—patented. Ordinarily the non-skid feature will last through the guaranteed mileage.

Direct factory sales branches in the following cities:

Albany	Hackensack	Providence
Baltimore	Hartford	Reading
Boston	Jersey City	Rochester
Bridgeport	Newark	Rutherford
Brooklyn	New Haven	St. Louis
Buffalo	New York	Springfield, Mass.
Chicago	Paterson	Syracuse
Cincinnati	Philadelphia	Washington
Cleveland	Pittsburg	Worcester
Detroit		

For street address see telephone directory

STERLING TIRE CORPORATION

(Established 1908)

Rutherford, New Jersey

TO DEALERS:

There is at least one man in every sizeable town who will agree with the Sterling spirit and Sterling policy, and who can do a satisfactory and agreeable business, increasing year by year as Sterling quality proves itself. To such dealers, outside of the cities in which we maintain branches, we are prepared to make a proposition for exclusive representation of Sterling Tires and Tubes.

Our years of direct retail selling have given us a system which we know will be valuable to our dealers. Please address the home office.

Sterling Tires

TRADE MARK

(Concluded from Page 71)

case. Was shrewd young business to acknowledge defeat? No! Hastily, Mr. Markin improvised.

"Don't you know that piece from Corinthians?" he interrupted glibly. "He who acknowledges that he is wrong does more than he who clings to a principle merely because time hath hallowed it."

For a moment the other stared. A grim line stole about the aged quivering mouth. Slowly it opened -and then closed. Treading softly, Mr. Markin left the room; and, once outside, he executed a most unbusinesslike caper. The poor old boob! After all, it was an act of Christian charity to take away from such childishness the lines of business before they brought ruin and bankruptcy. And now for the increase!

The first Monday of the new era saw gross sales jump two thousand dollars, and Mr. Markin whistled joyfully, despite the queer glint in the eye of the ancient Isaph as he greeted him the morning following.

"Ain't it a great and glorious feeling?" were the words Mr. Markin chortled on succeeding Mondays as the twenty per cent increase became more of a certainty. Tuesday, naturally a fair day, did not suffer from the lack of advertising to any appreciable degree.

The six months of probation were drawing to a rushing close; but they seemed slow to the jubilant Mr. Markin, who longed for the moment when the long envelope containing the security and happiness of five years would be handed over. With great enjoyment Mr. Markin pulled on his cigarette and reflected on the expressions on the faces of the angular Angus and Angela when they appeared before him the day following—no, the hour following the departure of the addled Isaph. But it was funny that the old boy had never said anything about those suit sales—surely Angus never let that pass without ——

But on the Monday before the big day Mr. Markin forgot all such petty conjectures—the final profit percentage was to be thirty-one per cent!

For the first time since his arrival in Clayton Mr. Markin brought out his classy green tweeds and left early in the afternoon for a little game of pool.

▼

ONCE more the venerable figure faced the dapper figure across the rheumy walnut; but instead of the evertapping whalebone, there reposed between the white fingers a long official-looking envelope.

The dapper Mr. Markin, looking at the long white envelope, smiled and inhaled deeply. He was over the top! Slowly the venerable one began:

"To-day is the end of our little six-months' agreement," he said; "but before I hand you this envelope I want to be sure—I want to be just to everybody."

Mr. Markin, eyes on the envelope, nodded brightly.

"I want to do the right thing," the treble went on. "For instance, you really do like Miss Tubb and Mr. Stuart—don't you? . . . You don't want to see them out after all these years?"

If the old yap would only cut the chatter short!

"'The hoary head is a crown of glory,'" he assured hastily; then, more forcibly, that the talk might end and he might possess the envelope of his dreams: "Sure! I like them both fine!"

There was just a trace of that curious hardness in the old fool's eyes as he continued:

"And that was all a mistake about those suit sales? You really didn't know that the dye was bad and that there was a little—a little cotton in the material?"

For the shortest space of time Mr. Markin considered. Maybe it would be better if he said he didn't; but that would reflect on Flesher and Guffey—not that it would make any difference, of course; only —— Well—and then Mr. Markin remembered the little book and his remark to Mr. Gerstenberger. But again no saying seemed to apply. Once more he hastily improvised.

"There are times when a little deception doeth more good than a world of truth," he said slowly; then more rapidly, as he noted a tightening of the muscles about the Nickerson mouth: "Those suits enabled a lotta poor people to have clothing at a low price; an'"—then another ace—"'He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord'—Old Testament."

For a moment the gentle Isaph considered this—playing with the large envelope. Then his face relaxed as if the decision he had made was justified. He smiled.

"Then I have been fair," he decided aloud. "I have been just; but I wanted to be sure before—before I gave you this envelope."

Mr. Markin hid his impatience behind a bland warming smile of thanks.

"I have already presented Mr. Flesher and Mr. Guffey with theirs."

Mr. Markin was beaming.

"That's fine!" he complimented. "Those boys have made more money for the house in three months than—well, than has been made in any eight."

The doddering eyes again held that same glint of rock.

"It isn't the money," the old man almost whispered; "it's ——"

Wouldn't he ever stop that old tongue?

"I know," said Mr. Markin with deep feeling; "it's the principle of the thing."

The old man nodded—rather decidedly.

"Yes," he repeated; "it's the principle of the thing." It finally happened! As he handed the envelope across the desk he said: "I suppose you are familiar with the quotation the key to which is given on the envelope?"

Mr. Markin read "Job vii, Ten," and nodded complacently. It wouldn't do, at the last minute, to let the poor old boob know that all his Scripture came out of a little book.

"Sure!" he agreed instantly; then, with hand outstretched and face beaming: "Sure! An' I want to thank you for your kindness and helpfulness, Mr. Nickerson. I am going to do my best for you—because it was you, Mr. Nickerson, who proved to me that piece from Galatians: 'Whatsoever a man sows—so shall he reap.'"

Back in his own little office Mr. Markin shut the door and danced about the shiny desk. He placed the long envelope exactly in the center of the verdant blotter and contemplated it with deep joy. He lit a cigarette—against all fire regulations—and anticipated the reading of the joyous tidings within. He hummed a light airy tune and picked up his classy bronze letter opener, like a boy at a turkey feast. With a quick movement he slit the outer edge of the envelope.

Twilight deepened in the little office. Without, electric bulbs sent flickering dancing shadows through the glass above the wainscoting. They touched the nobby Markin shoulder as it hunched forward toward the Markin head—also hunched forward.

Finally, like a surgeon's tiny golden probe, it touched a single slip of paper that was clutched between rigid unbelieving fingers.

It revealed a single line of typewritten copy:

"He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more."

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Concluded from Page 61)

Peter B. Kyne

he made love to me. He is famous for his instantaneous decisions in personal matters like that. Folks do say he was quite a butterfly before I took him in hand to keep him out of trouble. Many people thought I had undertaken to fill a very large order when I married him. Why, I have never been able to ascertain, though I suspect it was because nobody could keep up with him. He has never been mediocre in anything and is an extremist in all things; he prefers to lead and let others follow. He is positive, not at all comparative, and—forgive my brag—generally superlative. If he should dig a posthole he would be enthusiastic about it. And that is his most delightful characteristic, I think, for he is enthusiastic about me!

Peter started to write short stories for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST for three reasons: First, he couldn't help following his destiny; second, he needed the money; and third, he wanted to marry me. So he led off with a shipping tale, and the editor of The S. E. P. bought it. That start was eight years ago, and being enthusiastic he didn't stop until war was declared with Germany. Then he put the cover over his typewriter and went out and bought a saber which he will never use—if he does he's such a Tumble Tom I know he'll get his legs tangled in it and hurt himself—and a lot of books on military affairs. He said he was going to enter the reserve officers' training camp. The next thing I knew he came dashing in one night, threw a toothbrush and a pair of socks into a bag and said he was going somewhere to recruit a battery of field artillery. Some of his friends had taken a contract to raise a brand-new regiment in thirty days. They raised it, and now Peter is a captain, commanding Battery A, 144th Field Artillery—2d California—and has two hundred and nineteen men to look after him and his guns.

I am glad there are so many to take care of him; otherwise he'd misplace one of his guns and have a terrible time finding it. I have known him to turn the house topsy-turvy looking for his pipe, and all the time he had it in his mouth. It is an old trick of his to start washing his face before removing his spectacles, so he keeps three extra pairs on hand all the time. If he goes to New York he starts with one pair, breaks them and has to wire home for the others.

Some women think I do not love my husband because I let him join the army. Some have told me so. They told him he was foolish to go; that he could accomplish so much more by staying home and writing things to stir the other fellow's pulse. But he couldn't see it that way and I didn't try to make him, for Peter is an old soldier—though only thirty-seven years old. I realized also that he is one hundred per cent American and that his ancestors for centuries participated in election riots and free-for-all fights at Galway fairs. So I let him go, because I knew it would break his heart to have to stand on the sidewalk and see troops marching off to war without him. If he comes back he will take up his literary work again; and if he doesn't come back—well, he is an idealist, and I shall know that he has left me in a manner most pleasing to him.

I find it hard to discuss my husband. He's a hard subject. He's queer and he's different; he's fiery and forgiving; he can be deeply melancholy and riotously happy, very gentle and very ferocious. He has a profound sense of humor, and to him "all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." Quite generally he squeezes all the extract out of life and finds the rind interesting and amusing; he loathes frauds and four-flushers, and is simple, unaffected and natural. If he were not, if he started to show temperament I most certainly would, for the good of his soul, take a rolling-pin to him. He is fond of shooting and fishing; he plays atrocious bridge and is not particular about what I give him to eat. He likes the mountains and desert, makes friends with everybody and learns everything worth knowing; he is fond of children and music, men, horses and dogs, and is a bright and shining mark for decayed gentlemen with hard-luck stories. They always betray his confidence and impose on his sympathy and generosity, and he defends their weaknesses. He knows thousands of people, but has three or four real friends whom he delights to entertain at dinner in his own home. I often think that if Peter should not return from France it will be a horrible tragedy. Not because I shall have lost him, for I have given him to the country and am prepared to pay the price, but because he gets so much out of life, has given so abundantly of what he has gotten and is prepared to give so much more if God gives him time.

In conclusion I want to say that he feels the utmost gratitude to those readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST who have made him possible by reading his stories and demanding more. He is sorry to say good-by to Cappy Ricks, but he has other things to do. There is a To Let sign over his fiction factory, and so please do not write and ask why he doesn't write for THE POST any more. He has gone away and he won't be back "till it's over over there." Please do not forget him while he is soldiering and has no time to write stories; if he should not appear again in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST let his last story be his hail and farewell. If he doesn't come back to me please do not praise him for what he wrote or censure him for its literary quality. Just remember that he gave himself to his stories—all of himself. If his short stories are ever collected and published when he's gone, he doesn't want some solemn literary critic to write a foreword and try to analyze the man from his stories. I have been trying nine years and have failed. He's just Peter B. Kyne, just whatever you see in his stories.

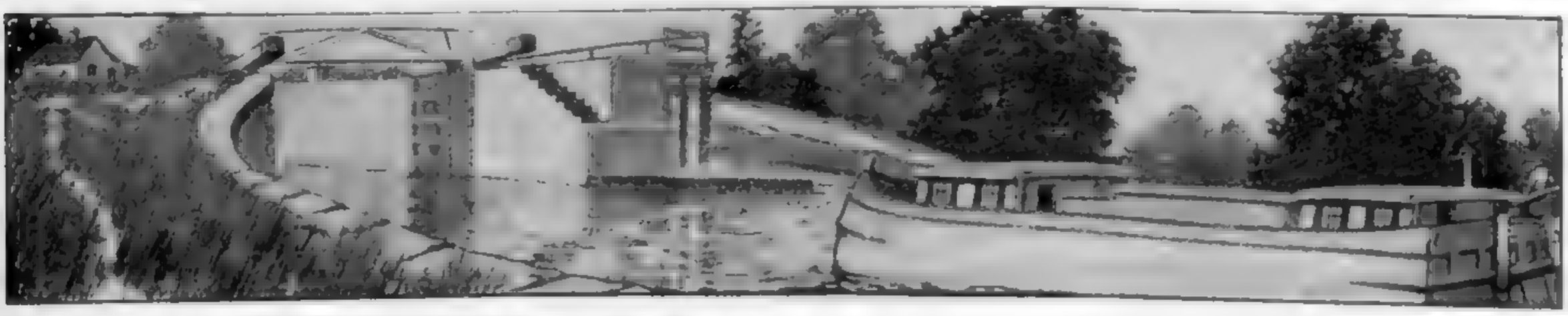
Come Four!

A NEGRO vaudeville performer, in a slack season, accepted a week at a theater in uptown New York, owned and operated by members of his own race. When he appeared in make-up for the Monday matinée the stage manager informed him that he was expected to go on for his turn four times daily—twice at afternoon performances and twice each evening. The artist revolted.

"Naw, suh!" he exclaimed. "Not me! Ise frum de big time. I don't play but two shows a day fur nobody on dis earth. I never has; and whut's mo', I never will!"

The stage manager sent to the box office for the proprietor. The proprietor came—a six-footer of formidable mien, with hands like hams. Towering over the rebel, he delivered himself of this ultimatum:

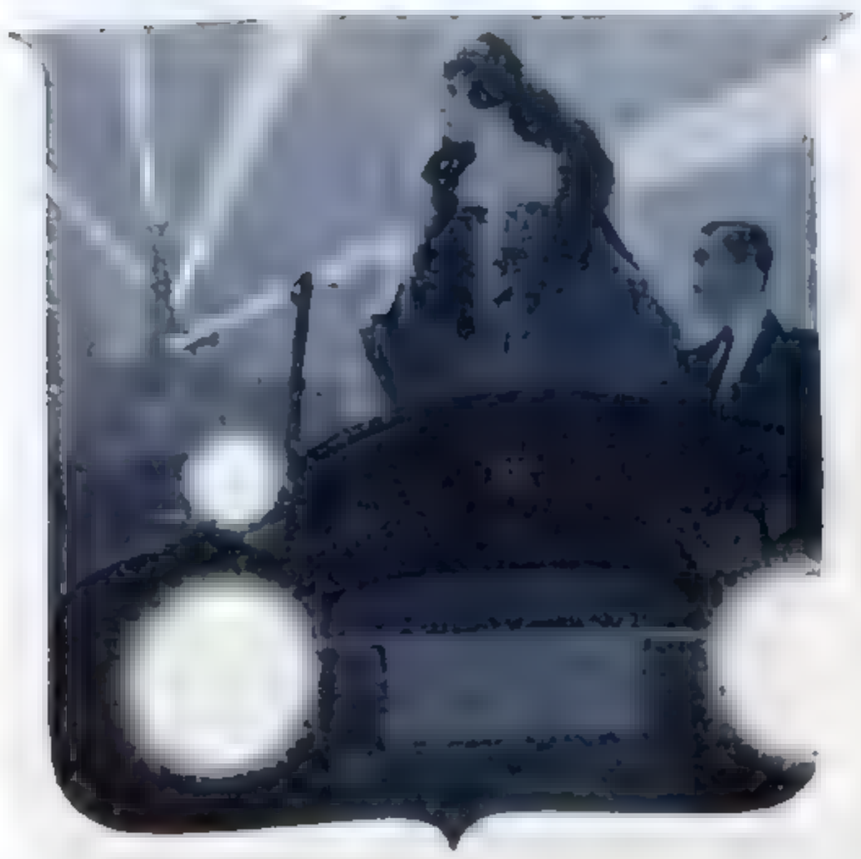
"Nigger, yo' point is fo'—make it!"



Why efficiency-experts like it—because it represents the acme of efficiency for its purpose.

Auto-Lite

Starting, Lighting & Ignition



The One Thing All Can Agree Upon

You may prefer a different body style, a different number of cylinders or a different priced car than your neighbor owns.

But there is one fundamental necessity for all cars the vast majority agree upon.

They want the electric Auto-Lite system.

They want it because they know that if the best of cars has faulty starting, lighting and ignition it is as helpless and troublesome as a lame, blind and balky horse.

They want it because they trust the judgment of engineers who equip their high-priced cars with Auto-Lite.

And because the world's largest car builders use Auto-Lite.

And because its work is so important that builders of lower-priced cars are willing to pay more for the better service Auto-Lite gives rather than risk inferiority.

And because they know it must be superior, otherwise Auto-Lite would not be the largest in the world with a daily output of 1800 systems.

Be sure the next car you buy has Auto-Lite equipment.

Electric Auto-Lite Corporation

Head Office and Factory, Toledo, Ohio **Detroit Sales Office, 1507 Kresge Bldg.**

GOOD enough for the Professional EASY enough for the Amateur QUICK enough for either

"Give Your Old Car A New Dress"

Will be one of the slogans of this year of patriotic economies.

YOU try the plan. A coat or two of Murphy Da-cote Enamel will do the trick in a few hours of your spare time work at a nominal expense.

The chances are your friends will think you have been buying a new car, until you tell them different. The family will be delighted; they will never say again, "What Dad Don't Know About Painting Would Fill a Book."

IT IS NOT A DIFFICULT JOB

Of course, you won't get the kind of a job you would pay a professional painter a hundred dollars for, unless you are an experienced painter yourself; but this advertisement is for the war year 1918 and for the man who wants to save the hundred dollars. You don't need any experience to add fifty per cent to the attractiveness of your car.

We are known the world over as specialists in the manufacture of automobile painting materials for the car manufacturer and the professional painter. This year it has seemed to us that we should furnish you with a line of quick, easy, reliable enamels to use yourself. The result is

Murphy Da-cote
TRADE MARK
Motor Car Enamels

Good enough for the Professional *Easy enough for the Amateur*
Quick enough for either (they dry overnight!)

Stop in at your dealer's today and buy a quart of enamel and a good brush, and the dealer will give you, free, a book of directions for applying Da-cote Enamel.

You can paint the car Saturday afternoon if you want to do so, and take a trip in it Sunday.

Every can of Da-cote has a black and white label with a broad band of the exact shade of the color contained in the can.

If you cannot obtain Da-cote Enamels from your dealer, write for our unique color book, showing how your car will look painted with different colors; and send us your dealer's name and we will see that you are supplied.

Cut off here and return to Murphy Varnish Company

Name _____

Address _____

Your Dealer's name and address _____

Murphy Varnish Company
FRANKLIN MURPHY, Jr., President
Newark, N. J. Chicago, Ill.
DOUGALL VARNISH COMPANY, Ltd.
Montreal
Canadian Associate

GERMAN POISON

(Continued from Page 13)

But before we can make adequate appraisal one additional and illuminating revelation about Germanic world ambition must be made. It explains many things.

When the serpent of German propaganda reared its head and began to scatter venom over here the average American believed that it was a by-product of the war—a war necessity. The truth of the matter is that this deadly reptile had thrived at the bosom of our credulity for many years. The attempt to frame up a case for Germany began decades ago.

During all the time that we were welcoming the Prince Henrys, honoring the Bernstorffs and their colleagues with degrees in our universities, setting up exchange professorships at Berlin, Leipsic and Heidelberg, establishing "German Houses" in our institutions of learning, listening to German professors praise German art and German culture—Prussian propaganda was at work from New York to San Francisco. These envoys of academic perfection who prated of peace and the quiet life were all members of the same club, all dedicated to a common cause, which was to intrench Germany in the mind and heart of the American people. They sought to erect a sort of lightning rod which would attract and neutralize the inevitable bolt of world indignation and protest let loose when the real German kultur was revealed through war. In other words the United States was merely one more fertile field for the cultivation of the doctrine of Pan-Germanism, whose sole idea was the social and commercial stewardship of the globe.

We lent ourselves readily, and with good reason: Millions of men and women, born in Germany or of German extraction, were part of our polyglot people. The phrase German-American was incorporated into the national vocabulary. We have come to know to our sorrow that the Kaiser was right when he said in reply to a memorial which contained the phrase "We German-Americans": "I do not know German-Americans. I only know Germans and I only know Americans."

The war proved that the hyphen was merely a literary adornment signifying nothing. That host of loyal and once-designated German-Americans whose patriotism and devotion to our war endeavor constitute one of the real compensations of the war sacrifice, and who have helped in hundreds of instances to bare sinister plots perpetrated by those who abused the hospitality of the country that gave them citizenship, now designate themselves as "Americans of German origin." There is a reason, as you shall now see.

A Piece of Brazen Treachery

Pan-Germanism never intended that there should be a German-American. It meant that its brand of propagandistic emissary should be a "German residing in the United States." When the self-hypnotized Kaiser first beheld the shining vision of Germany's place in the sun there was one definite idea in his mind, and that idea was "Once a German always a German." On this principle was reared the whole structure of Pan-Germanism. German propaganda as we know it in the United States is merely one of its manifestations.

As long ago as 1895, when Germany decided that the world was her field, she began to catalogue her sons and daughters everywhere. The result of this registration was published in the Pangerman Atlas at Gotha in 1909. It constitutes the card index of the loyal agents of the Fatherland wherever the trade winds blow. Years before the rape of Belgium, Germany had mobilized an immense army of willing workers in every country where she did business or hoped to do business. They were bound to her not only by the natural ties of blood but by virtue—or the lack of virtue—of a perpetual nationalization. I will tell you why.

In 1913 what is known as the Delbrück Law was enacted in Germany. Study this remarkable statute and you get direct evidence that the ghastly world struggle, responsibility for which Germany has always disclaimed, was part of her consuming obsession to rule the universe. It contained the essence of the German idea of provoking Europe into war, because it was a veiled declaration of economic aggression. By it she expected to decoy unprepared France and Belgium into national suicide, absorb the Austro-Hungarian Empire, humble England, make Italy and Turkey commercial vassals and teach the United States a lesson. It made the much-discussed German-made Mitteleuropa the playground of an imperial ambition.

Under the Delbruck Law a German citizen who takes advantage of it may acquire citizenship in any foreign country and yet continue to be a loyal subject of his Fatherland. In order that there may be no misconstruction, here is the second part of Article XXV, which reads as follows:

"If any person before acquiring nationality in a foreign state shall have received the written permission of a competent authority of his native state to retain his nationality of that state, he shall not lose his nationality of the said native state. The German consul shall be consulted before this permission is granted."

Thus the so-called German-American, the German-Italian, the German-Swiss or the German-Brazilian who has fortified himself with a dose of Pan-Germanism as exemplified by this law, remains a German ready to heed the bidding of the mother country, whatever that bidding may be. He becomes a cog in the far-flung propaganda machine which has been the undoing of life, property and public opinion in every Allied country.

The Imperial Press Agent

You get the full significance of this piece of brazen international treachery when I quote the following extract from a standard work on Pan-Germania by André Chéradame, one of the best-known authorities on the subject: "As this provision is contrary to all general principles of international law concerning nationality, a German citizen who takes advantage of it is careful not to inform the foreign state whose nationality he has acquired of the highly peculiar situation in which he stands. Thus Germany was able to have in every state agents devoted to her aggressive policy, while these states were unaware of the danger to which this secret service exposed them. Apparently they had only to do with fellow citizens whom they had no right to suspect. It was only after months of war, when their criminal actions compelled them to take off their disguise, that the power of these Germans masquerading under other nationalities appeared in all its formidable importance."

This violation of international law fits into the general German code which made the famous treaty for the preservation of Belgian neutrality a scrap of paper. Indeed, one may well paraphrase the classic remark once made about friendship and the American Constitution and have it read: "What is a little thing like International Law when German ambition is to be considered!"

Animating the whole idea of Pan-Germanism was a definite purpose, which touched and affected the United States to a degree that we have only begun to realize. It lies in the fact that with the dawn of Germany's desire for international control she set out deliberately to influence world public opinion to the end that whatever contingency might arise there would be goodwill for her cause. This is why the flood of fulsome praise of German art, literature, philosophy and economics began to inundate the universe. The German argued that the nation of Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Lessing, Mendelssohn and Wagner could do no wrong.

The Kaiser himself became the anointed herald of this movement. When he made his spectacular entry into the Holy City in 1898, clad like a crusader of old, preceded by press agents and carrying all the trappings of a modern circus, he was simply doing his bit as exalted publicity promoter. Then and there, to use the vernacular, he put it over on the red sultan—he was no less red himself, as subsequent events have proved—and took the first step in the virtual annexation of the Ottoman Empire to his own. There, figuratively, was driven the first spike of the Berlin-to-Bagdad railway, which was to be the highway along which Pan-Germany would steam to world mastery. Wherever the All Highest went—whether to Italy, Belgium, France, England or Russia—and during the years preceding the war the German Government was a Potsdam on wheels—he persistently strengthened his power.

The Kaiser could not come to the United States but he sent many disciples of his imperial art of exploitation otherwise known as propaganda. The gifts that he made to American museums were not expressions of his interest in art or archæology. They were merely part of his process of international subsidy. Every *Deutsches Haus*—German House—established in an American university was a breeding place for the Germanic idea of culture. It glorified the German ideal of life; it pointed the way to a finishing course in a German institution; it was Pan-Germania enterprise attending strictly to business. It followed therefore that even when Belgium was despoiled there were American apologists for Germany, simply because they had learned the German lesson and had unconsciously become accessories to German self-exploitation.

In the light—or rather the shadow—of these revelations about the scope of Pan-Germania you can now understand why the German propaganda machine was well-oiled and in action the moment war was declared, and why it has been able to keep up its pernicious activities ever since.

It is organized with the same thoroughness with which the Fatherland projected its monster military mechanism. It was, of course, more compact and numerically stronger before we declared war on Germany. One reason is that the head and front were the German embassy at Washington—the Austrian diplomatic force in the United States, like the Austrian Army in Europe, was never anything more than a vassal of the Germans—aided by the consular organization throughout the country.

Fortunately most of these prostitutors of diplomatic privilege are now courting indigestion on war rations at home, while hundreds of their lieutenants are either behind the barbed wire in internment camps or sojourning in the Federal prison in Atlanta or elsewhere. Despite these defections, however, the number of willing workers for the German cause in the United States is still surprisingly large. It is estimated by Government officials engaged in running down German plots and propaganda that no less than 200,000 men and women are plying their perfidious practices. One official puts the number as high as 250,000. These thousands constitute the subtle enemy within our gates. They are the purveyors of the poison of unrest, suspicion and misinformation.

Volunteer Agents

You may say to yourself that 200,000 men and women or even 250,000 are a small proportion among a population of more than a hundred millions. It is a grave mistake to have any such theory. Like much of the other unwarranted optimism inspired in this war it is costly and dangerous. If you examine Spain's experience with German propaganda you find that the 80,000 Germans residing there have influenced the sentiment of twenty millions of people. Remember too that in Spain the means for the dissemination of propaganda are less adequate than in the United States, where schoolhouses, newspapers, lecture platforms, restaurants, clubs, theaters, common carriers like electric and steam railways, are all open stamping grounds for educational work. Spain is a backward country educationally and socially. It was not upon this ignorance that the German propagandist played. He delivered his goods because he was an organizer and a salesman, and he sold goodwill for his Kaiser just as he sold boots, chemicals or toys.

The thousands of professional or volunteer German agents in our midst have millions of aiders and abettors. They include many of the foreign anarchists, pacifists, misguided labor leaders, anticonscriptionists and I. W. W., otherwise known as the Industrial Shirkers of the World. These are the open German propagandists, who labor in one way or another to give aid and comfort to the enemy, establish a case for Germany and her allies, seek to minimize or frustrate our war effort and belittle generally the whole American cause. They are the conscious campaigners.

Supporting these vicious missionaries of malevolence are the millions of unconscious

(Continued on Page 81)

War-Time Is No Time For *Crippled Feet*

WAR-TIME demands the best work from us all—farmers, factory-workers, clerks, as well as soldiers.

Are your feet letting you do *your* best work? Or are you tortured with fallen arches, corns, bunions, callouses, ingrowing nails?

If suffering from these efficiency-crippling foot-ills, throw away the pointed shoes that cause them!

Get into Educators, built to "*let the feet grow as they should*," not to "train" or alter Nature's way. Made

FOR MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

When buying, be sure to look for EDUCATOR branded on the sole. There can be no protection stronger than this trade-mark, for it means that behind every part of the shoe stands a responsible manufacturer.

"*Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet*" is a free booklet of surprising foot information. Send for it today.

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc.
14 High St., Boston, Mass.
Makers also of the famous All-America Shoe for Men, "The Shoe That's Standardized"

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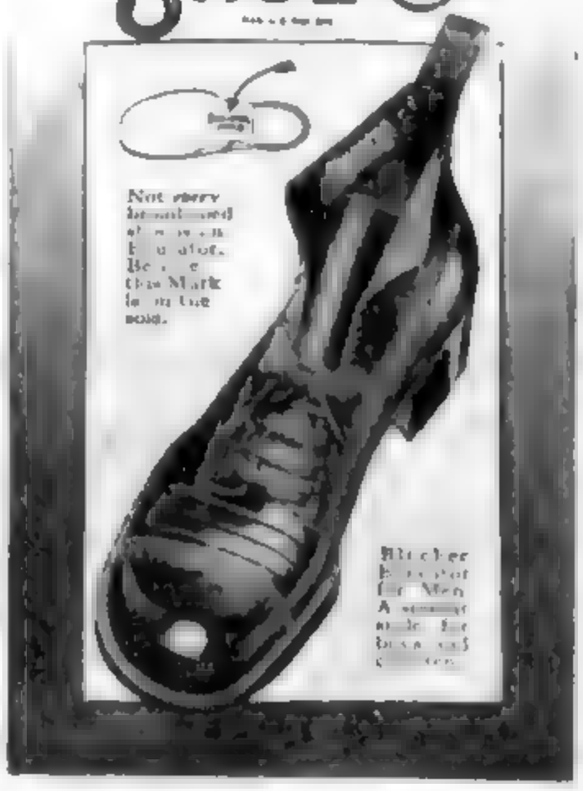

Now Pledge to Hoosierize Your Kitchen

Mrs. Christine Frederick, noted household Efficiency Authority; head of Applecroft Experiment Station, New York, and member of the Hoosier Council of Kitchen Scientists.

Mrs. Frederick is the originator of the patented Food Guide and Salad Chart which comes with every Hoosier Cabinet.

All the members of Hoosier's Council become your kitchen advisors when you get the cabinet. The personnel includes, besides Mrs. Frederick,

Mrs. Frank Ambler Pattison, Domestic Efficiency Engineer, New Jersey

Mrs. Janet McKenzie Hill, Principal Summer School of Cookery, New Hampshire

Miss Fay Kellogg, Household Science Architect, New York

Mrs. H. M. Dunlap, Domestic Science Specialist and Lecturer, Illinois

Miss Alice Bradley, Principal, Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Massachusetts

Mrs. Nellie Kedzie Jones, Household Consultant, Wisconsin

Mrs. Alice R. Dresser, Consultant of Household Administration, Massachusetts.

An Appeal to Every Woman Pledged to Save

THE nation's food all comes to the kitchen *first!*—consider that. And if men expect women to help in the war on waste, they should give them the strong right arm of kitchen service—the Hoosier Cabinet.

The second million are being distributed now. If you are a woman, you have a right to the Hoosier. If you are a man, see that your kitchen gets this labor-saving machine at once.

Hoosier saves more than food alone—time and work and health. It is wasteful to be without it.

Pledge yourself shorter hours and a longer life—pledge yourself the Hoosier happiness, and start *at once.*

Emergency orders now far exceed our output. Be sure to order your Hoosier Cabinet before your dealer's stock is taken.

As Perfect As Experts Can Make It

Every Kitchen Cabinet device has been tested by Hoosier makers.

The conveniences that have proved valuable have been adopted. Those not up to Hoosier's standard have been rejected. So the Hoosier today is a 20-year development. It contains all wanted features. And only those that are practicable.

Hoosier's Council of Kitchen Scientists—all talented women are using the Hoosier constantly to find new improvements.

No other maker controls the genius possessed by these brilliant women of the Hoosier Staff. If a better cabinet could be built, The Hoosier Company would build it.

4 Urgent Reasons Why You Should Act at Once

1—Because Duty (as well as Reason) now demands that you conquer waste in the kitchen and you can do it most easily and completely by having this labor-saving machine.

2—Because many popular models are now offered at *before-war prices.* And you can pay as convenient.

3—Because no other cabinet brings you the ideas of the brainy women composing Hoosier's Council of Kitchen Scientists. No other has Hoosier's scientific arrangement and patented features.

4—Because each dealer's allotment is limited—the wartime demand already exceeds our output. Our advice is this—Go *pick out at once the model you most admire.*

Easy Terms—Money-Back Guarantee

An authorized Hoosier store in your locality will supply this cabinet.

But remember, each dealer's stock is limited. Go at once—you are welcome to pay as convenient—thousands do.

And every Hoosier is sold with the broadest guarantee ever given—"*Your money all back if you are not delighted!*"

Go this week, and meanwhile send your address for our book of kitchen ideas—called "New Kitchen Short-Cuts." It includes the six best kitchen plans prepared by Hoosier's Council of Kitchen Scientists. Also illustrates all Hoosier models. No obligation whatever—send today.

THE HOOSIER MFG. COMPANY, 183 Sidney Street, New Castle, Ind.

Largest Makers of Kitchen Cabinets in the World

The Hoosier Store, 1067 Market St., Dept. B, San Francisco, Cal. The Hoosier Store, 368 Portage Ave., Dept. B, Winnipeg, Can.
The Adams Furniture Company, Limited, Dept. B, Toronto, Can.

HOOSIER Kitchen

A Life-time Saver of Steps, Time, Work and Food

Hoosier—The Kitchen Power Plant

"SHE grew old in her kitchen," is said of millions of women every year. Don't have it said of you—resolve about that.

Hoosier saves untold miles of weary steps. Instead of walking the endless rounds of your kitchen, with Hoosier you can sit down restfully to get the meals.

Within arm's reach are places for 400 articles. The most used things are nearest—each one put there by science, after thousands of trials to determine which place is handiest.

Hoosier saves food by keeping supplies in protected places. By preventing guesswork and waste in measuring and mixing. With intelligent use the cabinet will soon pay its cost in the time, the food, the strength and the steps that it saves you.

For Builders—Costs Less Than Extra Shelves

Please don't think that Hoosier means only more shelf space—this cabinet is an actual labor-saving machine.

In building new homes and apartments, space should be left for the Hoosier, else your building is out of date.

What you save in carpenter work and lumber will pay the Hoosier's cost.

Our popular purchase plan makes it easy to own the Hoosier and pay as convenient.

Send for Book—"New Kitchen Short-Cuts"

This beautiful book pictures and describes all Hoosier models—hinged door and roll door.

It is packed with helpful information for busy women. And it also contains the six model kitchen plans, showing ideal kitchen arrangements, created by members of the Hoosier Council. This is a book you'll prize yet we send it free. Mail us your address for a copy while the edition lasts.

THE HOOSIER MFG. COMPANY, 183 Sidney Street, New Castle, Ind.

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The Adams Furniture Company, Limited, Dept. B, Toronto, Can.

CABINET

From Sunny Virginia Fields

The pick of the peanut crop, from sunny Ole Virginny, are Planters' Pennant Salted Peanuts. The all-Virginia peanut in the original whole form, but with the skin removed.

Send a nickel after "something good to eat" and watch it bring you back a bag of Pennant Salted Peanuts.

And Pennant Peanuts are always fresh when they get to you.

Don't fear to eat all the Pennant Peanuts you want.. They are wholesome and nourishing. Chew them well.

Planters' Pennant Salted Peanuts are sold only in this wax-paper bag, with red pennant on it.

5¢

The Planters Nut & Chocolate Co.,
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Manufacturers of high grade nut confections and peanut butter.
Peanuts from Virginia plantations.

Planters PENNANT
— WHOLE SALTED PEANUTS —

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aiders of enemy desire. I mean the people who believe the false rumors about our Army and Navy and spread the bad news wherever they go. It is just as treasonable to circulate misinformation in wartime as it is to create it.

Many gullible Americans unwittingly play into the hands and plans of German agents. Mr. Post's striking story, The Pacifist, published a few months ago in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, portrayed a deplorable circumstance only too often repeated, in which the unsophisticated become the dupes of German destruction.

England was full of propagandists during the first twelve months of the war. The stupid censorship naturally bred rumors of disaster. The simple statement that a recruit was drowned while bathing at Dover was expanded by gossip almost overnight into the sinking of a transport in the Channel, with immense loss of life. Exaggeration always feeds the fires of misinformation, and the Germans are past grand masters in this sort of stoking.

The more you study German propaganda in all its forms the more convinced you become that in war, as in peace, frank dealing with the public is the salvation of a country. The truth, whatever the price, is never so costly as the half-truth or the suppressed news distorted by the enemy. All German propaganda in the United States or elsewhere is based on the failure of governments to take the public into their confidence. This does not imply that military information of benefit to the foe should be given out, but it does mean that losses, for example, must not be minimized. The more you minimize the more the German exaggerates.

The German campaign of exploitation in the United States long ago reached the point where it could be catalogued. Roughly it falls into the following sections:

First comes the active, paid spy, who is part of a world-wide espionage system. His work is to obtain information about the movement of American armed forces on land and sea, military plans, the construction of fortifications, the shipment of munitions and supplies; in fact all data that can be of the slightest possible aid to the German authorities. Some of these gentry have not hesitated to masquerade as American soldiers. The field marshal of this secret service was the notorious Von Papen, military attaché of the German embassy, whose activities led to his recall. He left many understudies behind.

The second branch includes what a certain United States Government official with whom I discussed the matter calls the rough-house element. These are the students of sabotage—the exponents of physical force. Their favorite outdoor sports are blowing up canals, dynamiting munition factories and railway bridges, and placing bombs aboard vessels carrying innocent passengers.

Secret Traitors

Third in this roster of infamy comes the professional propagandist, who operates under many guises. No channel of life or endeavor is immune from these disciples of disintegration. They are abroad in the land as artists, lecturers, authors, editors, correspondents, students and plain civilians. Their task before the war was to spread the glory of Germanic art and culture; their job since the outbreak of hostilities has been to magnify Teutonic prowess and to exalt the fortitude of the Fatherland with the whole world arrayed against her.

Then too there is the self-appointed volunteer German propagandist, whose mission on earth is to act as apologist or pleader for Germany as the need may be. They are often recruited from the ranks of women and constitute the glad spreaders of false rumors and ill tidings.

The fifth division might be called the Friends of German Peace. They launched the great peace drive about which you shall hear more later on. Their activities are so uniform and their talk so standardized that they all seem to have attended the same night school. I might add that I have discovered these Friends of German Peace in practically every one of the eight foreign countries that I have visited during the past two years.

Finally there must be grouped those disloyal organizations in the United States wearing any constructive tag which is distorted into a cloak to aid or justify German outrage.

These classes contribute in one way or another to the German secret service, which appears to know all things at all times. This subterranean system is a marvel of efficiency. It has the whole country charted and diagramed; its wires reach everywhere. Captain Boy-Ed's proud boast was: "We know whatever we wish to know." He said this to many people.

With sabotage the American public is unfortunately only too familiar. For nearly three years the first pages of the newspapers have recorded a continuous record of crimes perpetrated by German agents against American life and property. What concerns us in this article is the covert German propaganda being carried on at the present time and the form it takes.

Analyze this propaganda as conducted since we entered the war and you discover that one large section of it is devoted to the circulation of rumor. Indeed the propaganda machine has become a huge rumor factory. It is one of the ironies of life that nothing is so credible as the incredible. There is a curious parallel between the German rumor-monger and the Wall Street faker. Their systems are the same. If you know anything about the mechanics of Wall Street you know that no place in the world lends itself so amiably or quickly to the professional gossiper as the glittering domain of big finance. Fortunes have been made and unmade on the wildest and most impossible reports. Nothing is easier than starting a rumor in Wall Street. Like the story of John Jones' turnip, it gains in volume with each successive retelling.

The Rumor Mill

If you were to remark casually that you had heard that J. P. Morgan and Otto H. Kahn had engaged in a fist fight at the corner of Broad and Wall Streets no one in the financial section would stop to verify it, no matter how improbable it might appear. In ten minutes the news would have spread like wildfire; able and serious-minded men would be discussing it excitedly, and even the ticker would notice the sensation. The amazing thing about the whole procedure is that nearly every Wall Street rumor is accepted as gospel truth and without attempt at verification. It has enabled the tipster and the corporation scout to thrive.

With a sense of psychology that is in curious contrast to Teutonic stolidity of mind the German propagandist has capitalized this weakness in the human make-up everywhere, for no nation is exempt. He is the prize rumor-spreader. The moment the war began he was up and doing. First of all, as most people will recall, he released a line of talk about England's perfidy in entering the conflict. After this came the report of friction among the Allies, which was scattered in every neutral country. This is the way it went: "Poor France! Already England has seized Calais and Boulogne, and she will never let go. England is more dangerous as ally than as open enemy."

For months the chief output of the German rumor factory was devoted to the shipment of arms to the Allies. As in Austria, public opinion was prepared for the sinking of the Lusitania by the dissemination of reports that every Cunarder and White Star liner carried guns, shells and aëroplanes; that Americans had no right to travel in wartime; and that every ton of steel and every pound of food that had been sent abroad weakened our resources. The German propagandist always forgot in prating about our alleged violation of international law in selling munitions to England and France that during the Boer War the Krupps grew fat on gun contracts with Britain.

When we went to war the German propagandist had to change his tune, but the method remained the same. He took up his abode with gloom. Now came the subtle gossip deprecating our entry into the struggle. The refrain was: "What a pity to sacrifice the young manhood of America! The war is practically over. Why disorganize the social and economic life of the country?" The same talk was planted all over Italy in the effort to keep her out of the war.

When our troops began to train and the first transports started for France the German prophet of disaster unfurled his banner and it has been flying ever since. According to German rumor our first expeditionary force was sunk half a dozen times. Even the official announcement of its safe arrival without loss did not stay the propagandist, who said: "Half the American transports were sunk, but Washington is afraid to give out the truth because of the effect on the first draft and future enlistments." There were thousands of Americans ready to believe these deliberate fabrications because they did not take the trouble to investigate.

The steady movement of our troops to France during the past six months has given the German rumor-monger fresh fuel for deception. One of the favorite legends affected the Vaterland, the great Hamburg-American liner interned at Hoboken during the first week of the war, and which became our lawful war prize. It was a bitter pill for the German to realize that this pride of the Kaiser's mercantile marine, sponsored by the Emperor himself and launched at a celebration that assumed the proportions of an imperial fête, should not only fly the American flag but carry thousands of gallant Americans to take the field against the German Army. Frustrated in their attempt to destroy the machinery of the vessel, they immediately began to sink it with rumor. The Leviathan, as the Vaterland was christened after her rebirth for American use, was never permitted by the Germans to get more than three hundred miles off Sandy Hook. I myself heard a German, speaking in German in a New York restaurant, say to his neighbor, "The Vaterland is at the bottom of the sea, thank God, and will never carry another American soldier." It was to offset this campaign of lies that the War Department authorized the official statement late last January that she had returned from France, having safely landed eight thousand soldiers.

One favorite piece of German propaganda seeks to interfere with the complete interpretation of the Draft Law. Aided by anarchists, the I. W. W. and Americans too full of uplift to fight, the Americanized alien is being told that conscription in this country is undemocratic and unconstitutional.

These rumors—and they are merely typical of all the rest that emanate from the same source—are no less deadly than the actual poison which the Navy Department discovered had been put into the candy supplied to the ship canteens. Germany's latest attempt to carry on a campaign of frightfulness was the shipment of a powerful poisonous pollen, first discovered in California and aimed at the destruction of the Pacific Coast wheat crop.

It all goes to show that in propaganda as in warfare the German will stop at nothing. The inhuman mind that devised the poison gas for the battlefield, thus making sport of every accredited rule of modern warfare, is full mate to the diseased imagination that thrives on the propagation of evil and malicious report.

The Great Peace Drive

No phase of German propaganda in the United States, however, is more characteristic than what might be called the Great Peace Drive. Here you touch the activity set into world motion by the German Government as soon as it realized that its case in the war was hopeless. The moment you encounter the propagandist he is likely to say: "Of course we shall soon have peace. The whole civilized world demands it. This terrible war must end in the interest of humanity."

As you continue your conversation with this pious conserver of the public weal you will hear something like this: "I really believe that Germany has been misjudged. The Kaiser is really a lover of peace and is ready to make peace any moment. Look how he encouraged Andrew Carnegie's project for a peace palace at The Hague!"

If the world really knew the truth about the Kaiser's attitude about Mr. Carnegie's peace projects it would discover that it was always one of supreme contempt. There is documentary evidence in the possession of a certain eminent American to substantiate this statement. One strong selling point always made by the German peace propagandist is expressed as follows: "Germany stands ready and willing to make peace, but every offer she has made in good faith has been rejected. The responsibility for all the blood spilled must rest on the heads of the Allies."

This kind of talk makes a great impression on the father and mother whose son has just gone to France. As a matter of fact the German peace propagandist is making a special drive on the families of all the young men in the first and second drafts. Every American who hears this argument should confute it with the contention that the only peace that has been obtainable is a Kaiser-made peace, with a heritage of unrest for all posterity.

Linked with this peace propaganda is a line of talk which finds credence with that great group of Americans who believe everything they hear. Recently I heard a man of German extraction supposed to be a loyal American say: "Much as I should like to see Germany crushed, I am afraid it is impossible. She cannot be beaten. She is holding out against the whole world, America included."

The German propagandist seeks in every possible way compatible with his personal safety to sneer at the American war effort. The classic blunder made by the Kaiser when he called Britain's first expeditionary force "the contemptible little army" is being echoed about our own.

Then too the German propagandist is one of the prize capitalizers of emergency. The fuel famine and the workless days were rich opportunities. Just as soon as the Garfield edict went forth the German propagandist was on the job with this comforting remark: "Now you see what war means. It means the closed factory, the empty pay envelope, the cold apartment house and the freezing home. Don't you think it is high time to start an agitation for peace before things get worse?"

The Literary Crooks

Though the German propagandist could not openly interfere with the sale of Liberty Bonds he did his best to discredit the campaign. One type of knock used broadcast among the radical and socialist elements was that "the Liberty Loan is a Rockefeller movement." The name of Rockefeller is a red rag to the radical bull. In other instances the German agents spread statements that the Government intended to repudiate its debts and therefore "putting your money into a Liberty Bond is throwing it away."

These assailants of the public interests came from many classes. One of them was a high-salaried traveling salesman representing a large Eastern concern, who handed out this destructive dope wherever he went. Unaware he tried to get it over on a secret-service man whom he met on a train, with the result that the firm was advised of his activities and given the alternative of discharging him or being put on the black list. There was not much hesitancy in making the decision.

One favorite German method of interfering with the success of the Liberty Bonds is to dump huge blocks on the market. This is a pastime of German bankers in the United States representing Berlin financial institutions.

Speaking of finance brings to mind still another legend scattered broadcast by the propagandist, aided by the friendly anarchist. It takes the form of the contention that this is a rich man's war, entered into by America for the sole purpose of adding to the Morgan, Schwab, Du Pont and Ford millions. What is more to the point is that there are many who believe it. Yet the burden of the cost of the war has fallen more heavily upon the very rich than upon any other class. This is equally true in England.

Press-agenting for German kultur has occupied a good many propagandists and incidentally released a large amount of German money for circulation. When the war began a German publicity bureau was set up in New York. Its main purpose was to reveal the "truth about Germany." Its technic was so crude, however—it operated with a sledge hammer instead of with a rapier—that it was abandoned as a factor for molding sentiment. It was easier, if costlier, to subsidize established agencies of publicity. This is the universal German custom and has been attended by success in Spain, Italy, South America and Sweden.

Now started a carnival of graft for the conscienceless American accelerators of public opinion who had neither pride nor patriotism. Wherever possible the German machine gathered them in, but they did not always get action as this story will show.

It deals with a professional publicity agent in New York who had been a literary valet to various potentates. In a purely formal way he had met Colonel House. Ever afterward he referred to "my friend, Colonel House." He was one of the professional-friend type. Shortly after Mr. Wilson's second election this man wrote a letter to Colonel House, congratulating him on

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TIMKEN

Quality—One Quality—

Limousine, speedster, touring car, roadster, heavy truck, light truck, tractor and trailer—many kinds of cars, but just one Timken Bearing Quality.

One Timken Bearing Quality for every road and load.

This is the quality of supreme fitness of design for the work that bearings have to perform in any motor vehicle.

—the quality of Timken-made electric steel, and Timken thoroughness in manufacture

—the quality of immeasurable endurance that stands up on every road and under every load to the last turn of the wheel and the last mile of the car's life

—the quality that adds to the quality of the highest grade, best built car ever turned out of a shop

Such is the quality of Timken Bearings. It costs more to produce—but it yields more in satisfaction to both car builder and car owner

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO
Canton, Ohio

BEARINGS

for Every Road and Load

Quality in a motor car as a unit is made up of the qualities of all its component parts.

This means more than mere quality of appearance—it includes engine, springs, axles, transmission, body and radiator that have made good in service—nuts that do not work loose, varnish that is weather-proof, upholstering that is durable.

But most of all there is needed for safety, comfort and freedom from repair expense a sterling quality in the bearings—and in cars built in accordance with the highest standards of quality you will find Timken Bearings at the points of severest service.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
Canton, Ohio

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the event. He received a conventional acknowledgment. This letter became the New Yorker's stock in trade. On the strength of the signature he got more than one commission for political publicity. He never showed the letter, however, but constantly referred to it in his selling talk. Not being overscrupulous he hungered for some of the German propaganda money that was floating round.

To make a long story short, he got in touch with a certain notorious German agent, now in prison for a criminal offense, worked the House signature to full advantage and succeeded in extracting nine thousand dollars from the German slush fund on the strength of his professed ability to get stuff into the newspapers. He did not perform the slightest service save to turn state's evidence against his employer in an effort to win back the respect of his one-time associates who knew of his employment by the German.

I relate this incident to emphasize two points: One is to show the type of Americans who lend themselves to German propaganda; the other is to disclose the fact that in nine cases out of ten the employers were badly trimmed. It was a case of cheating cheaters. If the expense accounts of German agents like Von Igel, Rintelen and others of their stripe were laid bare it would show that millions of dollars have been paid during the past three years to people who did nothing but accept German money and make promises of service.

The principal press-agenting for German kultur in the United States has been done by the German newspapers, by journals laboring under the delusion that they were fighting England, and by weeklies edited by pro-Germans who take refuge under American nationality. Most of them are still flourishing, though the use of the United States mail has been denied to many.

Not all German propagandists in the United States are so coarse and clumsy as the unlamented Dernberg, the German Colonial Secretary who came over in 1915 and made such a mess of things that he had to be sent back. Let me tell the tale of one of his tribe who not only flourished for a long time but actually got over his message in more than one instance. I relate this incident because the day the war is over the same sort of campaign will be started in an effort to influence the American mind in favor of Germany and by precisely the same process.

During the summer of 1916 a New York poet of German descent, whose loyalty to the American cause has made him a conspicuous figure in the campaign for an unadulterated Americanism, received a letter in praise of one of his poems on Liberalism published in his college monthly. His unknown correspondent added: "Knowing your liberal tendencies I am wondering if you will be good enough to lunch with me when we can discuss the subject so dear to both of us." The poet, naturally pleased by this admiration, accepted the invitation. His host was young, brilliant, even eloquent. He lived in a fashionable bachelor apartment house. The walls of his study were hung with good etchings and portraits of leading world Liberals.

The Man With Three Addresses

The two men had a pleasant luncheon, during which art, religion, politics, economics and eventually the war were discussed. Friend host then began to play on the string of Liberalism. "We Liberals must all stand together," he said. Then he added something that the clever German propagandist invariably brings up. In substance it is: "The world does not understand that Germany is fundamentally democratic. The Kaiser is really a world democrat in the guise of an emperor. All he needs is a campaign of education."

At this first luncheon the poet discovered that his host was a member of the "peace round the corner" club. The particular remark that led to this deduction was: "Of course the war must end soon. It is time we were thinking of the German women and children just as we must think of the women and children of the United States, who bear the brunt of the whole bloody business." Having sowed his first propagandistic seed friend host resumed his dissertation on poetry and art.

Immediately after this luncheon the poet began to receive communications from his host. At first they were entirely harmless. He would send a poem, a clipping out of a British or French publication that bore on music, or a magazine article about Liberalism. He was an accomplished letter-writer. Through all these communications ran the strain of "we Liberals." Then the poet began to notice a curious quality about these letters. They were all carbons, indicating that possibly the same epistle was being sent to others. Right here the German agent, for such he was, showed that he was scarcely an adept in his art. He was not up to all the tricks of successful salesmanship by correspondence, one of the first rules of which is always to send an original—or what seems to be an original—letter. The final straw came when he began to discuss the causes of the war and sent for the poet's approval a symposium of views by British pacifists.

The poet's suspicions were roused and he notified the Department of Justice. The persistent correspondent was shadowed. It was discovered that he was maintaining three different establishments in New York City, a not-uncommon performance of the German propagandist of the most useful sort. The reason for these three residences was obvious: They enabled the German—who in name and appearance gave no evidence of his Teutonic birth—to have three addresses, each one with a distinct use.

Spy Work Still Continues

One of them was in a large office building, from which he could communicate with business men, using imaginary business schemes as the basis for getting together with people he wanted to influence. The second address was in the fashionable bachelor apartment house, where he could receive poets, uplifters and "we Liberals." The third domicile was located among the tenements of the upper East Side. Here he wrote to socialists, labor leaders and the proletariat; here he could receive the horny-handed, even the unwashed, in simple and ascetic quarters. This man's elaborate scheme of work shows the completeness of the propaganda organization and also sheds some light on its methods. It is only necessary to add that he was taken into custody as a dangerous enemy alien and is now quartered for the duration of the war in a Southern internment camp.

The question naturally arises: To what extent is German propaganda being carried on at the present time? You do not have to search long for the answer. As recently as January, 1918, Government agents, through intercepted communications and evidence found on scores of enemy aliens placed under arrest, discovered plans for a whole new concerted movement not only to destroy American property but to begin a fresh campaign to distort and shape public opinion. It was to take the form of an "end the war" movement and to disseminate pessimistic reports about conditions in the American Army at home and abroad.

The arrest of the ringleaders did not end the business by any means. Wherever you live you are likely to hear the pro-German, masquerading as a naturalized American or as a Swiss or even as a Scandinavian, spreading gloomy rumors and indulging in the now familiar peace talk. Always the propagandist camouflages himself behind solicitude for America in her hour of war trial.

Last November a well-known New York advertising man, accompanied by his wife and several friends, visited a German restaurant not many miles from Broadway. When the host paid his bill souvenir post cards were handed out to members of his party. They at once remonstrated, and for excellent reasons. As I write I have one of these cards before me. It shows the sky line of New York, while underneath is the picture of the restaurant with the German flag flying from the staff on the roof. Hanging over the entrance is another flag displaying the Prussian eagle.

"Why do you flaunt this bird of prey in our faces?" asked the indignant New Yorker of the German head waiter.

"Why, that's the American eagle," was his facetious reply.

"If your wish were fulfilled it would be," retorted the American as he left the place.

Such incidents as these show that the German well-wisher is still on the job. The chief nests of sedition in the United States to-day are the so-called German club, which is facing the ban in more than one city, the *bierstube*—beer hall—and *weinhandlung*—wine establishment—where the Germans meet, mock at America, and hatch their schemes for the circulation of false and malicious rumors or worse. This alleged patriotism will continue to do its deadly work unless summary example is made of the offenders.

Outraged American feeling is crystallizing into a sentiment for drastic action. If we would shoot a few spies, as England did, and then conduct a publicity campaign on what we had done, it would be worth years of protest.

One aspect of the world-wide German propaganda movement now being gradually disclosed in the United States is well worth mentioning. Ever since the Russian Revolution—and I saw the first evidence of it myself in Petrograd—the effort has been made to cultivate the Jews. There is a characteristically cunning Teutonic reason.

With the dawn of democracy in Russia the Germans realized—and not without truth—that the emancipated Jew would be a tremendous factor in the reconstituted Slav world rising slowly out of the ruins of an ancient despotism. They argued that if they could make a favorable impression upon those Russian Israelites it would immediately be communicated to the universal freemasonry of that remarkable race.

The German prediction about the Hebraic influence in the remaking of Russia came true. Kerensky, for example, is Jewish on his mother's side. But he would have nothing to do with Germany. He once said to me: "So long as I have power there will be no separate peace with the Kaiser."

Kerensky fell, and a full-fledged Jew, Trotzky, easily the ablest man in the whole Bolshevik movement, took his place, certainly so far as foreign affairs are concerned. The Germans immediately made a strong play for him. The net result was the armistice and the first real peace parley of the great war.

The German is no racial philanthropist. He has years of anti-Semitic agitation to his discredit. But ostrichlike he thinks the world and the Jews have forgotten those unhappy years, even as he hopes that mankind in general will wipe out the memory of Belgium, Serbia and Poland. Here then is his plan:

After the war Germany will need a vast amount of refinancing. She will look to the great groups of Jewish bankers to aid her economic rehabilitation. If her experience of 1914 and 1915 with representative Jewish bankers of New York repeats itself with peace, her present attempts at conciliation are in vain. Those loyal American financiers, with few exceptions, refused to float German loans.

The Battles of Peace

We have now reached the real significance of the whole German propaganda proposition—whether in Spain, South America, Sweden or the United States. I touched on it at the beginning of this article; it is so vital to American business of the future that it is well worth emphasizing again. Back of every propagandistic effort is something deeper than the dissemination of false rumors, something more permanent than the justification of militarism. It is preparedness for the business battles of peace.

The German salesmen I saw selling goods in Norway and Sweden, the German factories that I beheld rising everywhere in Spain and that are in process of organization in Switzerland and Holland, the mobilization of immense stores of raw materials in every neutral country—including the United States until we declared war—all indicate one thing: Germany means to be a going business concern the moment war is over, and what is equally important she will have something to sell. Having something to offer on the international sales counter she assumes that world business will then become a duel between those ancient antagonists—patriotism and the pocketbook. The German to-day argues that if he can undersell his competitors the world will buy. After the war, as I have more than once pointed out in these pages, competition, which was once part of the orderly development of a country, will be a desperate struggle for national existence. The boche therefore is banking for commercial sustenance on the universal weakness in human nature which begins and ends with the bank account.

What many American business men do not realize is that Germany is looking commercially ahead with the same grasp of future needs with which she prepared for the armed conquest of Europe. Two comparatively recent incidents will serve to illustrate: When the German delegation went to Brest-Litovsk to sell the gold brick of a separate "made in Germany" peace to the Bolshevik delegates it was accompanied by some of the ablest economists and business men of the empire. That means that German diplomatic history was maintaining the integrity of its traditions. Business and diplomacy were traveling hand in hand as usual. A peace must be shaped that would serve German business ends. Before the first session had been on a week the Germans had made the modest demand that all German-made goods must be admitted to Russia duty-free, and that Germany must control the Russian wheat market for at least fifteen years after the signing of the peace treaty.

The second straw which shows the way the wind of German commercial ambition is blowing was evidenced by a statement made by one of the leading Teutonic delegates at this peace parley. The subject of the disposition of the host of German prisoners in Russia naturally came up. The question was: Should these prisoners be immediately returned to Germany with the consummation of peace? Much to the surprise of the Russians the German spokesman said in substance: "We do not desire the return of these prisoners. We prefer that they remain in Russia."

The German-Prisoner Colony

Why did Germany desire this? This burden of supplying these men with food was slight compared with their value on the fighting line or in the munition factories. They have an equally useful task where they are. Germany means to keep them in Russia as commercial colonists. Half of these Germans—many of them have been in Russia for more than two years—have learned to speak Russian; they know the ways of the Russian people. In most instances they have had the utmost freedom of action; they have worked on the farms; some of them have even married Russian women. On the Delbrück Law theory of "once a German always a German," the German Government knows that every German prisoner who remains in Russia will become a missionary for German trade after the war. They will be the ideal foremen and workers in the German-owned factories to be established in Petrograd, Moscow, Kieff, Warsaw, Odessa and other places. Though they are urgently needed at home Germany looks beyond the flaming battle front to the era of peace, when they will make up the first line of the new economic offensive.

What then is the lesson of all this for American business? The European war to which we are now committed is as much our own war as it is the life-and-death grapple of England and France with the enemy that sought their destruction. Our national security is as much at stake as if the invader had already crossed our shores. The underlying motive of the war was Germany's overmastering business ambition; the economic weapon will determine the result; it will likewise shape the aftermath. While we are fighting for world freedom of thought and action we must likewise arm ourselves for the coming war for economic independence.

Short-sighted economy to-day is merely giving aid to the trade enemy of the future. It is all right to save for victory, but it is equally necessary to spend for victory. Our triumph on the actual battlefields of war must be bulwarked on the business battlefields of peace. Every dollar put into new machinery, every fresh enterprise launched now constitutes just so much antidote against the inevitable German economic aggressions of peace, when Germany will concentrate all her genius of efficiency and organization upon the supreme effort to come back commercially.

It is no time for business slacking in the United States.

Our Allies are alive to this danger. They are taking out insurance amid the distractions of colossal tumult. England is writing a policy in the shape of an expanded and speeded-up industry, of an industrially educated youth, in the work of a reorganized board of trade that has become an imperial school of salesmanship. France is being industrially reborn through war; Italy is converting reverse into a rebirth of nationalization which will be a powerful factor for advancement when peace comes. We may well heed these examples.

Meanwhile the German propaganda thrives in our midst. Whether with plot or poison it is dedicated to one purpose—the salvation of Teutonic trade.

A perfectly mixed paint

Each ingredient in *Certain-teed* Paint is selected and used in scientifically correct proportions to produce the highest quality paint. Each is given a rigid laboratory test to prove quality.

All ingredients are carefully weighed and measured, as used. After the paint is thoroughly and evenly mixed by modern machinery, each can is tested to prove the accuracy of mixing. The result is a perfectly mixed paint of the highest quality.

The Certain-teed Policy:

To make every ***Certain-teed*** product from the best quality of materials; to use modern methods and machinery in manufacturing; to employ skilled experts; to manufacture on a scale that insures minimum costs; and to sell in such volume that ***Certain-teed*** prices are possible.

Under this policy we always have made and will continue to make ***Certain-teed*** Roofing. Also under this policy ***Certain-teed*** Paints and Varnishes can be made to sell at such reasonable prices

Paint makers usually charge the same for each color. The cost of expensive colors determines the price of all. Thus most colors pay big profits.

Certain-teed prices vary for each color, according to its manufacturing cost There fore most ***Certain-teed*** Paints cost y u less than competing paints of anything like the same high quality.

Certain-teed Products Corporation

Offices and warehouses in the principal cities of America.

Manufacturers of

Certain-teed Roofing

Certain-teed Paints & Varnishes

W
WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

The Westinghouse Sew Motor can be easily attached to any standard make of sewing machine

Westinghouse Motors Fit Every Task

Some of the many Westinghouse Motor Applications—

Adding Machines
Addressing Machines
Advertising Devices
Blowers
Blue Printing Machines
Bottle Washers
Bottling Machines
Bread Wrappers
Buffing and Grinding Machines
Bun and Bread Rounders
Candy Making Machines
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Drills
Duplicating Machines
Electric Welding Machines
Envelope Sealers
Fans
Farm Machinery
Feed Cutters
Fire Alarm Apparatus
Flashers
Forge Blowers
Foundry Apparatus
Gas Machines
Gluing Machines
Ice Cream Freezers
Ironing Machines

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO.
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

What She Says

I've always loved to sew—to plan my clothes, then watch them take shape as I stitch. It gives me the kind of thrill I think an artist must feel at his work.

And it gives me another thrill when I figure up and see how much I've saved by making my own clothes.

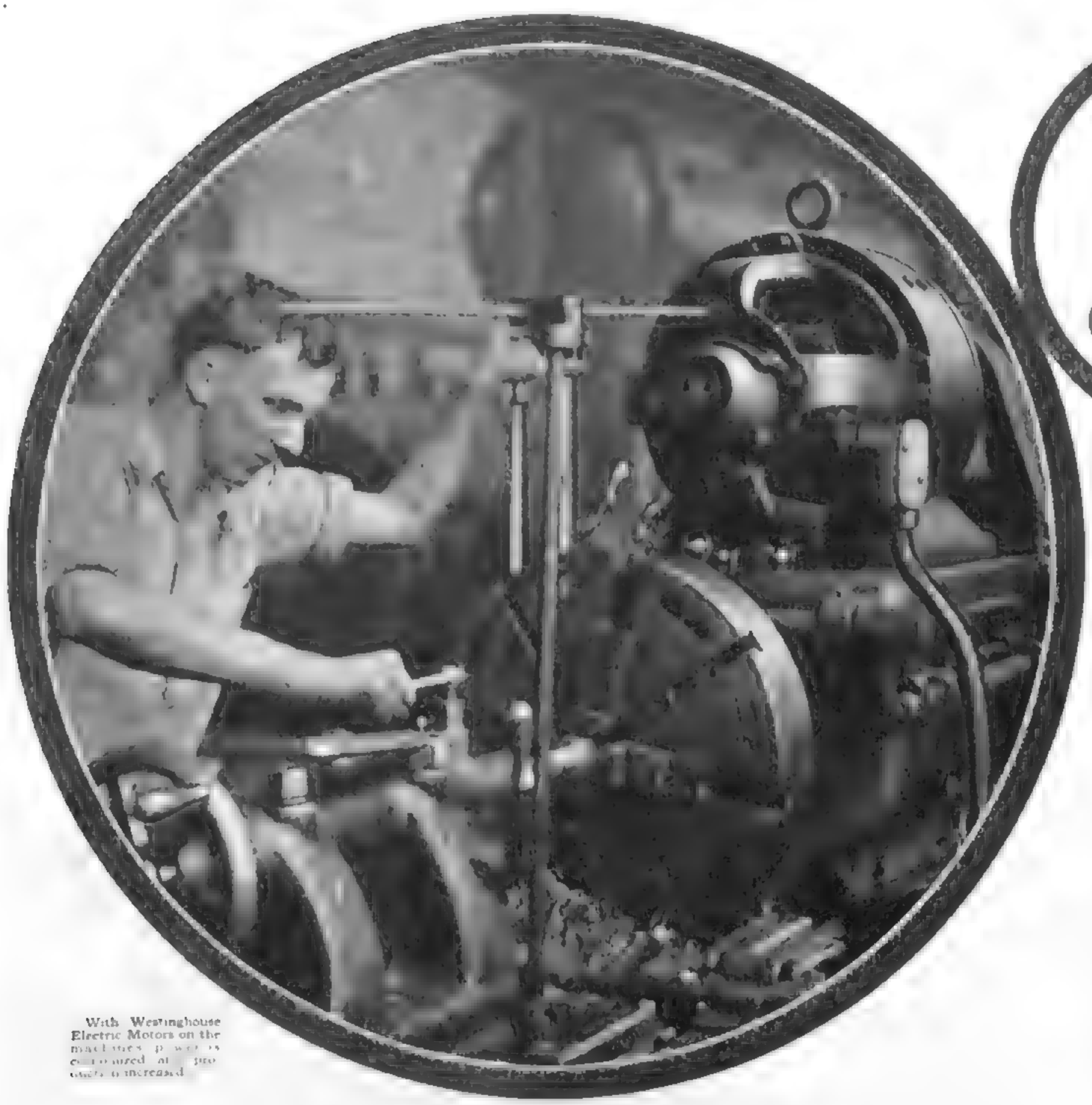
But it wasn't until I got this Westinghouse Sew-Motor that sewing was possible for me. Pushing a treadle by the hour was out of the question. All the pleasure was knocked out by the hard work. And there's no economy, either, in risking your health by getting overtired and nervous.

Now I turn on the electric current, put my foot on the treadle, and the Sew-Motor runs the machine. When I want to speed it up, I press the treadle a little harder, that's all—and how the needle does fly!

Take my advice, if you have a sewing machine — any ordinary machine — go out now to the nearest Westinghouse dealer's store and invest $16.50 in a Sew-Motor. You can attach it yourself.

Westinghouse

SMALL MOTORS FOR HOUSEHOLD PURPOSES



With Westinghouse Electric Motors on the machines [illegible] output [illegible] increased

What He Says

Since they put a Westinghouse Motor on each machine in this shop, I'm away ahead on my production record.

As soon as they started using electricity, they were able to rearrange machines so that everything would be easier to handle.

What's more, the motor takes up so little room that we have more overhead space, and there's nothing about it that's liable to catch a fellow's hands or clothing and cause accident.

But the thing that strikes me is the way the motor speeds up or slows down as I want it. When I'm turning a shaft, I run it faster as the shaft gets smaller and keep the cutting speed even. I never could do that before. Such speed changes as I could get, I often didn't make because of the bother.

I can see, too, how these motors must be saving a lot of expense by applying power right at the machine, and only while the machine is running. Practically all the power my motor produces goes to turn out the work.

W

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

For Sewing-Machine or Battleship

Knitting Machines
Labeling Machines
Laboratory Apparatus
Laundry Machines
Machine Tools
Mailing Machines
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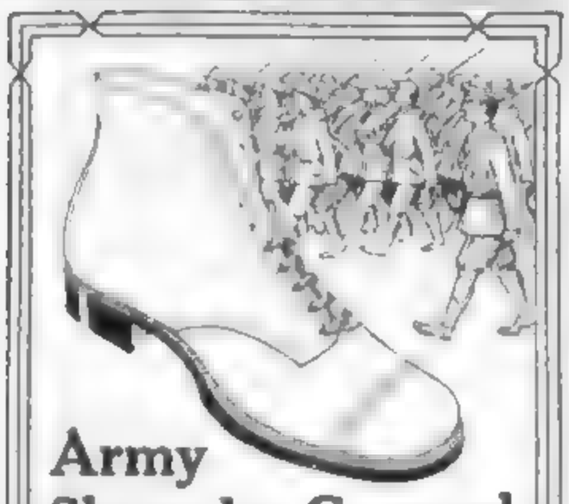
Meat Cutters
Metal Novelties
Milking Machines
Mine Machinery
Motion Picture Machines
Musical Instruments
Numbering Machines
Oil Burners
Optical Apparatus
Organ Blowers
Package Wrappers
Paper Box Machinery
Peanut Butter Machines
Peanut Roasters
Phonographs
Printers' and Bookbinders' Machines
Pumps—Air and Water
Railway Signal Apparatus
Razor Blade Sharpeners
Refrigerating Machines
Sand Sifters
Separators
Sewing Machines
Shoe Machinery
Sign Flashers
Signal Systems
Slicing Machines
Steel Mill Apparatus
Textile Machinery
Vacuum Cleaners
Vehicles
Washing Machines
Wireless Apparatus
Weighing Machines
Woodworking Machinery

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

Westinghouse

INDUSTRIAL MOTORS AND CONTROLLERS

Cortez Discovered the Aztecs
Johnston Discovered the Quintette Assortment



Army Shoes by Coward

The regulation last but put together on Coward shoe-making principles.

Made for hard duty, be it wet or dry, yet easy to the feet from the first wearing. Snug fitting through the heel to prevent chafing on the long hikes. Fit for the campaign straight through in wear, in comfort and in military appearance

We are experienced in fitting by mail

JAMES S. COWARD
262-274 Greenwich St., N. Y. (Near Warren St.)
Mail Orders Filled Sold Nowhere Else

The Coward Shoe
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

AFTER DARK

(Concluded from Page 7)

"Is the hour late enough now? Shall we go search? Are the dead man's servants out of the way?"

"All," declared Runa blandly. "They think their master gone to walk. Those who are not asleep are flirting in the bazaar."

The Widow Cuckoo-Tongue took thought, bending her broad young brows like a troubled queen.

"Go first and make sure of that," she commanded. "See if the house be clear for us. Go, and come quickly again."

With a reverence Runa turned away. Dan copied him truly and humbly.

"No," said the woman. "You go, alone. Kishori shall remain to amuse me."

A cloud crossing Runa's face, a spark in Runa's eye told Dan this new arrangement was unlooked for and disquieting. Cloud and spark vanished, however, at a breath, even while they began.

"I am jealous, O Heart of Sorcery. But I go."

Swinging the curtain of reeds outward, Runa put his feet into their sandals and was gone.

"Stay till I come," he said from outdoors. "Wait."

Dan waited, alone with the Widow Cuckoo-Tongue.

V

"KISHORI."

He looked toward her.

"Kishori the Fair," she said, and remained motionless, head upon hand.

The words as she uttered them were like all the gain of a lifetime—crowns, laurels and myrtles offered to a hero after seven labors.

"I knew you were daring. I did not know you were beautiful," she sighed. "How could I know without seeing you? Come. Sit by me!"

Dan came and hunkered on the floor below her. Remembering Runa's counsel he kept his eyes downcast, heavy, embarrassed. It was not hard to act the fool, he felt so like one.

"You have done well." The sweet voice took on a mournful tone, as though all doings upon earth were vanity. "Kishori the Faithful. . . . So then, that white fool is dead?"

Stupid as ever, Dan made reply that was not without merit:

"If alive he would be sitting at your feet now, like me, O Waterfall of Melody! Even a fool would be drawn hither."

Her laugh deserved the epithet.

"Well said. There's wit in you," she murmured. "Wit shall not go hungry in my lodging."

She clapped her little hands and called something aloud; then waited, smiling thoughtfully meanwhile at her guest. Her upper lip had a faint dark penciling of down; and this blemish only called the greater liking to come dwell on the bronze perfection of her face.

Through the doorway at the foot of her couch a man—a surly, red-eyed river character—stole in carrying a brass tray. He set before Dan a green-leaf platter of curried lentils, a green-leaf cocked hat filled with sweetmeats, and a couple of long-sheathed cigarettes. This butler saw nobody and nothing. He sourly refrained from doing so, and carried his brass tray out. But as he went Dan's brooding eyes took heed of a knife up the fellow's sleeve.

"Thank you," said Dan in flowers of speech. He began eating little and crumbling much, smoking between times, and wondering if Runa meant to come back. This call after dark was embarrassing; and while he smoked it grew more so, for something jingled softly at his ear until he found himself obliged to look up. The lady had begun to wriggle toward him a small brown foot with a gold ring of tiny bells round the great toe.

"You are surfeited?" she said, mocking him. "You have seen too much of cookery this day?"

"My soul is twisted, lady."

She laughed again with delight.

"Back, horse, back!" she cried, in slang that meant his flattery overstepped the bounds of truth. But he had not displeased her, for she went on jingling her toe ring in his face. The bells had a playful sound yet cruel, like jesses on a hawk. "Come, dear boy, fall to. None but a donkey fattens in dry weather."

"Your bounty rains on the poor." He fell to.

Close air, jasmine and musk had turned him dizzy. Now while he simulated eating, eyes on food, he became aware that the lady was humming a love song. She made no words articulate; but she needed no words, for they both knew the Song of Sesame. As her humming continued Dan felt an emotion overtake him that seemed worse than jasmine or musk. In part it was the horror of being ridiculous, in part a desire to laugh.

When I was a seed of sesame,
They crushed me in the mill.
My body gave they to be ground, . . .

Her song, like the tinkle of her bells, was being directed at him plainly, and at no one else on earth.

. Slave of the Lamp in the House,
. . Listen, O Lover, Moth! . . .

This became altogether too awkward. Dan felt his hair rising cold under his Moslem cap. The position was comic and hateful. Why should a man crouch thus?

. . . Slave of the Oil in the Cruse.

The humming ceased; likewise the bells. He glanced up. Something had happened. This young hawk sat rigid, piercing him with inscrutable dark eyes.

Something had happened.

What he had done or said wrongly, what mistake made in eating or smoking; whether she already saw through his disguise or were only on the point of seeing—he never knew. But clearly as if she now told him Dan understood that the woman had given a signal, and that her red-eyed riverman with the knife up his sleeve stood waiting behind the edge of the doorway.

"You?" she began doubtfully.

They were not left long in doubt. Behind him Dan heard someone lift the reed curtain. Looking thither he saw a youth run under it like one pursued, and halt—a silly youth with a frightened face. It was his own cook boy, the real Kishori.

"White man ate," cried the newcomer. "We cannot find his body."

There was no play-acting about this fellow. His message rang true and broke all charms and amorous rubbish in that room.

Upright on her couch bounded the woman, crying "Nāk Maddu!"

With the words came Red-Eyes and his knife, like a lean dog out of the dark. But even while he came Dan sprang behind the crooked pillar, held it in both hands as a dodging point, and from behind it with all the force of a long right leg kicked the man under the chin.

Nāk Maddu went down as if shot, his fall smashing the lamp.

For an instant the room was a blackness filled with loud breathing. Then many footsteps rushed in, the reed curtain burst rattling apart, and a glare from two electric torches blinded them all.

"Well timed," said the voice of an Englishman. "There you are, my pretty."

His pretty stood with knee on couch and eyes glittering, her face detestable in its fury. Then with a whirl of robes and whistling bells she was over the couch and out at the door. Next moment, however, she returned backward, a mass of blue and white tearing and biting in the arms of two men—two red-turbaned policemen who grinned and calmly held her.

"That's all here, I think," said the English voice. It came from a tall, white-helmeted figure that flashed the circle of one of the torches into every corner. "The lot. Runa, which is your friend? Will you see him home, please? We shan't discuss matters now in present company; but tell him I'll drop round and breakfast with him to-morrow if I may."

The speaker bent his helmet down to look at a wrist watch.

"To-morrow? No, this morning," he added. "How time's flown, hasn't it?"

The second torchbearer beckoned Mr. Towers to follow him out of doors, where he cut off his light and led the way in silence through heavenly open air, under a miracle of morning stars.

"Whoof!" was Dan's remark.

His guide gave a chuckle of sympathy.

"We're ever so much in your debt, Towers," declared the quiet voice of Runa. "You see, by keeping that widow amused you gave us time to—ah to perfect arrangements. We have the whole crowd now. Many thanks!"

Dan laughed and hooked elbows with his companion.

"Not at all," he replied. "The thanks are yours for a merry evening. Come up to the house and have a nightcap, Runa."

But the other refused.

"Too busy. Wish I could," said he. "I'll see you as far as the house, though. By the way, here are your keys again."

VII

WHILE breakfast waited, shortly before noon, and while Dan smoked in a veranda chair, he saw two white helmets bobbing above the hedge, then two white men coming up the garden path. He rose to welcome them.

"Good morning," called the foremost with a pleasant drawl. "Frightful glare to-day, isn't there? My name's Weatherby. How are you?"

He was a sunburnt young man in snowy drill, with light-blue eyes, a tight blond mustache, and an affectation of boredom that almost hid his lean activity.

"Sorry if we put you to inconvenience last night," he continued. "I got here only an hour before the show. Our friend Runa, who had it in charge, is always a bit too fond of mystery, you know."

The second stranger, a slim youth, very neat in fawn-colored silk, whose clear olive complexion and mournful dark eyes gave him a Eurasian look, smiled a far-off smile and waited in the background. The sadness of the half-caste, thought Dan, was what kept him there.

"Runa's one of our best men, though," said Weatherby. He suddenly recalled an omission. "Oh, here, I forgot. Mr. Towers, this is Mr. la Flèche."

Dan was shaking hands with this second stranger when in those mournful eyes he caught as it were a tail-end whisk of deviltry, gone like a fish darting down in a black pool.

"What?" roared Dan. "Of Chandernagor? You? The son of a gun! Why, you're Runa!"

Both his guests laughed and tossed their helmets into the nearest chair.

"Come in here to breakfast," said Mr. Towers, delighted with them. "What a game! Let's go eat. Never should have dreamed it was you, old fellow."

They entered the broad, dusky living room, where the table stood ready.

"I'm proud of the honor. You chaps are some police!"

As they sat down to breakfast Dan remembered another surprise which had been given him that morning.

"Look there!" He pointed to a great basket on the floor. "H. H. the Maharaja sent a squad of coolies with that just now. About a barrel of champagne. What's it for?"

Weatherby smiled and twisted his young blond mustache.

"Gratitude," he answered. "Old H. H. is not a bad sport when you know him. He never cared for Madame Cuckoo-Tongue. No, thanks. Too early in the day."

Mr. la Flèche had cast away all melancholy.

"Save it for a brush dinner," he proposed, "after the gang's convicted and shipped off to 'Kalapani.' Look here, Dan, will you go on shikar with me again, some other night?"

"Will I?" Dan grinned. "You just come and ask me, Runa! But I'd give your show away."

They were eating now, all three, hungrily and happily.

"Not you!" cried Runa. "I'd bet on you anywhere. . . . What perfectly goluptious chow! . . . No. Seriously. We'll go out together again, eh? Captain Weatherby's jealous. You heard him ragging me about mysteries; he couldn't go. Fie, foh, fum, they'd smell the blood of that Englishman a mile to windward. But you? Never you fear."

Weatherby took all this with an indulgent smile and gave his real attention to breakfast.

"*Mais la nuit,*" sang Runa, waving his bread in the air:

Mais la nuit, quand il fait sombre . .

"After dark"—he dropped from Beaumarchais lyrics to plain *jungli* prose "after dark every rope is a snake."

HANSEN GLOVES

Immaculate

GOOD taste in dress demands neatness, smooth fit and smart design in gloves. Hansenbilt gloves of finest cape leathers possess the smooth surface and flexibility only obtainable in gloves of high quality. Hansen Mocha Gloves in Gun Metal Gray and Army Khaki shades, are of choicest *real* Arabian leathers.

Automobile Gloves with and without Gauntlet Cuffs in exclusive styles of various weights covering the widest range in motoring demands.

Ask your dealer or write us for illustrated book describing this latest Hansen creation and many of the 500 other styles.

O. C. HANSEN MANUFACTURING CO.
100G DETROIT STREET, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Straight Thinking About Shoes

EASTER, with the new shoe season, is right here. Time is short—conditions in the shoe trade so important—we feel that we must talk to both men and women in this same issue of the Post.

Because goods are scarce and high, you may feel expected to make the best of things:—any port in a storm. This is all very well if advantage is not taken of it—by unnecessary letting down of quality, slack service, a little extra amount stuck on to the price.

Certain "patriotic" restaurants are alleged to cut the size of their portions in half and charge full price for them. One word for Hoover and two for themselves.

Women are quick to see these things.

War conditions are very real. They have one lesson for every business house. They ought to teach the need for greater service—sacrifices when necessary—and the importance of friends!

The busy, practical woman has neither the time nor the inclination to take chances on what she buys. She goes straight for goods of national reputation. She knows they have the greatest reason for being right.

She knows that style tendencies are just as pronounced now as ever, and that no style is true style that does not reflect the spirit of the times.

That spirit now is trig, smart, Military. It takes a man's shoemaker to interpret it.

That's why Regal Shoes for women are growing in demand every day.

Regal is probably the best known shoe name in the world. It began 26 years ago with men's shoes and is now winning a great reputation for women's shoes made in the same factories and by the same skilled workmen.

For Spring we have designed exclusive tailored models, both in high shoes and oxfords—to harmonize with this season's slender silhouette in clothes. The "Mineola" shown above has combined the rare charm of slender lines with real foot comfort. This smart Oxford comes in Mahogany Brown or Royal Black Russia Calf-skin; and Glazed Black Kid-skin—of special soft tannage. The price is $6.75.

There are fifty-four Regal Stores in the great Metropolitan Centres; about a thousand special Regal representatives in other towns and cities; and over two million wearers of Regal Shoes.

REGAL SHOE COMPANY
268 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON

REGAL SHOES

Why Regal Values Are Possible

MANY a man interested in getting the most for his money and judging shoe values by, let us say, values in his own business, has felt that there must be something wrong somewhere.

Now the exacting demands of war-time are bringing out the strong and the weak points in the shoe industry—an odd combination of the highest efficiency and the most wasteful methods.

America has led the world in shoe quality, in shoemaking system and machinery. On the other hand, she has always created thousands of useless styles and lasts. She has produced shoes too far in advance of the season.

This makes shoe manufacture and shoe retailing uncertain, complicated and expensive.

Another item, by way of illustration. What would you think of an industry that loses 10% of its work-year by factory shut-down to take inventory? Yet, three weeks, twice-a-year lost motion is the practice of the average shoe factory.

The better way, as any good business man knows, is to keep perpetual inventory and not have to shut down

We believe that now is a time to be frank about these things, and tell to men who are interested just what makes the value in Regal Shoes possible.

The perpetual inventory system, the concentration policy—are but instances of many modern methods enforced today in the Regal factories.

These things express, in concrete terms, our idea of the Regal Shoe Company's responsibility to the wearer for straight-from-the-shoulder value.

You may not find in the Regal Stores every oddity or captious turn of design, but you will find smart, well-made shoes in sufficient variety to meet the foot needs of almost every sensible man.

Above is shown the "Crest," made in genuine Calf-skin in the popular Cordovan shade; can be had also in black. It is one of the best shoes we know how to make. For style, for leather, for service it will be hard to match at the price — $8.00.

REGAL SHOE COMPANY

268 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON

REGAL SHOES

ATLAS EXPLOSIVES

Explosives and Chemicals

Notice where our branch offices are located

Every one of the nineteen ATLAS branch offices was located where it is for the purpose of making it easy for users of ATLAS Explosives throughout the country to receive shipments quickly and to enable our service men to be in a position to get into instant touch with users of explosives whose problems seem especially difficult of solution.

These branches are not mere "forwarders" to the home office. Each one is a complete unit. Each one is competent to handle any inquiry or order that comes to it.

This means elimination of all delays. When you communicate with an ATLAS branch you get just what you want quickly and surely.

The ATLAS line of explosives and chemicals includes high and permissible explosives, dynamites, farm powders, blasting and sporting powders, blasting supplies of all kinds, nitric and sulphuric acids, mixed acids, sodium nitrite and ammonium nitrate, nitre-cake, lacquers, etc. Producer of leather cloth.

Write for further information

General users of explosives and chemicals should write for further information. Farmers, owners of estates, lumbermen, should get our special book, "Better Farming." Mailed free.

ATLAS POWDER COMPANY

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

Sales Offices: [illegible]

The Easy-Going Persian

loves to join his neighbors in a quiet smoke. If his narghile wheezes and bubbles, and treats his tongue unkindly, he accepts it as a matter of course—*and keeps on smoking.*

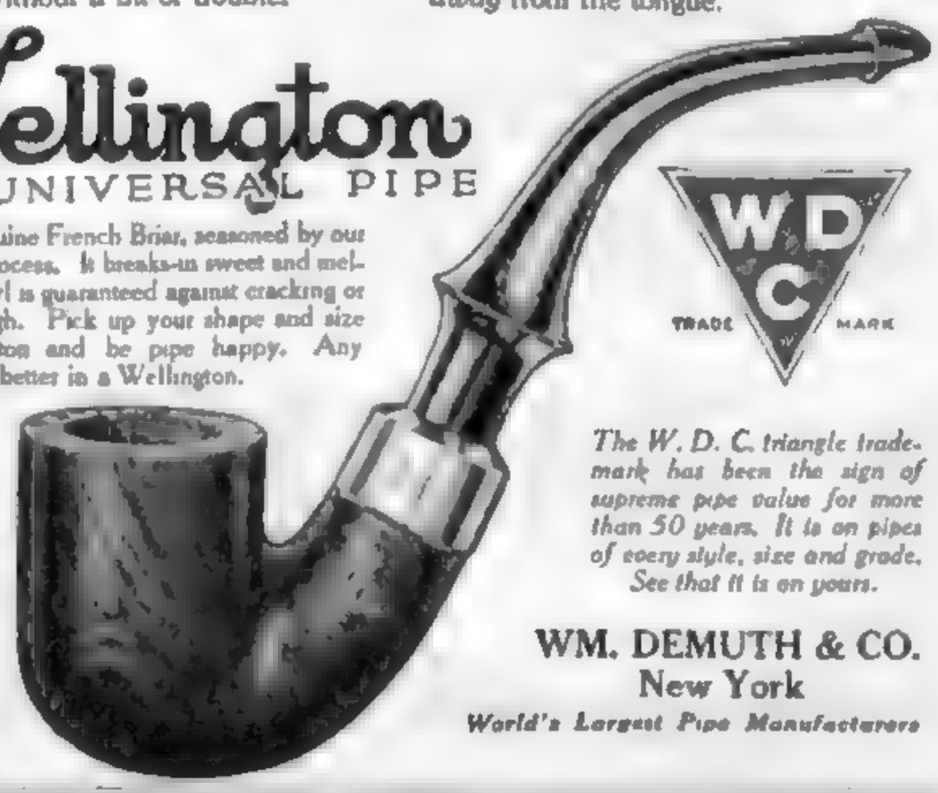
There used to be a time when an American was satisfied with that kind of a smoke. *But no more!* Nowadays he gets a Wellington Pipe and it gives him cool, clean, dry smoke dividends without a bit of trouble.

The Wellington will not wheeze or bubble. The "well" catches the moisture and the smoke comes cool and clean. Crumbs of tobacco cannot possibly be drawn up into the mouth. The upward bore of the bit directs the smoke *away* from the tongue.

Wellington

THE UNIVERSAL PIPE

is made of genuine French Briar, seasoned by our own special process. It breaks-in sweet and mellow. The bowl is guaranteed against cracking or burning through. Pick up your shape and size in a Wellington and be pipe happy. Any tobacco tastes better in a Wellington.



W D C TRADE MARK

The W. D. C. triangle trade-mark has been the sign of supreme pipe value for more than 50 years. It is on pipes of every style, size and grade. See that it is on yours.

At All Good Dealers 50c and up

WM. DEMUTH & CO.
New York
World's Largest Pipe Manufacturers

THE AMAZING INTERLUDE

(Continued from Page 19)

Henri stood with folded arms and listened. At first he said nothing. When he spoke it was in a voice of ominous calm:

"So for a stupid convention he would destroy this beautiful thing you have made! Does he know your work? Does he know what you are to the men here? Have you ever told him?"

"I have, of course, but ——"

"Do you want to go back?"

"No, Henri. Not yet. I —— "

"That is enough. You are needed. You are willing to stay. I shall attend to the money. It is arranged."

"You don't understand," said Sara Lee desperately. "I am engaged to him. I can't wreck my life, can I?"

"Would it wreck your life?" he demanded. "Tell me that and I shall know how to reason with you."

But she only looked at him helplessly.

Heavy tramping in the passage told of the arrival of the first men. They did not talk and laugh as usual. As well as they could they came quietly. For René had been a good friend to many of them, and had admitted on slack nights many a weary man who had no ticket. Much as the neighbors had entered the house back home after Uncle James had gone away, came these bearded men that night. And Sara Lee, hearing their muffled voices, brushed a hand over her eyes and tried to smile.

"We can talk about it later," she said. "We mustn't quarrel. I owe so much to you, Henri."

Suddenly Henri caught her by the arm and turned her about so that she faced the lamp.

"Do you love him?" he demanded. "Sara Lee, look at me!" Only he pronounced it Saralie. "He has done a very cruel thing. Do you still love him?"

Sara Lee shut her eyes.

"I don't know. I think I do. He is very unhappy, and it is my fault."

"Your fault!"

"I must go, Henri. The men are waiting."

But he still held her arm.

"Does he love you as I love you?" he demanded. "Would he die for you?"

"That's rather silly, isn't it? Men don't die for the people they love."

"I would die for you, Saralie."

She eyed him rather helplessly.

"I don't think you mean that." Bad strategy that, for he drew her to him. His arms were like steel, and it was a rebellious and very rigid Sara Lee who found she could not free herself.

"I would die for you, Saralie!" he repeated fiercely. "That would be easier, far, than living without you. There is nothing that matters but you. Listen—I would put everything I have—my honor, my life, my hope of eternity—on one side of the scale and you on the other. And I would choose you. Is that love?" He freed her.

"It's insanity," said Sara Lee angrily. "You don't mean it. And I don't want that kind of love, if that is what you call it."

"And you will go back to that man who loves himself better than he loves you?"

"That's not true!" she flashed at him. "He is sending for me, not to get me back to him, but to get me back to safety."

"What sort of safety?" Henri demanded in an ominous tone. "Is he afraid of me?"

"He doesn't know anything about you."

"You have never told him? Why?" His eyes narrowed.

"He wouldn't have understood, Henri."

"You are going back to him," he said slowly; "and you will always keep these days of ours buried in your heart. Is that it?" His eyes softened. "I am to be a memory! Do you know what I think? I think you care for me more than you know. We have lived a lifetime together in these months. You know me better than you know him, already. We have faced death together. That is a strong tie. And I have held you in my arms. Do you think you can forget that?"

"I shall never want to forget you."

"I shall not let you forget me. You may go—I cannot prevent that, perhaps. But wherever I am, Saralie, I shall stand between that lover of yours and you. And sometime I shall come from this other side of the world, and I shall find you, and you will come back with me. Back to this country—our country."

They were boyish words, but back of them was the iron determination of a man. His eyes seemed sunken in his head. His face was white. But there was almost a prophetic ring in his voice.

Sara Lee went out and left him there, went out rather terrified and bewildered, and refusing absolutely to look into her own heart.

XXIII

LATE in May she started for home. It had not been necessary to close the little house. An Englishwoman of mature years and considerable wealth, hearing from Mr. Travers of Sara Lee's recall, went out a day or two before she left and took charge. She was a kindly woman, in deep mourning; some of the ache left Sara Lee's heart when she had talked with her successor.

Perhaps, too, Mrs. Cameron understood some of the things that had puzzled her before. She had been a trifle skeptical perhaps about Sara Lee before she saw her. A young girl alone among an army of men! She was a good woman herself, and not given to harsh judgments, but the thing had seemed odd. But Sara Lee in her little house, as virginal, as without sex-consciousness as a child, Sara Lee with her shabby clothes and her stained hands and her honest eyes—this was not only a good girl, this was a brave and high-spirited and idealistic woman.

And after an evening in the house of mercy, with the soldiers openly adoring and entirely respectful, Mrs. Cameron put her arms round Sara Lee and kissed her.

"You must let me thank you," she said. "You have made me feel what I have not felt since ——" She stopped. Her mourning was only a month old. "I see to-night that, after all, many things may be gone, but that while service remains there is something worth while in life."

The next day she asked Sara Lee to stay with her, at least through the summer. Sara Lee hesitated, but at last she agreed to cable. As Henri had disappeared with the arrival of Mrs. Cameron it was that lady's chauffeur who took the message to Dunkirk and sent it off.

She had sent the cable to Harvey. It was no longer a matter of the Ladies' Aid. It was between Harvey and herself.

The reply came on the second day. It was curt and decisive.

"Now or never," was the message Harvey sent out of his black despair, across the Atlantic to the little house so close under the guns of Belgium.

Henri was half mad those last days. Jean tried to counsel him, but he was irritable, almost savage. And Jean understood. The girl had grown deep into his own heart. Like Henri, he believed that she was going back to unhappiness; he even said so to her in the car, on that last sad day when Sara Lee, having visited René's grave and prayed in the ruined church, said good-by to the little house and went away, tearless at the last, because she was too sad for tears.

It was not for some time that Jean spoke what was in his mind, and when he had done so she turned to him gravely:

"You are wrong, Jean. He is the kindest of men. Once I am back, and safe, he will be very different. I'm afraid I've given you a wrong impression of him."

"You think then, mademoiselle, that he will forget all these months—he will never be unhappy over them?"

"Why should he?" said Sara Lee proudly. "When I tell him everything he will understand. And he will be very proud that I have done my share."

But Jean's one eye was dubious.

At the wharf in Dunkirk they found Henri, a pale but composed Henri. Jean's brows contracted. He had thought that the boy would follow his advice and stay away. But Henri was there.

It was as well, perhaps, for Sara Lee had brought him a letter, one of those missives from the trenches which had been so often left at the little house.

Henri thrust it into his pocket without reading it.

"Everything is prepared," he said. "It is the British Admiralty boat, and one of the officers has offered his cabin. You will be quite comfortable."

He appeared quite calm. He saw to carrying Sara Lee's small bag on board; he chatted with the officers; he even wandered over to a hospital ship moored near

(Continued on Page 94)

THE ADVERTISEMENT WHICH WON THE $1,000 PRIZE

Text of the Prize Winning Advertisement

"THE most marvelous machine can never be a person, but Thomas A. Edison, the inventive wizard, has at last mastered a human voice reproducing instrument that does not betray itself in the very presence of the artists.

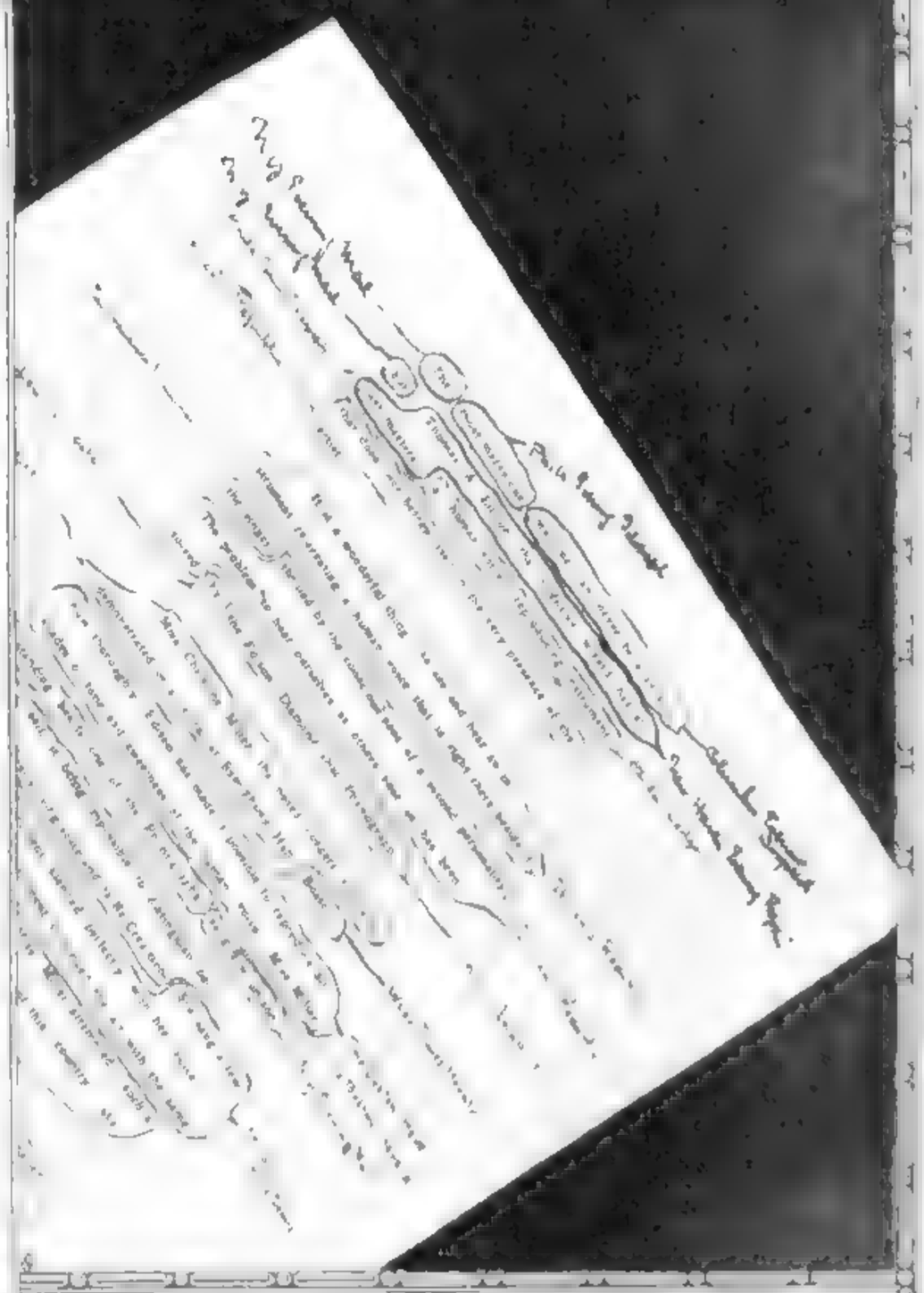
"It is a wonderful thing to see and hear an instrument Re-Creating a human voice that is right there beside it, the singer thrilled by the consciousness of a second personality. The problem 'to hear ourselves as others hear us' has been solved by the Edison Diamond Disc Phonograph.

"Miss Christine Miller, the noted concert contralto, demonstrated in a recital at Symphony Hall, Boston, how thoroughly Edison has made it possible to reproduce all shades of tone and sweetness of the human voice. Miss Miller, standing beside one of the phonographs, sang in unison with herself, it being impossible to distinguish between the singer's living voice and its Re-Creation. She sang a few bars and the instrument blended perfectly with her voice. She ceased and the instrument continued the air with the same beautiful tonal quality. Had Miss Miller attempted such a concert in Salem, in the early days of this country, she would have been hanged for a witch.

"The large audience of music-lovers sat enthralled under the spell of the wizardry which reproduced a human voice, the most delicate violin tones and the blare of a brass band with such fidelity that no one, hearing also the same music at first hand, could tell which was the real. The instrument was a stock phonograph intended solely for the home.

"Perhaps the artistic merit of Mr. Edison's invention can in no way so well be attested as by the fact that 600 members of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston were present."

Earle Insley, Nanuet, N. Y.



IT is safe to say that no such advertisement as the above has ever appeared before. The man who received $1000 for preparing this advertisement did not write a single word of it. The words were written by representatives of various newspapers, who, after hearing a direct comparison between living artists and the New Edison's Re-Creation of their work, pronounced the Re-Creation in every case an exact counterpart of the original music. The music critics of approximately 1500 newspapers have described these remarkable comparisons and are unanimous in their favorable verdict. The prize-winning advertisement illustrated on this page is composed of extracts taken from newspaper accounts of these daring comparisons.

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

is positively the only sound reproducing instrument capable of sustaining the comparison described.

You owe it to yourself to hear the New Edison and to learn more about it. Our dealers will be glad to give you a complimentary concert. We shall be glad to send you the booklet "What the Critics Say," the brochure "Music's Re-Creation," and a complimentary copy of our musical magazine "Along Broadway."

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., Orange, New Jersey

ANNOUNCEMENT OF AWARDS IN THE EDISON WEEK PATCHWORK ADVERTISEMENT CONTEST

First Prize—$1000
Earle Insley, Nanuet, N. Y.

Second Prize—$500
Edward Crede, 337 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Third Prize—$250
Jane P. Kelly, 318 S. Water St., Crawfordsville, Ind.

Fourth Prize—$100
Miss Leta Worrall, 1034 W. 17th St., Des Moines, Ia.

Fifth Prize—$50
Gordon Diver, 88a Girouard Ave., N. D. G., Montreal

Ten Prizes of $10 Each

Mrs. Florence Bassett, *430 N. Beaudry Ave., Los Angeles*
Jesse G. Bourns, *513 Washington St., Olympia, Wash.*
Miss Katharine Gest, *1203 Second Ave., Rock Island, Ill.*
Harold H. Hertel, *56 Loomis St., Naperville, Ill.*
Mrs. Ray Keegan, *407 Gore Blvd., Lawton, Okla.*
Alphonse Kirschner, *234 E. 3d St., Brooklyn, N. Y.*
Miss Vida Laughery, *444 N. Market St., Oskaloosa, Ia.*
Mrs. A. E. Peterman, *Theodore, Ala.*
Miss Katharine Santelle, *419 Sterling Pl., Madison, Wis.*
Josephine A. Sheehan, *33 Gage St., Fitchburg, Mass.*

Edison Re-Creations should not be played and cannot be played properly on any other instrument. If they could be, the manufacturers who seek to profit by Mr. Edison's research work would be able to make tone test comparisons, such as we have made with the New Edison before two million music lovers.

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few applications of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus for two or three nights. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.

Regal Cloth Hats

In Novelty Tweeds, Checks and Fancy Mixtures

$2.00 $2.50 $3.00

Light weight distinguished looking and comfortable. Your dealer can supply you if you insist. If he will not do so remit direct to us, stating size worn and preference as to color. We will see that you are supplied.

THE REGAL HAT CO

Largest Mfg. Distributors of Cloth Headwear in America

Regal Bldg., 643 to 651 So. Wells St.
CHICAGO

In the April 6th issue of this periodical we will show an entirely new Auto Hat—THE ROADSTER—the most attractive and serviceable waterproof hat ever produced

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

(Continued from Page 92)

by and exchanged civilities with a wounded man in a chair on the deck. Perhaps he swaggered a bit too much, for Jean watched him with some anxiety. He saw that the boy was taking it hard. His eyes were very sunken, and he moved his right arm stiffly, as though the old wound troubled him.

Jean did not like leave-takings. Particularly he did not like taking leave of Sara Lee. Some time before the boat sailed he kissed her hand, and then patted it and went away in the car without looking back.

The boat was preparing to get under way. Henri was standing by her very quietly. He had not slept the night before, but then there were many nights when Henri did not sleep. He had wandered about, smoking incessantly, trying to picture the black future.

He could see no hope anywhere. America was far away, and peaceful. Very soon the tranquillity of it all would make the last months seem dreamlike and unreal. She would forget Belgium, forget him. Or she would remember him as a soldier who had once loved her. Once loved her, because she had never seemed to realize the lasting quality of his love. She had always felt that he would forget her. If he could only make her believe that he would not, it would not be so hopeless.

He had written a bit of a love letter on the little table at Dunkirk that morning, written it with the hope that the sight of the written words might carry conviction where all his protests had failed.

"I shall love you all the years of my life," he wrote. "At any time, in any place, you may come to me and know that I am waiting. Great love like this comes only once to any man, and once come to him it never goes away. At any time in the years to come you may know with certainty that you are still to me what you are now, the love of my life.

"Sometimes I think, dearest—I may call you that once, now that you have left me—that far away you will hear this call of mine and come back to me. Perhaps you will never come. Perhaps I shall not live. I feel to-day that I do not care greatly to live.

"If that is to be, then think of me somewhere, perhaps with René by my side, since he, too, loved you. And I shall still be calling you, and waiting. Perhaps even beyond the stars they have need of a little house of mercy; and, God knows, wherever I am I shall have need of you."

He had the letter in the pocket of his tunic, and at last the moment came when the boat must leave. Suddenly Henri knew that he could not allow her to cross to England alone. The last few days had brought many stories of submarine attacks. Here, so far north, the Germans were particularly active. They had for a long time lurked in waiting for this British Admiralty boat, with its valuable cargo, its officers and the government officials who used it.

"Good-by, Henri," said Sara Lee. "I of course it is no use to try to tell you ——"

"I am going across with you."

"But ——"

"I allowed you to come over alone. I shiver when I think of it. I shall take you back myself."

"Is it very dangerous?"

"Probably not. But can you think of me standing safe on that quay and letting you go into danger alone?"

"I am not afraid."

"I know that. I have never seen you afraid. But if you wish to see a coward, look at me. I am a coward for you."

He put his hand into his pocket. It occurred to him to give her the letter now, so that if anything happened she would at least have had it. He wanted no mistake about that appointment beyond the stars. But the great world of eternity was very large, and they must have a definite understanding about that meeting at the little house of mercy over there.

Perhaps he had a little fever that day. He was alternately flushed and pale; and certainly he was not quite rational. His hand shook as he brought out her letter—and with it the other letter from the Front.

"Have you the time to come with me?" Sara Lee asked doubtfully. "I want you to come, of course, but if your work will suffer ——"

He held out his letter to her.

"I shall go away," he said, "while you read it. And perhaps you will not destroy it, because—I should like to feel that you have it always."

He went away at once, saluting as he passed other officers, who gravely saluted him. On the deck of the hospital ship the invalid touched his cap. Word was going about, in the stealthy manner of such things, that Henri, whose family name we may not know, was a brave man and doing brave things.

The steamer had not yet cast off. As usual, it was to take a flying start from the harbor, for it was just outside the harbors that the wolves of the sea lay in wait. Henri, alone at last, opened his letter, and stood staring at it. There was again movement behind the German line, a matter to be looked into as only he could do it. Probably nothing, as before; but who could say?

Henri looked along the shore to where but a few miles away lay the ragged remnant of his country. And he looked forward to where Sara Lee, his letter in her hand, was staring blindly at nothing. Then he looked out toward the sea, where lay who knew what dangers of death and suffering.

After that first moment of indecision he never hesitated. He stood on the deck and watched, rather frozen and rigid, and with a mind that had ceased working, while the steamer warped out from the quay. If in his subconsciousness there was any thought it was doubtless that he had done his best for a long time, and that he had earned the right to protect for a few hours the girl he loved. That, too, there had been activity along the German-Belgian line before without result.

Perhaps subconsciously those things were there. He himself was conscious of no thought, of only a dogged determination to get Sara Lee across the Channel safely. He put everything else behind him. He counted no cost.

The little admiralty boat sped on. In the bow, on the bridge and at different stations lookouts kept watch. The lifeboats were hung overboard, ready to lower instantly. On the horizon a British destroyer steamed leisurely. Henri stood for a long time on the deck. The land fell away quickly. From a clear silhouette of the town against the sky—the dunes, the spire of the cathedral, the roof of the *mairie*—it became vague, shadowy—the height of a hand—a line—nothing.

Henri roused himself. He was very thirsty, and the wound in his arm ached. When he raised his hand to salute the movement was painful.

It was a very grave Sara Lee he found in the officers' cabin when he went inside later on. She was sitting on the long seat below the open port, her hat slightly askew and her hands folded in her lap. Her bag was beside her, and there was in her eyes a perplexity Henri was too wretched to notice.

For the first time Sara Lee was realizing the full value of the thing she was throwing away. She had persistently discounted it until now. She had been grateful for it. She had felt unworthy of it. But now, on the edge of leaving it, she felt that something infinitely precious and very beautiful was going out of her life. She had already a sense of loss.

For the first time, too, she was allowing herself to think of certain contingencies that were now forever impossible. For instance, suppose she had stayed with Mrs. Cameron? Suppose she had broken her promise to Harvey and stayed on at the little house? Suppose she had done as Henri had so wildly urged her, and had broken with Harvey? Would she have married Henri?

There was a certain element of caution in the girl. It made the chances she had taken rather more courageous, indeed, because she had always counted the cost. But marriage was not a matter for taking chances. One should know not only the man, but his setting, though she would not have thought of it in that way. Not only the man, but the things that made up his life—his people, his home.

And Henri was to her still a figure, not so much now of mystery as of detachment. Except Jean he had no intimates. He had no family on the only side of the line she knew. He had not even a country.

She had reached that point when Henri came below and saluted her stiffly from the doorway.

"Henri!" she said. "I believe you are ill!"

"I am not ill," he said, and threw himself into the corner of the seat. "You have read it?"

She nodded. Even thinking of it brought a lump into her throat. He bent forward, but he did not touch her.

"I meant it, Saralie," he said. "Sometimes men are infatuated, and write what they do not mean. They are sincere at the time, and then later on —— But I meant it. I shall always mean it."

Not then, nor during the three days in London, did he so much as take her hand. He was not well. He ate nothing, and at night he lay awake and drank a great deal of water. Once or twice he found her looking at him anxiously, but he disclaimed all illness.

He had known from the beginning what he was doing. But he did not touch her, because in his heart he knew that where once he had been worthy he was no longer worthy. He had left his work for a woman.

It is true that he had expected to go back at once. But the Philadelphia, which had been listed to sail the next day, was held up by a strike at the dock in Liverpool, and he waited on, taking such hours as she could give him, feverishly anxious to make her happy, buying her little gifts—mostly flowers, which she wore tucked in her belt and smiled over, because she had never before received flowers from a man.

He was alternately gay and silent. They walked across the Thames by the Parliament Buildings, and midway across he stopped and looked long at the stream. And they went to the Zoological Gardens, where he gravely named one of the sea lions for Colonel Lilias because of its mustache, and insisted on saluting it each time before he flung it a fish. Or he soberly gathered up a very new baby camel, all legs, in his arms, and presented it to her.

"Please accept it, mademoiselle," he said, "with my compliments."

They dined together every night, very modestly, sitting in some crowded restaurant perhaps, but seeing little but each other. Sara Lee had bought a new hat in London—black, of course, but faced with white. He adored her in it. He would sit for long moments, his elbows propped on the table, his blond hair gleaming in the candlelight, and watch her.

"I wonder," he said once, "if you had never met him would you have loved me?"

"I do love you, Henri."

"I don't want that sort of love." And he had turned his head away.

But one evening he called for her at Morley's, a white and crushed boy, needing all that she could give him and much more. He came as a man goes to the woman he loves when he is in trouble, much as a child to his mother. Sara Lee, coming down to the reception room, found him alone there, walking rapidly up and down. He turned desperate eyes on her.

"I have brought bad news," he said abruptly.

"The little house ——"

"I do not know. I ran away, mademoiselle. I am a traitor. And the Germans broke through last night."

"Henri!"

"They broke through. We were not ready. That is what I have done."

"Don't you think," Sara Lee said in a frozen voice, "that is what I have done? I let you come."

"You? You are taking the blame? Mademoiselle, I have enough to bear without that."

He explained further, still standing in his rigid attitude. If he had been white before at times he was ghastly now. It had not been an attack in force. A small number had got across and had penetrated beyond the railway line. There had been hand-to-hand fighting in the road beyond the poplars. But it looked more like an experiment, an endeavor to discover the possibility of a real advance through the inundation; or perhaps a feint to cover operations elsewhere.

"For every life lost I am responsible," he ended in a flat and lifeless tone.

"But you might not have known," she protested wildly. "Even if you had been there, Henri, you might not have known." She knew something of war by that time. "How could you have told that a small movement of troops was to take place?"

"I should have been there."

"But—if they came without warning?"

"I did not tell you," he said, looking away from her. "There had been a warning. I disregarded it."

He went back to Belgium that night. Sara Lee, at the last, held out her hand. She was terrified for him, and she showed it.

"I shall not touch your hand," he said. "I have forfeited my right to do that." Then, seeing what was in her face, he reassured her. "I shall not do that," he said. "It would be easier. But I shall have to go back and see what can be done."

(Continued on Page 97)

Paint to save—
Not just to beautify

PAINT makes a house look better, but when economy is required you could get along without looks.

You can't, however, get along without protection.

If you do, you will spend more on repairs than you save on paint.

If your house needs paint, it should be painted now, to preserve the house.

Use good paint. Poor paint is as costly as no paint.

We make paint with first-hand knowledge of your needs. Wear and weather have no surprises for any finish bearing our trade-mark. These finishes, promptly and properly applied, will add to your resources by making your house worth more than it was before.

If you do not know a dealer who sells Sherwin-Williams' Products write to us.

Write for booklet "The ABC of Home Painting." Address, The SHERWIN-WILLIAMS COMPANY, 613 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, Ohio

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PRODUCTS

EVERYMAN'S PLEDGE
America shall win this war!
Therefore, I will work, I will save, I will sacrifice, I will endure, I will fight—cheerfully, and to my utmost—as if the whole issue of the struggle depended on me alone.

Mallory Hats

"Cravenette" Finish

The time of times to get full value for your money in all apparel—*especially hats*. Mallory Hats since 1823 have been noted for their unusual wearing qualities, their good style, their finish. Made in an American factory by American hatters, the most skilful in the world. Look for the handsome Mallory Store Card in colors in hatters' windows. Dealers identified by the Mallory sign are showing the new Spring styles. Prices: $4, $4.50, $5, and up.

Mallory Mello-Ease (extreme light weight), $5 and $6.

234 Fifth Ave., New York E. A. MALLORY & SONS, Inc. *Factory: Danbury, Conn.*

(Continued from Page 94)

He was the old Henri to the last, however. He went carefully over her steamship ticket, and inquired with equal care into the amount of money she had.

"It will take you home?" he asked.

"Very comfortably, Henri."

"It seems very little."

Then he said, apropos of nothing: "Poor Jean!"

When he left her at last he went to the door, very erect and soldierly. But he turned there and stood for a moment looking at her, as though through all that was coming he must have with him, to carry him through, that final picture of her.

The elderly chambermaid, coming into Sara Lee's room the next morning, found her fully dressed in the frock she had worn the night before, face down on her bed.

XIII

IT WAS early in June when at last the lights went down behind the back drop and came up in front, to show Sara Lee knitting again, though not by the fire. The amazing interlude was over.

Over, except in Sara Lee's heart. The voyage had been a nightmare. She had been ill for one thing—a combination of seasickness and heartsickness. She had allowed Henri to come to England with her, and the Germans had broken through. All the good she had done—and she had helped—was nothing to this mischief she had wrought.

It had been a small raid. She gathered that from the papers on board. But that was not the vital thing. What mattered was that she had let a man forget his duty to his country in his solicitude for her.

But as the days went on the excitement of her return dulled the edge of her misery somewhat. The thing was done. She could do only one thing to help. She would never go back, never again bring trouble and suffering where she had meant only to help.

She had had a faint hope that Harvey would meet her at the pier. She needed comforting and soothing, and perhaps a bit of praise. She was so very tired; depressed, too, if the truth be known. She needed a hand to lead her back to her old place on the stage, and kind faces to make her forget that she had ever gone away.

Because that was what she had to do. She must forget Henri and the little house on the road to the poplar trees; and, most of all, she must forget that because of her Henri had let the Germans through.

But Harvey did not meet her. There was a telegram saying he would meet her train if she wired when she was leaving—an exultant message breathing forgiveness and signed "with much love." She flushed when she read it.

Of course he could not meet her in New York. This was not the Continent in wartime, where convention had died of a great necessity. And he was not angry, after all. A great wave of relief swept over her. But it was odd how helpless she felt. Since her arrival in England months before there had always been Henri to look after things for her. It was incredible to recall how little she had done for herself.

Was she glad to be back? She did not ask herself. It was as though the voyage had automatically detached her from that other Sara Lee of the little house. That was behind her, a dream, a mirage—or a memory. Here, a trifle confused by the bustle, was once again the Sara Lee who had knitted for Anna, and tended the plants in the dining-room window, and watched Uncle James slowly lowered into his quiet grave.

Part of her detachment was voluntary. She could not bear to remember. She had but to close her eyes to see Henri's tragic face that last night at Morley's. And part of the detachment was because, after all, the interlude had been but a matter of months, and reaching out familiar hands to her were the habits and customs and surroundings of all the earlier years of her life, drawing her back to them.

It was strange how Henri's face haunted her. She could close her eyes and see it, line by line, his very swagger—for he did swagger, just a little; his tall figure and unruly hair; his long, narrow, muscular hands. Strange and rather uncomfortable. Because she could not summon Harvey's image at all. She tried hard to bring before her, that night in the train speeding west, his solid figure and kind eyes as they would greet her the next day—tried, and failed. All she got was the profile of the photograph, and the stubborn angle of the jaw.

She was up very early the next morning, and it was then, as the train rolled through familiar country, that she began to find Harvey again. A flush of tenderness warmed her. She must be very kind to him because of all that he had suffered.

The train came to a stop. Rather breathless, Sara Lee went out on the platform. Harvey was there in the crowd. He did not see her at first. He was looking toward the front of the train. So her first glimpse of him was the view of the photograph. His hat was off, and his hair, carefully brushed back, gave him the eager look of the picture.

He was a strong and manly figure, as unlike Henri as an oak is unlike one of Henri's own tall and swaying poplars. Sara Lee drew a long breath. Here after all were rest and peace; love and gentleness; quiet days and still evenings. No more crowds and wounds and weary men, no more great thunderings of guns, no imminence of death. Rest and peace.

Then Harvey saw her, and the gleam of happiness and relief in his eyes made her own eyes misty. She saw even in that first glance that he looked thinner and older. A pang of remorse shot through her. Was happiness always bought at the cost of happiness? Did one always take away in order to give? Not in so many words, but in a flash of doubt the thought went through her mind.

There was no reserve in Harvey's embrace. He put his arms about her and held her close. He did not speak at first. Then:

"My own girl!" he said. "My own little girl!"

Suddenly Sara Lee was very happy. All her doubts were swept away by his voice, his arms. There was no thrill for her in his caress, but there were peace and quiet joy. It was enough for her, just then, that she had brought back some of the happiness she had robbed him of.

"Oh, Harvey!" she said. "I'm glad to be back again—with you."

He held her off then and looked at her.

"You are thin," he said. "You're not pale, but you are thin." And in a harder voice: "What did they do to you over there?"

But he did not wait for a reply. He did not seem to want one. He picked up her bag and, guiding her by the elbow, piloted her through the crowd.

"A lot of folks wanted to come and meet you," he said, "but I steered them off. You'd have thought Roosevelt was coming to town the way they've been calling up."

"To meet me?"

"I expect the Ladies' Aid Society wanted to get into the papers again," he said rather grimly. "They are merry little advertisers, all right."

"I don't think that, Harvey."

"Well, I do," he said, and brought her to a stop facing a smart little car, very new, very gay.

"How do you like it?" he asked.

"Like it? Why, it's not yours, is it?"

"Surest thing you know. Or, rather, it's ours. Had a few war babies, and they grew up."

Sara Lee looked at it, and for just an instant, a rather sickening instant, she saw Henri's shattered low car, battle-scarred and broken.

"It's—lovely," said Sara Lee. And Harvey found no fault with her tone.

Sara Lee had intended to go to Anna's, for a time at least. But she found that Belle was expecting her and would not take "no."

"She's moved the baby in with the others," Harvey explained as he took the wheel. "Wait until you see your room. I knew we'd be buying furniture soon, so I fixed it up."

He said nothing for a time. He was new to driving a car, and the traffic engrossed him. But when they had reached a quieter neighborhood he put a hand over hers.

"Good God, how I've been hungry for you!" he said. "I guess I was pretty nearly crazy sometimes." He glanced at her apprehensively, but if she knew his connection with her recall she showed no resentment. As a matter of fact there was in his voice something that reminded her of Henri, the same deeper note, almost husky.

She was, indeed, asking herself very earnestly what was there in her of all people that should make two men care for her as both Henri and Harvey cared. In the humility of all modest women she was bewildered. It made her rather silent and a little sad. She was so far from being what they thought her.

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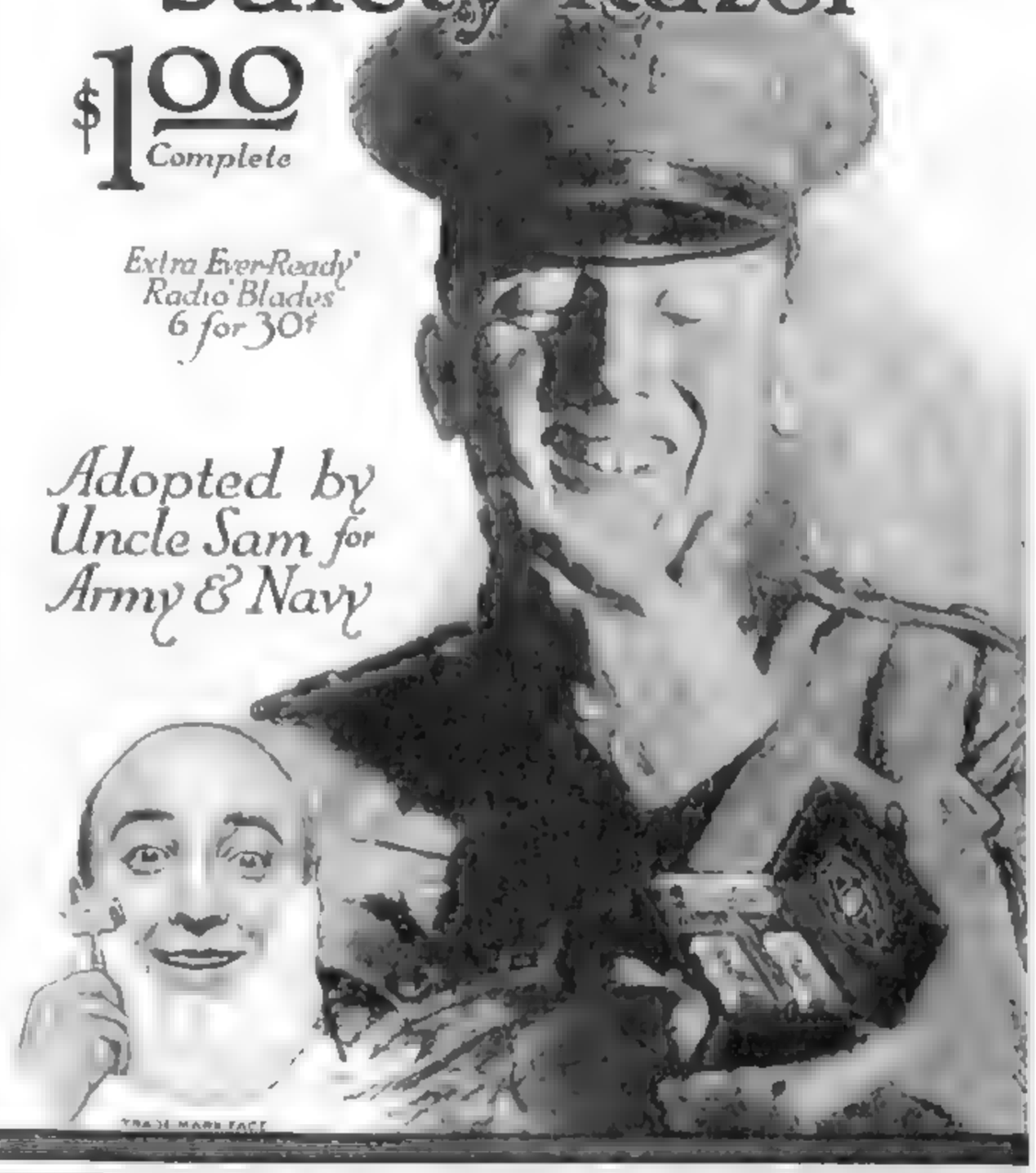

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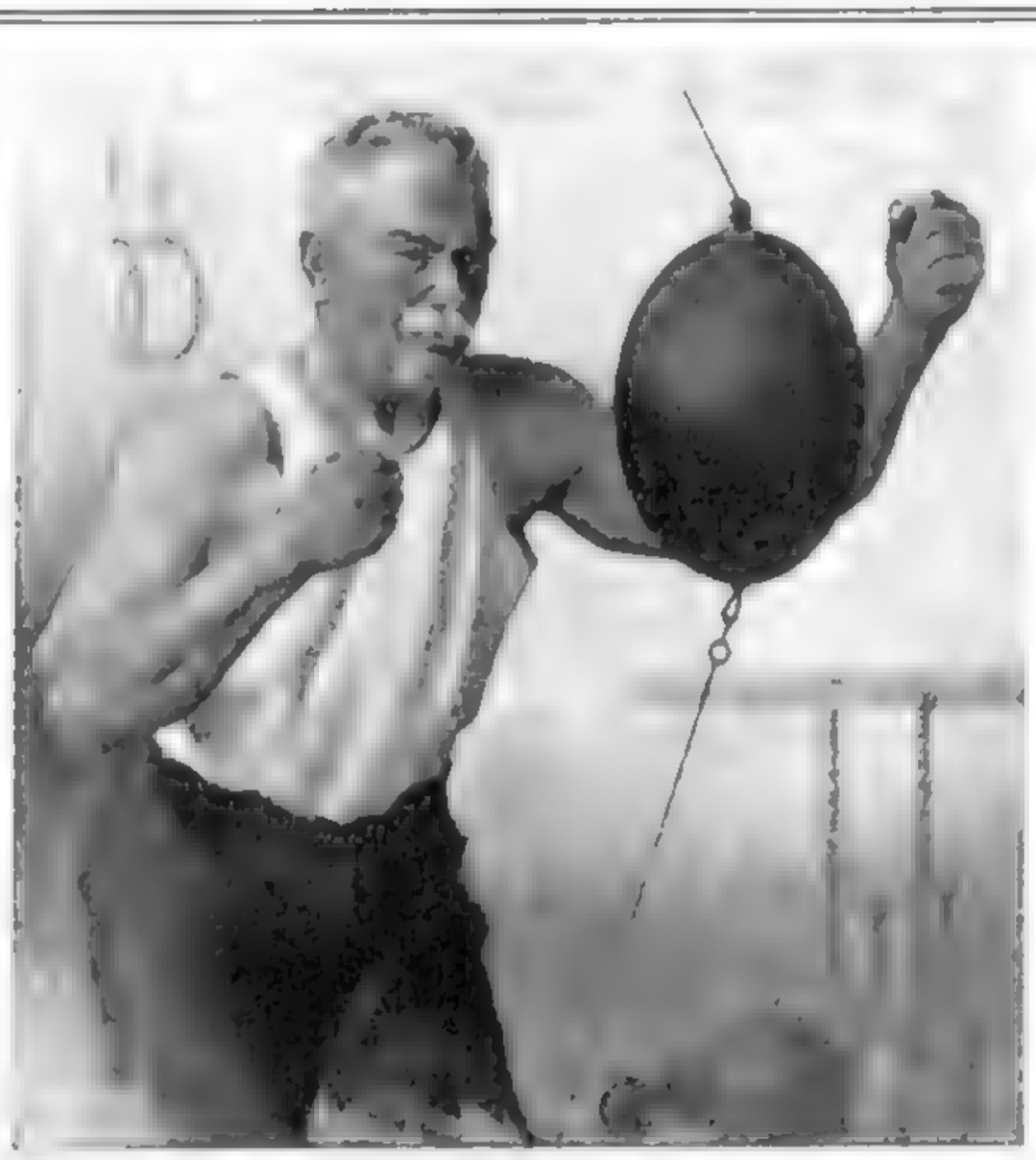

Keeping Fit on Shut-in Days

Exercise or Bran

Shut-in people who exercise little know the urgent need of bran. Without it, the system clogs. Headaches or dull days follow.

Don't try to escape with artificial laxatives. They lose effect. Do what authorities advise. Let Nature's food laxative, day by day, offset the effects of fine foods.

Now an Inviting Dish

Clear bran is not necessary, and folks do not enjoy it. Pettijohn's supplies bran food in a delightful form.

It is soft wheat and oats rolled into flavory flakes. The dish is over-welcome, and it never palls. These morsels hide 25 per cent of bran. And the bran is in flake form, to be doubly efficient.

Bran food was made to doctors' orders to make flake bran inviting. Now it brings to millions a better breakfast as well as a better day.

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Both sold in packages only.

Harvey, stealing a moment from the car to glance at her, saw something baffling in her face.

"Do you still care, Sara Lee?" he asked almost diffidently. "As much as ever?"

"I have come back to you," she said after an imperceptible pause.

"Well, I guess that's the answer."

He drew a deep satisfied breath. "I used to think of you over there, and all those foreigners in uniform strutting about, and it almost got me sometimes."

And again, as long before, he read into her passivity his own passion, and was deeply content.

Belle was waiting on the small front porch. There was an anxious frown on her face, and she looked first, not at Sara Lee, but at Harvey. What she saw there evidently satisfied her, for the frown disappeared. She kissed Sara Lee impulsively.

All that afternoon, much to Harvey's resentment, Sara Lee received callers. The Ladies' Aid came *en masse*, and went out to the dining room and there had tea and cake. Harvey disappeared when they came.

"You are back," he said, "and safe, and all that. But it's not their fault. And I'll be hanged if I'll stand round and listen to them."

He got his hat and then, finding her alone in a back hall for a moment, reverted uneasily to the subject.

"There are two sides to every story," he said. "They're going to knife me this afternoon, all right. Damned hypocrites! You just keep your head, and I'll tell you my side of it later."

"Harvey," she said slowly, "I want to know now just what you did. I'm not angry. I've never been angry. But I ought to know."

It was a very one-sided story that Harvey told her, standing in the little back hall, with Belle's children hanging over the staircase and begging for cake. Yet in the main it was true. He had reached his limit of endurance. She was in danger, as the photograph plainly showed. And a fellow had a right to fight for his own happiness.

"I wanted you back, that's all," he ended. And added an anticlimax by passing a plate of sliced jelly roll through the stair rail to the clamoring children.

Sara Lee stood there for a moment after he had gone. He was right, or at least he had been within his rights. She had never even heard of the new doctrine of liberty for women.

There was nothing in her training to teach her revolt. She was engaged to Harvey; already, potentially, she belonged to him. He had interfered with her life, but he had had the right to interfere.

And, since acceptances of destiny are for unmixed reasons, there was in the back of her mind a feeling that was almost guilt. She had let Henri tell her he loved her. She had even kissed him. And there had been many times in the little house when Harvey, for days at a time, had not even entered her thoughts. There was, therefore, a very real tenderness in the face she lifted for his good-by kiss.

To Belle in the front hall Harvey gave a firm order.

"Don't let any reporters in," he said warningly. "This is strictly our affair. It's a private matter. It's nobody's business what she did over there. She's home. That's all that matters."

Belle assented, but she was uneasy. She knew that Harvey was unreasonably, madly jealous of Sara Lee's work at the little house of mercy, and she knew him well enough to know that sooner or later he would show that jealousy. She felt, too, that the girl should have been allowed her small triumph without interference. There had been interference enough already. But it was easier to yield to Harvey than to argue with him.

It was rather a worried Belle who served tea that afternoon in her dining room, with Mrs. Gregory pouring; the more uneasy because already she divined a change in Sara Lee. She was as lovely as ever, even lovelier. But she had a poise, a steadiness, that were new; and silences in which, to Belle's shrewd eyes, she seemed to be weighing things.

Reporters clamored to see Sara Lee that day, and, failing to see her, telephoned Harvey at his office to ask if it was true that she had been decorated by the King. He was short to the point of affront.

"I haven't heard anything about it," he snapped. "And I wouldn't say if I had. But it's not likely. What d'you fellows think she was doing, anyhow? Leading a charge? She was running a soup kitchen. That's all."

He hung up the receiver with a jerk, but shortly after that he fell to pacing his small office. She had not said anything about being decorated, but the reporters had said it had been in a London newspaper. If she had not told him that, there were probably many things she had not told him. But of course there had been very little time. He would see if she mentioned it that night.

Sara Lee had had a hard day. The children loved her. In the intervals of calls they crawled over her, and the littlest one called her Saralie. She held the child in her arms close.

"Saralie!" said the child, over and over; "Saralie! That's your name. I love your name."

And there came, echoing in her ears, Henri and his tender "Saralie."

There was an oppression on her too. Her very bedroom thrust on her her approaching marriage. This was her own furniture, for her new home. It was beautiful, simple and good. But she was not ready for marriage. She had been too close to the great struggle to be prepared to think in terms of peace so soon. Perhaps, had she dared to look deeper than that, she would have found something else, a something she had not counted on.

She and Belle had a little time after the visitors had gone before Harvey came home. They sat in Belle's bedroom, and her sentences were punctuated by small backs briskly presented to have small garments fastened, or bows put on stiffly bobbed yellow hair.

"Did you understand my letter?" she asked. "I was sorry I had sent it, but it was too late then."

"I put your letter and—theirs together. I supposed that Harvey ——"

"He was about out of his mind," Belle said in her worried voice. "Stand still, Mary Ellen! He went to Mrs. Gregory, and I suppose he said a good bit. You know the way he does. Anyhow, she was very angry. She called a special meeting, and—I tried to prevent their recalling you. He doesn't know that, of course."

"You tried?"

"Well, I felt as though it was your work," Belle said rather uncomfortably. "Bring me the comb, Alice. I guess we get pretty narrow here and—I've been following things more closely since you went over. I know more than I did. And, of course, after one marries there isn't much chance. There are children and ——" Her face twisted. "I wish I could do something."

She got up and brought from the dresser a newspaper clipping.

"It's the London newspaper," she explained. "I've been taking it, but Harvey doesn't know. He doesn't care much for the English. This is about your being decorated."

Sara Lee held it listlessly in her hands.

"Shall I tell him, Belle?" she asked.

Belle hesitated.

"I don't believe I would," she said forlornly. "He won't like it. That's why I've never showed him that clipping. He hates it all so."

Sara Lee dressed that evening in the white frock. She dressed slowly, thinking hard. All round her was the shiny newness of her furniture, a trifle crowded in Belle's small room. Sara Lee had a terrible feeling of being fastened in by it. Wherever she turned it gleamed. She felt surrounded, smothered.

She had meant to make a clean breast of things—of the little house, and of Henri, and of the King's pinning the medal on her shabby black jacket and shaking hands with her. Henri she must tell about—not his name of course, or his madness, or even his love. But she felt that she owed it to Harvey to have no secrets from him. She would tell about what the boy had done for her, and how he, and he alone, had made it all possible.

Surely he would understand. It was a page that was closed. It had held nothing to hurt him. She had come back.

She stood by her window, thinking. And a breath of wind set the leaves outside to rustling. Instantly she was back again in the little house, and the sound was not leaves, but the shuffling of many stealthy feet on the cobbles of the street at night, that shuffling that was so like the rustling of leaves in a wood or the murmur of water running over a stony creek bed.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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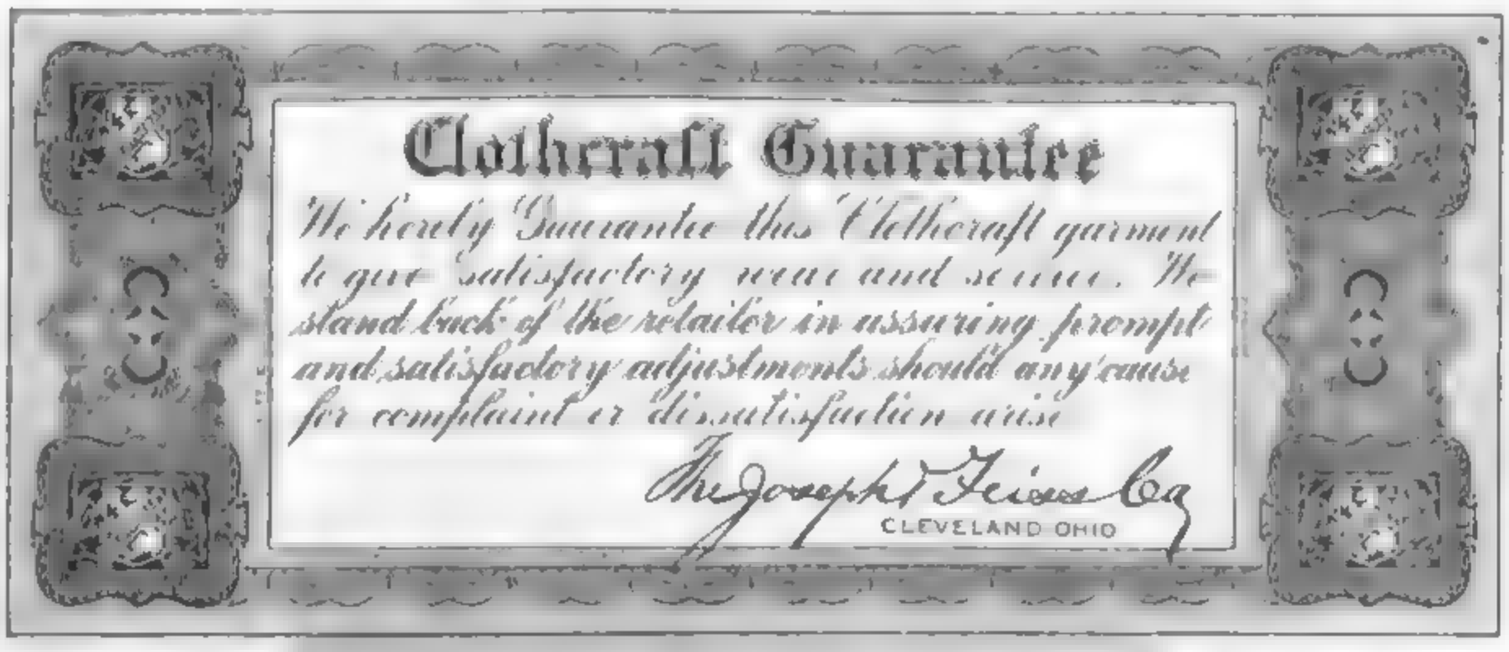
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A BAG OF MAKINGS

(Continued from Page 16)

been alone; they avoided an old wire tangle, which Billy did not even see until the barbs pricked his shoulder in passing.

Nor were shell holes and wire patches the only obstacles in their path. There were other things, which not even Sergeant Nicole's sharp eyes could avoid—if, indeed, this veteran of Verdun gave so much as a thought to the ghastly débris of the long-past battle, over which they crawled.

But Private Morphy had not resided in the shadow of death so long as to be indifferent to such things. They didn't unnerve him, but he could not repress a shuddering horror at some of the things he touched or passed by as he crawled along.

His hand touched a slimy, soggy piece of leather—what remained of a soldier's boot, with the rest of that soldier still attached to it; again, his knee struck something hard and round, and he felt of the mud-covered top of a human skull. His nose was assailed by the corrupt smell of carrion. And once, as they all lay sprawled beneath the glare of a star shell, he glanced sidewise and saw, not a foot from him, a horrid lump upon the ground, half mud, half human. It had lain there a long time, for it was odorless; a dry one, as the trenches say. The light above winked out and the party proceeded, Billy nervously biting his lip and grasping more tightly his rifle.

They had full fifteen minutes of such traveling before they reached the Frenchman's objective, his point of ambush, though they penetrated to a point hardly halfway between the opposing lines. The point of ambush was a wide shell hole, with a shallow pool at its bottom. They followed Nicole into it and spread about the sides, with their feet in the water.

They were, explained Nicole in a whisper, directly opposite an opening in the boche wire. The enemy patrols usually passed this point. They would wait a while and listen.

Billy found the waiting hard. He was, as he told himself, "jumpy as a cat." He wished he had a smoke. But, since smoking was out of the question, he didn't allow his thoughts to dwell upon the little sack in his breast pocket. He had pressing thoughts aplenty with which to entertain himself.

This was the real thing, he thought. And it was damned uncomfortable! He was wet mud from head to foot. The drizzle had soaked through the cloth on his back and little streams of cold water were coursing down his spine. He was glad he had come, of course; and he hoped Franchy was not mistaken and that they would get a crack at Fritz. But he would also be glad to get back to the trench and sit down in a dry spot, with a mug of hot coffee in one hand and a cigarette in the other. This scouting like the Red Indians of the Wild West wasn't any play, what with the mud and wet and cold, and rotten smells, ghastly sights and feels, and jumpy sounds! No play! It was grim, though exciting, work!

The sounds were the most trying upon the nerves. Billy never imagined, until that moment when he lay on the slope of that shell hole, how many sounds a black night had. And the sounds were all he had by which to interpret the surrounding gloom; for neither trench on this sector was sending up more lights.

He heard a subdued clinking noise from the direction of his own side and knew it must be caused by the men working on the wire. He strained his ears to detect a like sound from the other direction; but apparently the Germans had no working party out. They might have a patrol out; indeed, Sergeant Nicole declared they had, or they would be burning lights.

He listened to a dozen different noises, each of which set his heart to thumping madly. There was the sound of running water as some puddle broke its bounds; there was the eerie swish of wind gusts sweeping over the field. Once he heard a rustling somewhere on his left hand, and his hair bristled beneath his helmet; but then he heard a squeaking and knew it was but the scampering of ghoulish rats. His ears lent power to his eyes. He thought he saw moving shadows here and there. If he had been asked to describe his state of mind Billy unhesitatingly would have admitted that he was a young man who had lost his goat.

Frightened? No; but nervous. And it was his nervousness that precipitated the disaster.

He heard, as did the others, a low, strangled, but unmistakable sneeze out there in the darkness. It came not from the enemy direction, but from his left, a little toward his own line.

A hardly audible hiss from Nicole informed the party that this was what they had waited for. The ambush was succeeding. That sound had betrayed the position of the enemy patrol they were waiting for; moreover, the direction from which it came showed the patrol had passed them, going toward their own trench. Nicole had carefully explained the plan to them; they would creep up on the boches' rear, following them silently until they came close to their own wire. Then, at the word, a quick leap upon the prey, some quick stabbing and clubbing, a prisoner grabbed, if possible, and a quick retreat to the sap from which they had lately emerged. Then their trench could sweep the neutral ground with machine gun and rifle before the enemy survivors could retreat across it. This was the plan each man understood; and, now that the moment for action had arrived, there was no need of whispered orders.

The liaison sergeant surmounted the rim of the shell hole and crawled toward the point the sneeze had come from; the lieutenant followed, and then Billy and the others—as before.

Billy moved on his knees and one hand, holding his rifle out of the mud with the other, in readiness for the expected clash. They had moved no more than five or six yards away from the shell hole when the unexpected happened!

Billy came to a little mound on the ground over which Nicole and the lieutenant had already crawled. He rested his weight upon it for an instant as he shifted forward a knee. The muddy crust of the mound gave way and his arm plunged in to the elbow. His hand was in contact with something horridly suggestive—a poisonous stench smote his nose. He snatched his hand away from its dreadful resting place as though he had touched fire, and an involuntary gasp escaped his lips. He lurched to recover his balance, the hand that held the rifle swung forward, and the sharp point of his bayonet came in contact with that portion of the lieutenant's anatomy which was presented to the man behind.

"Oh!" exclaimed the lieutenant.

A guttural alien voice near by called out in harsh words suddenly. The darkness was abruptly peopled with leaping shadows descending upon them. Billy half rose to his feet and, acting quite instinctively, drove his bayonet at one of the shadows. He felt the knife rip cloth. He heard a hoarse breathing. A clubbed rifle skimmed his head. He twirled his own rifle as he had learned in training, and drove the heavy butt forward. It thudded home. There was a grunt and the shadow thumped upon the ground.

He heard oaths and exclamations. "To retreat! To retreat!" he heard Nicole's voice calling. "We are surround!" He heard a scuffling just in front of him, and saw dimly a hand-to-hand struggle. It was his lieutenant and somebody; and the lieutenant was saying: "You're my prisoner! Dammit, you're my prisoner!" He jumped to lend a hand—and was in time to catch his officer as the latter fell backward, exclaiming.

He started to run toward the trench and safety, half carrying, half leading the wounded man. They were all retreating. Somebody appeared on the lieutenant's other side and gave assistance, and they covered the ground faster. He heard shots behind him, and suddenly his leg felt as though a giant had smashed it with a club. He felt himself falling—and something struck his head with terrific force.

And this was all that Private Morphy knew that night. He was knocked out; no sense was awake to the swift retreat of both patrols toward their respective lines. His comrades, bearing the lieutenant, but with one less in the party, gained the sap head, and immediately the trench swept the front with lead; which fire was promptly returned by Fritz. Billy was quite unconscious of this interchange of compliments.

The lieutenant went up a communication trench on a stretcher, with two stab wounds in his body and disgusted anger in his mind. Sergeant Nicole made a brief report to the headquarters major and shrugged his shoulders philosophically. It was war, he said.

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The boches had outwitted him. Instead of ambushing, he had been ambushed. Well, better luck next time! They were lucky, very lucky! They had left but one man out there; it might just as well have been the lot!

The trench buzzed for a time and then quieted down. The incident was already history. Billy's own platoon, of course, talked about it through the remainder of the night, telling each other what a good scout Billy had been. Ruddy Matthews sat on the firing step, alternately swearing and gustily blowing his nose, and explaining to a commiserating half circle of listeners just how it had happened.

"He was a good guy," said Ruddy, "one of the best guys in the outfit; and here he got his, right off the bat. Always the good guys what get it first, ain't it? Oh, he got it, all right! I heard the bullet plunk into him; and he tumbled. I couldn't stop—I had the lieutenant. I bet, by golly, I get two of them for getting Billy!"

But Billy had not been got to the extent his comrades believed. He was not yet dead. He was lying unconscious and wounded at the bottom of the shell hole into which he had fallen when struck. But when he opened his eyes he thought himself a dead man—or nearly one.

It was broad daylight. He had a terrific headache, and he felt a throbbing, sickening pain that seemed to be seated in his right foot, but which pervaded his whole body. But he woke with full presence of mind. Just as soon as he saw the gray murky sky overhead, and the brown slimy walls of his resting place, and felt the first sharp stab of pain, he knew just what a bad fix he was in. He was wounded and marooned in No Man's Land.

He made an effort to sit up, and succeeded after his will had mastered his nausea. He drank deeply from his canteen and felt refreshed. Then he began a critical inspection of himself and his surroundings.

There was a large and very tender bump on his head, which accounted for the headache, but no blood; so he thought that injury was not serious. He saw his steel helmet and rifle in the mud beside him; he picked up the helmet and found it had a long dent high up on one side. He marveled; for he knew a bullet must have struck his head, and he couldn't understand why he hadn't been killed outright. Then he observed the slightly splintered stock of his rifle, and understood that it had been a ricocheting missile which raised the bump.

But his other wound was more serious. He knew that before he saw it. Every time he flexed a muscle he felt so keen a pain that things went misty before his eyes. He had got it in the leg, and no mistake!

Very slowly, with frequent rests necessitated by his pain-wrought faintness, Billy removed his legging and shoe. His shoe was full of blood; his sock was sodden with it. He bared the flesh and swore despondently. He was done for, all right; he could never travel with a leg like this!

The bullet had struck him just above the right ankle, smashing the bone, making a neat little hole where it entered the flesh, and a ragged gash, through which splintered bone protruded, where it emerged. The wound was still bleeding a little.

Billy applied his first-aid dressing as well as he could—which wasn't very well—and also put his legging on, in order to keep as much mud off the bandage as possible. Then, quite exhausted, he lay down on his back and closed his eyes.

He was thankful it had stopped raining; but that was all he could be thankful for. He couldn't have played in worse luck. Better far if that ricochet had pierced his helmet and skull and given him a quick end, instead of leaving him alive and helpless in the middle of No Man's Land.

He wondered how his companions had fared. Had they gained safety or were their bodies lying in other shell holes? Had any of them regained the trench? Had the survivors carried the lieutenant to safety? He hoped so; Razorback Barlow was the best officer in the battalion, even if he did love to work his men up. How had it happened this way? Frenchy said they were to jump the boches; and the boches jumped them! Had he, Billy Morphy, given the game away when he squeaked like a schoolgirl because he touched a dead man, and jabbed the lieutenant with his bayonet? Billy cursed himself for a coward, at the thought; and he found the thought so unpleasant he forced his mind to dismiss it.

He began to think about what he should do. Could he regain his line? He couldn't travel very far with his shattered leg, he knew. And he couldn't travel at all until after nightfall, for any moving, visible thing in No Man's Land would be a fair mark for friend and foe. He didn't think his chances were very good. He was nearly all in now; he shouldn't be any stronger when night came. He knew he must be all of two hundred yards from the trench; and that is a long, long way for a fellow with a smashed leg to crawl in the darkness over a shell-pitted field.

But Billy wasn't in despair at the prospect. Indeed, he was viewing the chances of Private Morphy's survival in a curiously impersonal manner. He was in too much pain and too weak to attach much importance to life or death. It didn't matter much, he thought—except for Mamie!

The thought of Mamie pierced the haze of indifference that befogged his fevered mind. He opened his eyes again and sat up, and made shift, with gasps of pain punctuating his slow movements, to drag his body into a reclining position against the slope of the crater. He commenced to review his chances of escape from a different viewpoint; life mattered very much when he thought of Mamie.

A moment ago he had been considering whether it wouldn't be best to put the muzzle of his rifle in his mouth and touch the trigger off with his toe—to make a quick end of it and save himself useless suffering. He cursed himself now for entertaining such a craven idea. He wasn't dead yet, and wasn't going to be in a hurry! Not with Mamie to live for! Good old Mamie! He felt a new and quite unmasculine humility as he thought of his girl. He wasn't good enough to blacken her shoes; but she cared for him, for some mysterious reason. She had been all broken up when he enlisted, though she had concealed her anguish gamely and had been as proud as three girls over her man in uniform. But she couldn't fool Billy; he knew how she felt. And it would be a knock-out blow for the poor kid if he passed in his checks. He wouldn't do it! He wasn't all in yet; he'd put up a fight for it, and he'd get back to the trench when night came, somehow or other!

He'd nurse his strength. Billy wondered how long he would have to wait for darkness. He thought it must be well on in the day. It smelled late and there wasn't much noise. The regular "morning hate" of Fritz' artillery, which occurred just after dawn, was evidently long past. He must have been unconscious through it. Perhaps he hadn't so many hours to wait after all. He'd pull through! There was water in his canteen; he'd use it sparingly, just rinsing out his mouth instead of drinking in gulps, like his fever made him lust to do. And as for nourishment—why, he had Mamie's sack of makings!

Coincident with the thought, he felt a fierce craving for a smoke. He trembled with eagerness and forgot the pain for the moment. A cigarette! That was what he wanted. And he had it—had the makings on him. Mamie's gift! Why, he thought, with just one little brown-paper roll between his lips he'd inhale strength enough to carry him back to the base camp! He had a feeling of triumph. It was for this he had saved the sack, with the seal inviolate. With what true, though blind, prescience he had yesterday denied himself! He had felt instinctively that he should treasure Mamie's present, keeping it for the moment of great need. He thought he was proving his love for her; he was, as well, preserving precious strength for himself against the black moment. And the moment was upon him; surely his need was great.

But he wouldn't make a hog of himself, Billy immediately decided. No, indeed! He'd roll himself just one pill now; that would be sufficient to ease his body and clear his mind, permitting him to forget that cursed leg for a moment and think out a clear plan. Just one smoke! He'd go easy with the sack, getting full worth out of each dear flake. These makings would have to last all day and all night—until he gained the trench. That was when he would need them most—when he was crawling home, dragging his leg behind him. Just one smoke now! And if he pulled through—no, when he pulled through he'd sure let Mamie know what her present had done for him. Oh, but she would be the proud and happy kid!

Billy fumbled in his breast pocket, where he had placed the packet. He found the book of brown papers and the box of matches—but the sack of tobacco was gone!

Billy's jaw dropped; and, regardless of the protest of his tortured leg, he sat up straight. His fingers probed frantically in the empty pocket; he bent his head and stared into the pocket, quite unable to believe that his fingers told the truth. But the sack of tobacco was gone, without doubt. The expression that crept into his eyes was more than chagrin—it was horror. He was conscious of a peculiar and most unpleasant sinking feeling in that organ which received his food.

Hurriedly he searched in all his pockets, though he knew none of them contained what he sought. He not only found no trace of the bag of makings, but the French cigarettes he had had in a lower pocket were, he discovered, dissolved into a sticky and unusable mass by the moisture from the wet ground he had been lying on.

Billy cast the sodden pulpy stuff from him with an exclamation of disgust. What rotten luck! The bag of makings lost, and even the solace of a contemptible French snipe denied him—and this was the moment of his need! He lay back in the mud again, weak and sick with disappointment and pain. His craving for a smoke, now that he had no tobacco, was maddening in its intensity. He felt his pain would go away if he had a cigarette.

He called upon his Maker in a weak voice, asking to be blasted for a careless fool. Why hadn't he buttoned the flap over his breast pocket? It was his own fault that Mamie's gift was lost. Oh, if only he had the makings now!

He wondered where he had lost the little sack. He remembered having his fingers upon it at the very moment he had been chosen for the scouting party. And then, in his crazy excitement, he had forgotten to button the flap over his pocket.

Very likely the bag had dropped out of his pocket while he was in the dugout, leaning over the can, applying the black to his face. Or it could have happened any moment while he was crawling about in No Man's Land, sprawling flat beneath glares or dodging cadavers. It might have fallen out when he fell into this excavation. It might be lying somewhere about this shell hole or up there round the edge!

Billy sat up again at this last thought. His eyes eagerly inspected, not once but twice, every inch of soil the shell hole contained. Nothing that even remotely resembled the lost treasure rewarded his inspection. Quite desperate, Billy essayed to arise and clamber out of the shell hole, determined to prosecute his search in the open.

He clawed the sloping sides of the hole and dragged himself erect upon his sound foot. But this was all the progress he could make. This crater he was in was deeper than he was tall and its walls sloped steeply. To climb out was a job for a well man. Billy was dizzy with the pain from his wounded leg before he made the attempt; when he tried to pull himself up the slope with his hands he raised himself perhaps six inches, and then the agony that flooded his veins sapped the last ounce of his strength. He subsided upon his face, slid down the slope, and fell over upon his back.

So this was his finish! thought Billy when the sickness had passed and he was able to think again. They had his number. This was what William Morphy was born for—to die in a hole like a rat in a trap. He couldn't even climb out of this shell hole, let alone crawl back to the trench. He guessed he might as well kiss himself good-by; he was a goner, sure!

Quite illogically Billy blamed his predicament not upon his wounded leg but upon his loss of the bag of makings. If he had the makings, he told himself, he'd be strong enough to climb out of this place and waltz away to safety and the first-aid station on his one foot. As it was, he was all in, and no mistake! And he'd be weaker by nightfall. No; he'd never get back now! He was bound west; pretty soon he'd be a Bon Macchabée, as the Frenchies said. All because he had lost Mamie's gift. Poor Mamie! . . . Billy was sentimental, weak, and a bit off his head from the pain. He cried.

He visualized Mamie. He was staring up at the muddy slope he had tried to climb; but he didn't see the mud. He saw Mamie.

She was sitting in the big rocker in the parlor of her home; the same rocker he had so often sat in, holding her on his lap. She looked so forlorn, so tiny, all alone in that big chair. He saw her plainly. She was

(Continued on Page 105)

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(Continued from Page 102)

dressed in black, her face was sorrowful, and there were dark circles beneath those eyes that had been so merry and bright in the old days.

Poor Mamie! She was grieving for Billy Morphy, who died in No Man's Land. This was what he had brought her to with his stupid carelessness! Billy groaned. He tasted the big salt tears from his own eyes. He tried to talk to Mamie; to tell her not to grieve; that it was the luck of the times and would come out all right in the end.

Then, just as she seemed to be listening to him, she and the rocker disappeared from the mud bank. The place she had occupied was filled, most strangely, by a German soldier in a shapeless field-gray uniform, high boots and shrapnel helmet—a ragged, mud-plastered scarecrow of a Hun.

Billy stared in amazement at this apparition. The apparition stared back at him. It smiled. And, as though Billy were not enough astonished, it spoke—good United States talk.

"Hello, bo!" it said.

This homelike salutation from such a source was sufficient to gather and focus Billy's wandering wits. This was no apparition, he apprehended; no figment of his fevered mind. This guy was flesh and blood! An enemy!

Billy sat up and reached for his rifle, which was lying in the mud at the bottom of the shell hole.

"*Nein! Nein!*" exclaimed the enemy.

He leaped and landed beside Billy; and the latter felt himself thrown violently backward, which drew from him an agonized yelp. It was truly a flesh-and-blood apparition, and it sat firmly upon Billy's chest. Billy couldn't see for a moment, because of the pain; but when the mist dissolved he beheld a very dirty and serious face hovering over him, talking earnestly.

"*Kamerad! Kamerad!*" it was saying. "I am your prisoner!"

"Ow! My leg! Get off o' me, you big stiff!" gasped Billy.

He complied promptly and Billy breathed freely again. But the German was taking no chances; he picked up Billy's rifle and tossed it over the edge of the shell hole.

"*Mein Gott!* I would not killed by an American be!" he explained. Then he shook his head moodily. "You hear?" he asked Billy. "I say: *Mein Gott! Mein Gott!* So long have I—*nein;* I for so long ——" He broke off and swore; and then continued, enunciating slowly: "I mean, I been with the Germans so long I ain't able to talk good American any more." He looked closely at the insignia on Billy's collar. "U. S.," he said. "The U. S. A. Say, maybe that don't look good to me!"

"Who—who——" commenced Billy.

"Otto Schoeffler; Seventy-third Regiment, Prussian," said the other succinctly—"that is," he added, "I was. Not now. I'm through —— Beat it! I'm American."

"Huh?" ejaculated Billy.

"Sure!" returned the other. "I lived in San Francisco since I was eight years old, until—two years and nine months have I been in this hell!"

"What? Why, that's where I'm from!" exclaimed Billy.

"Huh! You? You from Frisco?" answered the German. "Well, what do you know about that!" He squatted down on his haunches and stared at Billy as though the latter were the most wonderful sight in the world. "You from Frisco!" he repeated. "And we meet out here!" He shook his head. "It must be God!" he remarked in an awed voice. Then he demanded eagerly: "You know my folks? What part of town are you from? My old man runs a grocery out in North Beach—on Filbert Street. Ever hear of him—Gus Schoeffler?"

"No; I'm from the Mission," replied Billy. "But, say, if you're from the old town, what you doing over here in that rig?"

Otto Schoeffler glanced at his grimy, baggy uniform, and swore bitterly in mixed English and German.

"Oh, I am German born," he told Billy, and cursed again. "But I am not proud of it—not any more. I am American—all American. I always have been. But I was a young fool. How should I know? War—I thought it was fun. When the war broke out my two chums, they were going home, because they were reservists. And I—I thought Germany was right; I thought I would go too. I thought it was fun. Fun! What a damn fool I was!"

He broke off abruptly and sat staring at his boots, shaking his head soberly, as though emphasizing the vast extent of that folly which made him think war was fun.

"My chums," he said, after a moment, "got their wooden crosses. Yes. One in Serbia; one at Verdun. *Mein Gott,* such things have I seen—and done!"

Billy was regarding his visitor with a curious and rather fearful gaze. He had not as yet recovered from his amazement at the other's marvelous materialization there on the mud bank; and, despite the evidences of his senses, he half expected to see the odd, dejected-looking figure dissolve and disappear—as Mamie had disappeared.

And the fellow's speech was as amazing as his presence. A townie—out here in No Man's Land—in a German uniform! A real live Hun, who said he was from San Francisco and proclaimed himself the prisoner of a wounded man, and talked about his old man's store in Filbert Street!

If Billy hadn't felt Otto Schoeffler's weight upon his chest he would have believed himself light-headed. As it was, he couldn't be sure he heard aright; and if he did, that his visitor was not playing some game with him. Billy had heard a lot about the boche's trickiness. He couldn't see much of Otto Schoeffler's face, for it was shaded by the shrapnel helmet and caked with mud. Beneath the mud was visible a disguise of blackening—just as there was upon Billy's own face. When Billy noticed it he thought suddenly that this man must have been in the hostile patrol the night before.

"How'd you get here?" he demanded abruptly. "Were you in that bunch that jumped us last night?"

The German came out of his musing mood with a start.

"Eh? Yes; of course," he answered. "But, say, I didn't know it was an American patrol. My Heaven—no! None of us knew. We thought it was French. They'll feel pretty rotten over there when they find out." He jerked his head in the general direction of the German line. "They don't believe it, you know. The High Command, it tells them that Americans won't fight. And already you are in the trenches! I knew you'd come, of course. I told them, and they cursed and laughed. I knew you'd come. I was just waiting for you; but I didn't think—so soon." He heaved a great sigh and smiled contentedly at Billy. "Say, yuh look good to me, kid!" he concluded.

"My pardners?" queried Billy. "What—did they get away?"

The German nodded.

"Yes; I think so," he said. "Your trench opened fire almost immediately. Your patrol must have got back—except you. Say, how is it you —— Why, if I ain't a bonehead! Your leg? Lemme see!"

He wiped his hands nearly clean upon the lining of his coat and set about examining Billy's hurt. He apologized for not doing it sooner. His joy had taken his wits, he said.

He removed the legging and the bandage, and exposed the wound. He pursed his lips at the sight, and then smiled.

"You're lucky!" he told Billy. "This will bring you a nice clean bed in a hospital for about three months. Doesn't that listen pretty good?"

It did. A nice clean bed would have seemed heaven to Billy; but he didn't like the probable location of that bed, and said so.

"I ain't stuck on any German bed," he said. "And, anyhow, how you going to get me back? I can't walk. Can't even get out of this hole; tried it."

"German bed! Germany!" exclaimed the other. "You are not my prisoner; I am your prisoner. I surrendered. You heard me. If I go back they'll shoot me. And I'd rather be shot than fight against Americans. No; we'll go to your trench. We'll make it, all right, with any luck. I'll carry you. After dark. What luck I found you! For me, I mean. I was afraid I'd never get through the wire without being potted. But, with you —— Say, you know your way back? You know the way by night?"

"Sure!" assured Billy. "You bet I do!"

Billy's spirits were mounting. He watched his strangely captured prisoner deftly rebandage the leg. Otto Schoeffler's fingers were expert at the task and his touch gentle. "I've had lots of practice at this," he told Billy. "I was stretcher bearer for a year." The leg gave much less pain when the bandaging was finished; or perhaps it was because he no longer minded the pain. Billy had decided that this self-styled prisoner was genuine.

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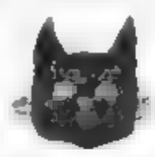

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There wasn't much doubt about his getting back to the trench now, with this fellow to help him along. And to fetch a prisoner back with him! It would wipe out the disgrace of last night. Billy felt much better about last night, now that he knew his companions had probably escaped. He felt still better when Otto Schoeffler recounted further details of last night's happenings.

"If your party hadn't discovered us——" he said. "My heaven, in another minute we'd 'a' had you surrounded! There were a dozen of us and we were laying for you for four nights."

"Laying for us!" cried Billy. "Why, our Frenchy said we were laying for you!"

"I know," answered the other. "That's what the oberlieutenant said. He said you'd come back if we waited long enough. My God, he was full of hate! A week ago his brother went out with a patrol and didn't come back. The oberlieutenant went out the next night and found where his brother had been ambushed. He said they would surely come back and try it again. And so he led a party every night and surrounded that place, and waited. But we thought they were French—not Americans! The oberlieutenant gave us orders to kill; no prisoners! And we were just closing in when you discovered us and someone said 'Oh!'"

"Oh!" echoed Billy, on his own account.

He began to feel proud of himself. He—Morphy—had saved the patrol! That exclamation wrung from the lieutenant when he tickled him with his bayonet point had really saved them all from being slaughtered. Wait till he told that in the trench!

"You know, I thought right away there was something funny about that 'Oh!'" continued the prisoner. "A Frenchman does not say Oh! like that. I thought it was an Englishman. I didn't dream it was good old U. S. A. talk—not just then. All the same, I didn't use my rifle to try and get any of you. I am sick of killing! And the oberlieutenant's brother was a brute like himself.

"I started right away back to our trench; and then I put my hand out, as I crawled. And, say, I knew right away we had been in contact with Americans. My heaven, what a thrill! I knew; I was sure. It happened just like that." He snapped his fingers to show how quickly it had happened. "I knew the Americans had arrived and were facing us. I made up my mind right away I would never go back to the German trench.

"I turned right round and started to crawl back in this direction. I said to myself I would join my own people—the Americans—or die trying. And then I bumped into the oberlieutenant." Otto Schoeffler smiled at the recollection. "The oberlieutenant cursed me, and I knew him by his voice. So I shoved my bayonet into his body and left him kicking there, and then crawled into a shell hole and lay down; for your machine guns were opening up."

"What?" cried Billy, horrified. "You stuck your own officer?"

Otto Schoeffler cursed passionately.

"Yes; I stuck him!" he told Billy. "You think that is horrible—*hein?* Well, when you have seen as much of this war as I have, and know as much about Prussian officers as I know, you won't think it horrible. Here—look!"

He took off his helmet and indicated that Billy was to regard him closely. Billy did so. He saw a thin, haggard, lined face beneath the grime, the brooding grave eyes of the veteran soldier, and hair that was tinged with gray at the temples and above the ears. Otto Schoeffler did not look like a brutal man; he looked like a weary and a bitter man.

"How old do you think I am?" he asked Billy.

"Thirty-five or forty," replied Billy promptly.

"I'm twenty-three," said the other. "Do you get that—what it means? I was just a kid; and now I'm an old man! Two years and nine months! Say, can you guess what it means to be two years and nine months in the German Army? Well, it means I've been a slave—a killing, murdering slave; a piece of scum, not good enough for my officers to wipe their boots on! That's what it means."

"Yes; I've heard they were pretty hard on you guys over there," commented Billy.

"Hard!" said Schoeffler. "Say—notice this?" He placed a finger on his cheek near his eye. Billy saw, beneath the black, a swelling of the flesh that indicated a large bruise. "Well, the oberlieutenant did that," the man continued. "I didn't get out of his way quickly enough one day before we came into the line this last time. He didn't hit me with his fist—no; he'd have soiled his hands. He hit me with the butt of his pistol—just like he would hit a cur that got in his way. And it was nothing to my comrades. They were used to it. Used to it! And in San Francisco no man ever hit me or cursed me without my hitting or cursing back! Well, that's the German Army!" he concluded simply.

He sat brooding for a moment.

"Two years and nine months of it!" he went on. "They made a devil out of me—made all of us devils. The things I have seen—and done—had to do! In Russia, in Belgium, in Serbia—everywhere. Executions—poor country people, women and little children!" He shook his head soberly. "You can't guess what it was like," he told Billy.

"But the soldiers are getting tired of it," he continued. "Some day there'll be a big explosion over there; and the German Army will go like that!" He made an expressive upward gesture with his hands. "They know now that the High Command lied to them about the war. They know the world hates them—and why. They know what the Russians did. All this year, whenever we'd get together where the officers couldn't overhear, we'd talk about Russia. They know how their folks at home are starving—all for the glory of the War Lords! The rich—they have plenty; but the poor people are hungry and die like flies. That's Germany! But it won't last forever. The soldiers are talking; by and by they'll act. Then —— I would not be a German officer!"

"Well, Dutchy, you're out of it now," commiserated Billy. "You pack me back to my trench and you'll be all right. But it's too bad; they'll count you a prisoner and book you to the cage. They ought to give you the right kind of uniform and let you get a crack from the right side."

"I'm satisfied," said Otto Schoeffler. "I'm tickled to death to be a prisoner of the Americans. You bet! I'd have deserted long ago, to the French or English, only for the things I'd seen our fellows do. I was afraid they wouldn't make me prisoner! But Americans—that's different! I'm American myself, if I did make a damn-fool mistake two years and nine months ago. I don't care if they do hold me prisoner in France till the war is over. It'll be better than what I've left—you bet! And maybe I'll be able to write home, and hear from my mother and my old man. Oh, I'm satisfied!" He heaved a contented sigh. "And to think," he added, "I'd never have known you were Americans if I hadn't planked my hand down on that bag of makin's last night in the dark!"

"What's that?" exclaimed Billy, sitting up, wide-eyed.

"Sure!" affirmed his prisoner. "Put my hand right on it as I started to crawl back to the German line. I knew right away what it was. I knew that only an American soldier could have dropped that."

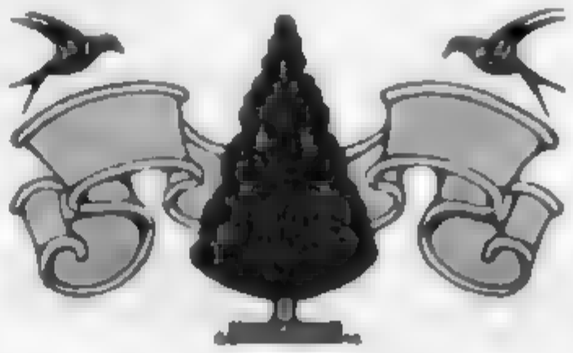
He drew Mamie's gift out of his pocket, held it up and eyed it fondly. It was rather muddy, but usable; and the seal had not been broken.

"I'd like to have a smoke!" said Otto Schoeffler. "Say, fella, you ain't got a paper on you, have you?"

Billy reached out and snatched the sack from the German's hand.

"It's mine!" he declared. "I lost it. And, by jinks, you found it! Well, what do you know about that?" He fondled the sack in his hands and eyed it lovingly. "My girl sent it to me," he told the other. "And I'd just about as soon have lost a leg as lost it. Like a blamed mutt, I did lose it!"

"Mighty lucky you did," commented Otto Schoeffler—"for you as well as me. If I hadn't found it I'd never have had the nerve to try to reach your lines; and I'd never have had the nerve to go scouting round No Man's Land, in daylight, looking for something I could use for cigarette paper. And if I hadn't found you you'd never got out of this hole, with that bum leg. Say, you've got the papers, ain't you? And you'll stake me to the makin's? I ain't had a smoke of real tobacco for so long I forget how it tastes!"



Billy handed back the sack, with papers and matches.

"Help yourself," he said. "Then roll me one—my fingers are shaking so I'd spill some. Oh-h, boy-y! We'll pull through now, all right!"

It was raining again and the night was as black as the preceding one. The mood of Ruddy Matthews, as he lay in the sap head on listening post, was as black as the night. He was sorrowful; and rage burned within him. He couldn't help thinking of his chum, Billy Morphy, lying dead out there in No Man's Land.

Of course he knew there was a chance that Billy was not dead, but sprawled somewhere in the mud, wounded and helpless. He knew, too, that Sergeant Nicole was going to lead a party out later in the night to look for Billy; but the Frenchman admitted it was only a-thousand-to-one chance they would find him, dead or alive. If Billy wasn't dead yet, it was the worse for poor Billy, thought Ruddy. And, by the Lord, it was going to be the worse for those blanked squareheads when he got another crack at them! They'd pay for Billy Morphy!

Ruddy was nervous and alert. He thought he heard a rustling noise in the darkness in front of him. He listened intently, wondering and hoping that the boches were really trying some fresh devilment. He whispered to the corporal, next to him.

The corporal listened. Quite suddenly he lifted his flare pistol and shot. The light described a graceful curve, struck the ground some forty yards distant, and burst.

Within the circle of that brilliant glare the startled observers beheld a man crawling upon his hands and knees toward them. The man was unmistakably an enemy soldier.

Upon the crawler's back was riding a second man, who was just as unmistakably their own Billy Morphy—or his ghost! They had no time to decide which, or even to lift their rifles, when there came from the rider a hail in a well-known, earnest and material voice:

"Hey! Don't shoot, guys! It's me, Morphy—and a prisoner!"

And to their added astonishment there came a confirming hail from the ridden:

"Yes, fellas; I'm a prisoner!" The accents were somewhat guttural, but none the less American.

So came Private Morphy back to his own.

Sometime later Otto Schoeffler, late of the Seventy-third Regiment, Prussian, sat on the firing step in the American fire trench, alternately munching a white-bread salmon sandwich and sipping hot strong coffee. He blubbered for pure joy as he ate and drank.

"Taste good?" He echoed the remark of the interested half circle regarding him. "Say, fellas, you can't imagine! My heaven, the only coffee I've drank in two years was acorn coffee; and as for salmon and white bread, I ain't clamped my jaws into anything so fine since I left Frisco! Say, it's just like home to sit here fillin' up and listening to you fellas talk."

The stretcher containing the hero of the hour came along the trench, bound for the rear.

"Well, so long, Dutch!" Billy called cheerfully. "I'm on my way to that nice clean bed. I'll see you in Frisco when it's over."

The prisoner stood up and wrung the wounded man's hand.

"So long!" he said. "Hope you have luck with the leg! Don't forget—Filbert and Stockton Streets; that's my hang-out at home."

Billy pressed a little book of cigarette papers and a very limp sack of tobacco into the other's hand.

"There's a pill or two left, Dutch," he said. "You'll need it more than me—down in the cage. I'll get more in the hospital. It was a life-saver to-day, wasn't it?"

"My God, yes!" exclaimed Otto Schoeffler. "If it hadn't been for the bag of makin's ——"

"No!" called Billy as they carried him away. "If it hadn't been for Mamie!"

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(Continued from Page 21)

Henry sighed and started for the door. He turned with his hand on the knob.

"I still think I belong there," was his parting shot.

"Might as well settle this thing right now," said Waddles to himself. Then he lifted up his voice in a howl that made the electric lights quiver. "Send Tom in here!"

The head bar boy appeared, grinning from ear to ear.

"Tom," said Waddles, "don't you know you oughtn't to slip a shot of gin into an old man's lemonade?"

"Ain't nobody gits a gin in his lemonade, suh, 'less he awdeh it thataway."

"What did Mr. Peacock have?"

"Plain lemonade, suh."

"No kick in it at all?"

"Not even a wiggle, suh."

"That'll do," said Waddles; and Tom went back to his work. There was a long silence. By his labored breathing I judged that Waddles was lacing his shoes. Once more he thought aloud.

"Tom wouldn't lie to me, so it wasn't gin. Now, I wonder. . . . I wonder if that old coot has got what they call 'delusions of grandeur'?"

I.I

ON THE Monday following the contest for the Hemmingway Cup I met the Bish at the country club. We arrived there between nine and ten in the morning, and the first man we saw was Mr. Henry Peacock. He was out on the eighteenth fairway practicing approach shots, and the putting green was speckled with balls.

"Hello!" said the Bish. "Look who's here! Practicing too. You don't suppose that old chump is going to try to make a golfer of himself, this late along?"

I said that it appeared that way.

"One-club practice is all right for a beginner," said the Bish, "because he hasn't any bad habits to overcome; but this poor nut didn't take up the game till he was forty, and when he learned it he learned it all wrong. He can practice till he's black in the face and it won't do him any good. Don't you think we'd better page Doc Osler and have him put out of his misery?"

It was then that I told the Bish about Henry's desire to break into Class A, and he whistled.

"It got him quick, didn't it?" said he. "Well, there's no fool like an old fool."

Half an hour later this was made quite plain to us. Henry came into the clubhouse to get a drink of water. Now, I did not know him very well and the Bish had only a nodding acquaintance with him, but he greeted us as long-lost brothers. I did not understand his cordiality at first, but the reason for it was soon apparent. Henry wanted to know whether we had a match up for the afternoon.

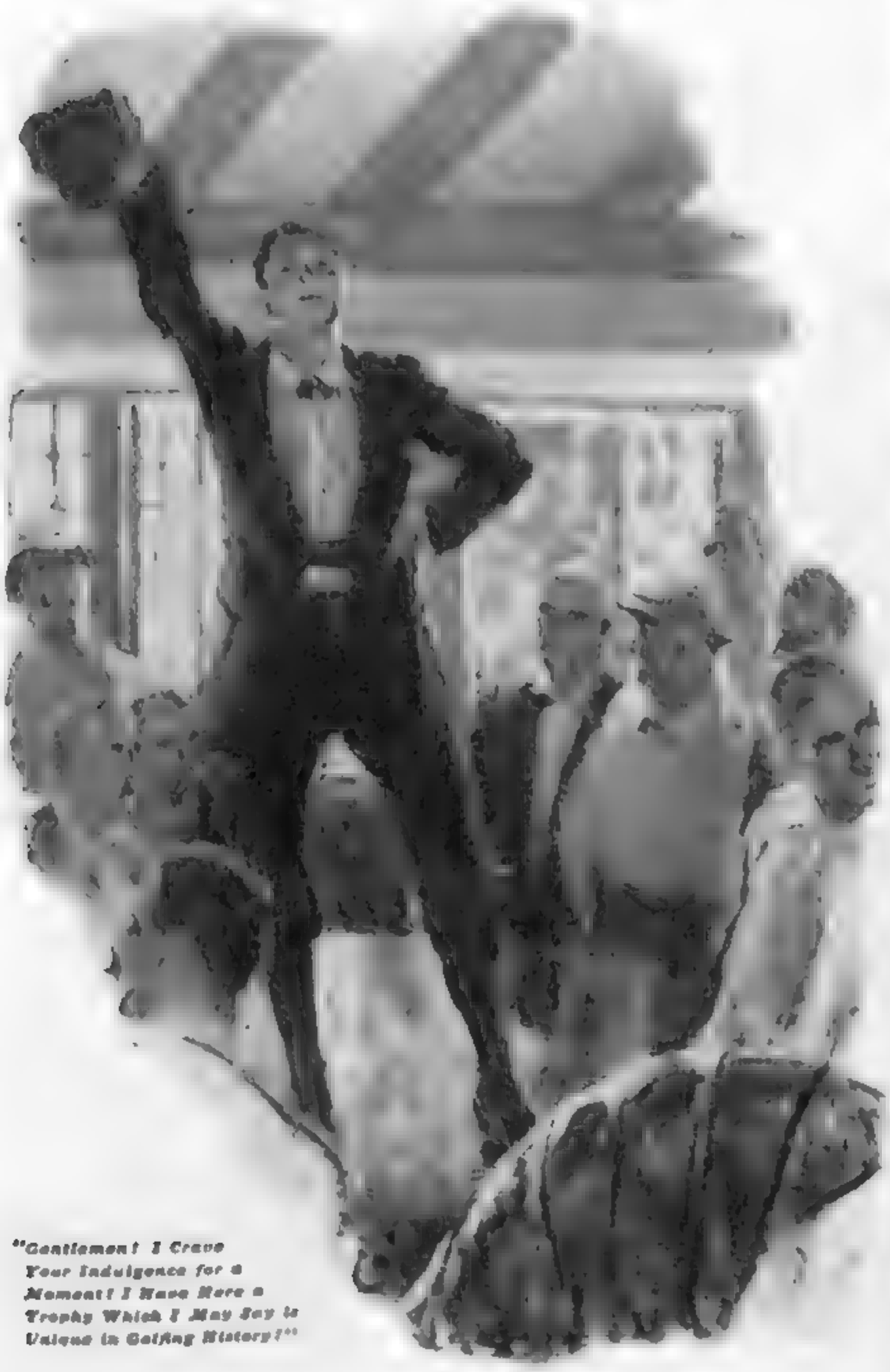
"Sorry," lied the Bish; "we're already hooked up with a foursome."

Henry said he was sorry too; and moreover he looked it.

"I was thinking I might get in with you," said he. "What I need is the—er—opportunity to study better players—er—get some real competition. Somebody that will make me do my best all the time. Don't you think that will help my game?"

"Doubtless," said the Bish in his deepest tone; "but at the same time you shouldn't get too far out of your class. There is a difference between being spurred on by competition and being discouraged by it."

"I shot an eighty-two last Saturday," said Henry quickly.



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"So I hear. So I hear. And how many brassy shots did you hole out?"

"Not one. It—it wasn't luck. It was good steady play."

"He admits it," murmured the Bish, but Henry didn't even hear him.

"Good steady play," he repeated. "What a man does once he can do again. Eighty-two. Six strokes above the par of the course. My net was twelve strokes below it—due, of course, to a ridiculously high handicap. I—I intend to have that altered. Eighty-two is Class-A golf."

"Or an accident," said the Bish rather coldly.

"Steady golf is never an accident," argued Henry. "I have thought it all out and come to the conclusion that what I need now is keener competition—er—better men to play with; and"—this with a trace of stubbornness in his tone—"I mean to find them."

The Bish kicked my foot under the table.

"That's all very well," said he, "but—how about the Old Guard?"

The wretched renegade squirmed in his chair.

"That," said he, "will adjust itself later."

"You mean that you'll break away?"

"I didn't say so, did I?"

"No, but you've been talking about keener competition."

Henry was not pleased with the turn the conversation had taken. He rose to go.

"Woodson and Totten and Miller are fine fellows," said he. "Personally I hold them in the highest esteem, but you must admit that they are poor golfers. Not one of them ever shot an eighty-five. I—I have my own game to consider. . . . You're quite sure you won't have a vacancy this afternoon?"

"Oh, quite," said the Bish, and Henry toddled back to his practice. It was well that he left us, for the Bish was on the point of an explosion.

"Well!" said he. "The conceited, ungrateful old scoundrel! Got his own game to consider—did you hear that? Just one fair-to-middling score in his whole worthless life, and now he's too swelled up to associate with the fellows who have played with him all these years, stood for his little meannesses, covered up his faults and overlooked his shortcomings! Keener competition, eh? Pah! Would you play with him?"

"Not on a bet!" said I.

On the following Wednesday the Old Guard counted noses and found itself short the star member. Lacking the courage or the decency to inform his friends of his change of program, Peacock took the line of least resistance and elected to escape them by a late arrival. Sam Totten made several flying trips into the locker room in search of his partner, but he gave up at last, and at one-thirty the Old Guard drove off, a threesome.

At one-thirty-two Henry sneaked into the clubhouse and announced that he was without a match. The news did not create any great furore. All the Class-A foursomes were made up, and, to make matters worse, the Bish had been doing a little quiet but effective missionary work.

Henry's advances brought him smack up against a stone wall of polite but definite refusal. The cup winner was left out in the cold.

He finally picked up Uncle George Sawyer, it being a matter of Uncle George or nobody.

Uncle George is a twenty-four-handicap man, but only when he is at the very top of his game, and he is deaf as a post, left-handed and a confirmed slicer. In addition to these misfortunes Uncle George is blessed with the disposition of a dyspeptic wildcat, and I imagine that Mr. Peacock did not have a pleasant afternoon. The Old Guard pounced on him when he came into the lounging room at five o'clock.

"Hey! Why didn't you say that you'd be late?" demanded Sam Totten. "We'd have waited for you."

"Well, I'll tell you," said Henry—and he looked like a sheep-killing dog surprised with the wool in his teeth—"I'll tell you: The fact of the matter is I—I didn't know just how late I was going to be, and I didn't think it would be fair to you ——"

"Apology's accepted," said Jumbo, "but don't let it happen again. And you went and picked on poor old Sawyer too. You—a cup winner—picking on a cripple like that! Henry, where do you expect to go when you die? Ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

"We've got it all fixed up to play at San Gabriel next Saturday," put in Peter Miller. "You'll go, of course?"

"I'll ring up and let you know," said Henry, and slipped away to the shower room.

I do not know what lies he told over the telephone or how he managed to squirm out of the San Gabriel trip, but I do know that he turned up at the country club at eleven o'clock on Saturday morning and spent two hours panhandling everybody in sight for a match. The keen competition fought very shy of Mr. Peacock, thanks to the Bish and his whispering campaign. Everybody was scrupulously polite to him—some even expressed regret—but nobody seemed to need a fourth man.

"They're just as glad to see him as if he had smallpox," grinned the Bish. "Well, I've got a heart that beats for my fellow man. I'd hate to see Peacock left without any kind of a match. Old Sawyer is asleep on the front porch. I'll go and tell him that Peacock is here looking for him."

It has been years since anyone sought Uncle George's company, and the old chap was delighted, but if Henry was pleased he managed to conceal his happiness. I learned later that their twosome wound up in a jawing match on the sixteenth green, in which Uncle George had all the better of it because he couldn't hear any of the things that Henry called him. They came to grief over a question of the rules; and Waddles, when appealed to, decided that they were both wrong—and a couple of fussy old hens, to boot. "Just what I told him!" mumbled Uncle George, who hadn't heard a word that Waddles said. "The ball nearest the hole ——"

"No such thing!" interrupted Henry, and they went away still squabbling. Waddles shook his head.

"He's a fine twelve-handicap man!" said he with scorn. "Doesn't even know the rules of the game!"

"Twelve!" said I. "You don't mean —"

"Yes, I cut him to twelve. Ever since he won that cup he's been hounding me—by letter, by telephone and by word of mouth. He's like Tom Sawyer's cat and the pain killer. He kept asking for it, and now he's got it. He thinks a low handicap will make him play better—stubborn old fool!"

"And that's not all," said the Bish. "He's left the Old Guard, flat."

"No!"

"He has, I tell you."

"I don't believe it," said Waddles. "He may be all kinds of a chump, but he wouldn't do that."

The Old Guard didn't believe it either. It must have been all of three weeks before Totten and Woodson and Miller realized that Peacock was a deserter, that he was deliberately avoiding them. At first they accepted his lame excuses at face value, and when doubt began to creep in they said the thing couldn't be possible. One day they waited for him and brought matters to a showdown. Henry wriggled and twisted and squirmed, and finally blurted out that he had made other arrangements. That settled it, of course; and then instead of being angry or disgusted with Henry they seemed to pity him, and from the beginning to the end I am quite certain that not one of them ever took the renegade to task for his conduct. Worse than everything else, they actually missed him. It was Frank Woodson, acting as spokesman for the others, who explained the situation to me:

"Oh, about Henry? Well, it's this way: We've all got our little peculiarities—Lord knows I've a few of my own. I never would have thought this could happen, but it just goes to show how a man gets a notion crossways in his head and jams up the machinery. Henry is all right at heart. His head is a little out of line at present, but his heart is O. K. You see, he won that cup and it gave him a wrong idea. He really thinks that under certain conditions he can play back to that eighty-two. I know he can't. We all know he can't; but let him go ahead and try it. He'll get over this little spell and be a good dog again."

The Bish, who was present, suggested that the Old Guard should elect a new member and forget the deserter.

"No-o," said Frank thoughtfully; "that wouldn't be right. We've talked it over, the three of us, and we'll keep his place open for him. Confound it, man! You don't realize that we've been playing together for more than fifteen years! We understand each other, and we used to have more fun

(Continued on Page 113)

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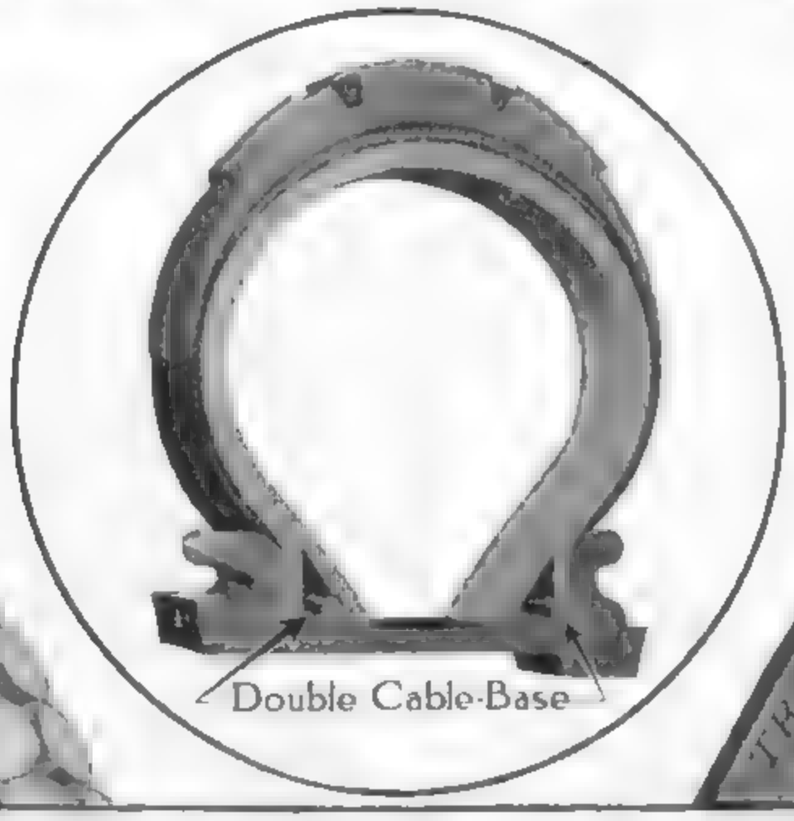

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In fact, Federal tires are able to resist road-punishment *much longer* because of the absence of internal enemies.

If you are one who has overlooked the vital fact that a tire wears out on the inside as much as on the outside, then this will save you money and add measurably to your tire service and satisfaction.

It *will* if you take advantage of these exclusive Federal superiorities.

Four unstretchable cables firmly anchor the Federal tire to the rim.

No other tire has this modern improvement!

So securely does the Federal hold its place that the hardest use cannot make it shift.

Any tire can be put on correctly—but the Federal remains *permanently* correct throughout its long life, because of its Double Cable Base.

This prevents the toe of the bead from ever pinching the inner tube.

It also prevents rim cutting.

And it absolutely insures the tire can never blow off the rim.

Coincident with these advantages is another—the flexible filler in which the four twisted steel cables are imbedded yields with every motion of the tire—relieving the side walls from excess strain so that they *do not break*.

Let your nearest Federal dealer show you two perfected non-skid tires, with our exclusive Double Cable Base, Rugged Tread (white) and Traffik Tread (black)—they give more mileage—longer life less trouble

Also, our Cord tire (black) with Double Cable Base and non-skid tread.

THE FEDERAL RUBBER COMPANY
OF ILLINOIS
Factories, Cudahy, Wisconsin

Manufacturers of Federal Automobile Tires, Tubes and Sundries, Motorcycle, Bicycle and Carriage Tires, Rubber Heels, Fibre Soles, Horse Shoe Pads, Rubber Matting and Mechanical Rubber Goods.

The Very ---*est* Soap that is Made in All the World

AN accepted tenet of good taste restrains us from filling the blank space above with any such superlative as "best" or "purest" or "finest."

But bear with us a moment. We make the soap. Our generation took over the business and its traditions from an older generation—the one that taught your father to say "Good morning, have you used Pears' Soap?" and that thought Sir John Millais none too good an artist to draw illustrations for their advertisements.

Even that generation was not the first to make Pears' Soap. The name is over a century old.

Every little while in that time somebody has found a way to improve the formula—to make Pears' Soap better.

Literally, they have "*found the way*"—not adopted or copied a method. Ways to better Pears' Soap are not to be found in use by others. They have to be invented, dug out of the fourth dimension.

From whom could we have borrowed the aging process, when there was no aging process until Pears thought of it?

The idea of withdrawing from the soap so near to all of the moisture that a cake, if struck, will chip like a Wedgwood teacup, is so distinctly Pears' that we almost say nobody else could have thought of it.

This aging and drying-out of materials so pure that hands grow beautiful from working with them, makes Pears' all soap and gives to the cake lasting quality.

Four generations of the thrifty well-to-do of every civilized country have recognized the economy as well as the luxury of Pears' Soap.

Are we to be blamed then, if, when we start to describe it, we turn naturally to the trite and unconvincing superlative?

We won't use that superlative. Try Pears' and supply it yourself.

If you wish to test Pears' for little expense, Walter Janvier, 419 Canal St., New York (Pears' United States Agent), will send you a trial cake of the unscented soap for 4c in stamps.

Pears' Soap, made by A. & F. Pears, Ltd., has the largest sale of any high-grade toilet soap in the world.

PEARS' SOAP

(Continued from Page 110)

than anybody, just dubbing round the course. The game doesn't seem quite the same, with Henry out of it; and I don't think he's having a very good time, hanging on the fringe of Class A and trying to butt in where he isn't wanted. No; he'll come back pretty soon, and everything will be just the same again. We've all got our little peculiarities, Bish. You've got some. I've got some. The best thing is to be charitable and overlook as much as you can, hoping that folks will treat you the same way."

"And that," said the Bish after Jumbo had gone away, "proves the statement that a friend is 'a fellow who knows all about you and still stands for you.' How long do you suppose they'll have to wait before that old imbecile regains his senses?"

They waited for at least five months, during which time H. Peacock, Esquire, enrolled himself as the prize pest of the golfing world. The Class-B men, resenting his treatment of the Old Guard, were determined not to let him break into one of their foursomes, and the Class-A men wouldn't have him at any price. The game of pussy-wants-a-corner is all right for children, but Henry, playing it alone, did not seem to find it entertaining. He picked up a stranger now and then, but it wasn't the season for visitors, and even Uncle George Sawyer shied when he saw Henry coming. The stubbornness which led him to insist that his handicap be cut would not permit him to hoist the white flag and return to the fold, and altogether he had a wretched time of it—almost as bad a time as he deserved. Left to himself he became every known variety of a golfing nut. He saved his score cards, entering them on some sort of a comparative chart which he kept in his locker—one of those see-it-at-a-glance things. He took lessons of the poor professional; he bought new clubs and discovered that they were not as good as his old ones; he experimented with every ball on the market; and his game was neither better nor worse than it was before the Hemmingway Cup poured its poison into the shriveled receptacle which passed for Henry Peacock's soul.

IV

ONE week ago last Saturday Sam Totten staged his annual show. Totten Day is ringed with red on all calendars belonging to Class-B golfers. It is the day when men win cups who never won cups before. All Class-A men are barred; it is strictly a Class-B party. Those with handicaps from twelve to twenty-four are eligible, and there are cups for all sorts of things—the best gross, the best first nine, the best second nine, the best score with one hole out, the best score with two holes out, and so on. Sam always buys the big cup himself—the one for the best gross score—and he sandbags his friends into contributing at least a dozen smaller trophies. The big cup is placed on exhibition before play begins, but the others, as well as the conditions of award, remain under cover, thus introducing the element of the unexpected. The conditions are made known as the cups are awarded and the ceremony of presentation is worth going a long way to see and a longer way to hear.

On Totten Day three of us were looking for a fourth man, and we encountered Henry Peacock, in his chronic state of loneliness. The Bish is sometimes a very secretive person, but he might have spared my feelings by giving me a hint of his intentions. Henry advanced on us, expecting nothing, hoping for nothing, but convinced that there was no harm in the asking. He used the threadbare formula:

"Any vacancy this afternoon, gentlemen?"

"Why, yes!" said the Bish. "Yes, we're one man short. Want to go round with us?"

Did he! Would a starving newsboy go to a turkey dinner? Henry fell all over himself in his eagerness to accept that invitation. Any time would suit him—just let him get a sandwich and a glass of milk and he would be at our service. As for the making of the match, the pairing of the players, he would leave that to the Bish. He, Henry, was a twelve-handicap man; and he might shoot to it, and again he might not. Yes, anything would suit him—and he scuttled away toward the dining room.

I took the Bish into a corner and spoke harshly to him. He listened without so much as a twitch of his long solemn upper lip.

"All done?" said he when I had finished. "Very well! Listen to me. I took him in with us because this is Totten Day."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Everything. As a Class-B man he's eligible to play for those cups. If he tears up his card or picks up his ball he'll disqualify himself. I want to make sure that he plays every hole out, sinks all his putts and has his card turned in."

"But you don't want that old stiff to win a cup, do you?"

"I do," said the Bish. "Not only that, but I'm going to help him win it. That old boy hasn't been treated right. 'Man's inhumanity to man' is a frightful thing if carried to extremes. And anyway, what are you kicking about? You don't have to play with him. I'll take him as my partner, and you can have Dale."

When our foursome appeared on the first tee there was quite a ripple of subdued excitement. The news that Henry Peacock had finally broken into Class-A company was sufficient to empty the lounging room. Totten, Miller and Woodson were present, but not in their golfing clothes. Sam was acting as field marshal, assisted by Jumbo and Pete. It was Woodson who came forward and patted Henry on the back.

"Show 'em what you can do, old boy!" said he. "Go out and get another eighty-two!"

"I'll bring him home in front," said the Bish. "Of course"—here he addressed Henry—"you won't mind my giving you a pointer or two as we go along. We've got a tough match here and we want to win it if we can."

"I'll be only too happy," chirped Henry, all in a flutter. "I need pointers. Anything you can tell me will be appreciated."

"That's the way to talk!" said the Bish, slapping him on the back and almost knocking him down. "The only golfer who'll never amount to anything is the one who can't be told when he makes a mistake!"

Well, away we went, Dale and I driving first. Then the Bish sent one of his justly celebrated tee shots screaming up the course and made room for Henry. Whether it was the keen competition or the evident interest shown by the spectators or the fact that the Bish insisted that Henry change his stance I cannot say, but the old man nearly missed the ball entirely, topping it into the bunker.

"Don't let a little thing like that worry you," said the Bish, taking Henry's arm. "I'll tell you how to play the next shot."

Arriving at the bunker Henry armed himself with his niblick.

"What are you going to do with that blunderbuss?" asked the Bish. "Can't you play your jigger at all?"

"My jigger!" exclaimed Henry. "But—it's a niblick shot, isn't it?"

"That's what most people would tell you, but in this case, with a good lie and a lot of distance to make up, I'd take the jigger and pick it up clean. If you hit it right you'll get a long ball."

Now Chick Evans or Ouimet might play a jigger in a bunker and get away with it once in a while, but to recommend that very tricky iron to a dub like Henry Peacock was nothing short of a misdemeanor. Acting under instructions he swung as hard as he could, but the narrow blade hit the sand four inches behind the ball and buried it completely.

"Oh, tough luck!" said the Bish. "Now for a little high-class excavating. Scoop her out with the niblick."

Henry scooped three times, at last popping the ball over the grassy wall. The Bish did not seem in the least discouraged.

"Now your wood," said he.

"But I play a cleek better."

"Nonsense! Take a good hard poke at it with the brassy!"

And poke it he did—a nasty slice into rough grass.

"I could have kept it straight with an iron," said Henry reproachfully.

"Well, of course," said the Bish, "if you don't want me to advise you ——"

"But I do!" Henry hastened to assure him. "Oh, I do! You can't imagine how much I appreciate your correcting my mistakes!"

"Spoken like a sportsman," said the Bish, and followed at Henry's heels. By acting upon all the advice given him Henry managed to achieve that first hole in eleven strokes. He said he hoped that we would believe he could do better than that.

"Sure you can!" said the Bish with enthusiasm. "One thing about you, Peacock, you're willing to learn, and when a man is willing to learn there is always hope for him. Never let one bad hole get your nanny."

Keep Your Hands Lovely

Don't Do Housework Without These Rubber Gloves

PROTECT your hands against stains, scalds, grime and the caustics in soap and cleaning powders—and prevent wrinkles, roughness, calluses and "chaps." Miller Household Rubber Gloves are like an extra skin—and an extra tough one.

They guard against bruises and scratches and keep away hangnails.

You can always have soft white hands if you wear these gloves in your work. So why destroy one of Nature's loveliest charms? Thousands of women have been astonished by the wonderful durability of Miller Gloves. They frequently outwear several pairs of ordinary kinds.

For Care of Plants

Miller

Surgeons Grade

Rubber Goods

Miller Rubber Goods first won fame among surgeons, chemists and nurses. For 27 years they have been the choice of laboratories, clinics and hospitals.

But the demand for Miller Surgeons Grade Rubber has spread beyond medical circles. And to supply this call from thousands of quarters we now make these goods for home use also.

For Peeling Potatoes

The Miller Household Gloves are tougher and heavier—so made to stand hard wear.

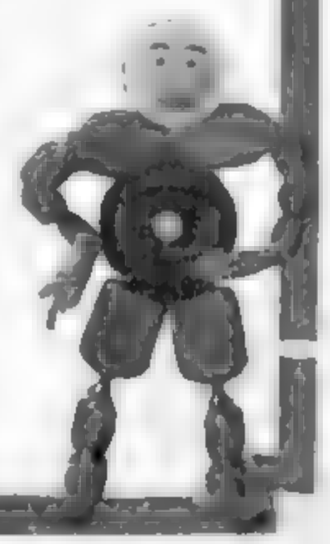
Our Hot Water Bottles and Syringes are praised because they have no seams and will not leak.

For Dusting

The Surgeons Grade Sponge is another Miller utility that every home should have for toilet, bath and housework.

Only good druggists are authorized to sell the Miller Surgeons Grade Rubber Goods. Don't be induced to accept inferior kinds.

Write us today for the name of the Miller dealer in your locality.



THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY

Dept. E-7, Akron, Ohio

Makers of Miller Surgeons Grade Rubber—Hot Water Bags, Fountain Syringes, Sanitate Nipples and Diapers, Ice Caps, Household Rubber Gloves, Invalid Cushions, Sanitary Aprons, etc., etc.

Patronize the Druggist Who Displays This Figure—

Beating the Minnesota Blizzards

LOWER PICTURE—The power house of the University of Minnesota

MIDDLE PICTURE—View of the tunnel containing steam pipe connecting power-house with University

UPPER PICTURE—One of the University buildings heated by this pipe

IT is *nearly a mile* from the power-house of the Minnesota University to the buildings that house the varied activities of the University itself. Yet they are always comfortable.

Minnesota weather in winter is seldom genial. More often it is a compound of snow or sleet with a temperature far below the zero mark.

Yet through all this MILE of wintry weather, the steam-pipes from the power-house carry an ample supply of heat. How is it done?

The answer is "*85% Magnesia*" *Coverings* upon these steam-pipes.

Not only the boilers themselves but every inch of the steam-pipes are protected from heat-loss by the wonderful heat-saving power of this matchless covering.

Before the application of the "85% Magnesia" coverings, the steam turned into water in the course of a few feet. It was impossible to carry even a single heat-unit through the tunnel to its destination. All the coal in the neighborhood would not have warmed a single building if the piping had not been covered properly.

Apply this demonstration to your own heating problems.

If you use steam for heating or for power purposes, your pipes need the very best insulation you can obtain. Coal Saving is today the most vital problem the Nation faces. Are you "doing your bit" in saving coal? Don't forget that COAL more than anything else will Win the War!

"85% Magnesia" coverings, properly applied in accordance with the Magnesia Association Specification, will show an immediate and continuous saving of coal year after year. Their marvelous durability makes them a permanent investment. Even after the pipes and boilers themselves are "scrapped," the "85% Magnesia" coverings will still retain their matchless heat-saving properties, and are ready to be again applied to new pipes.

"The Universal Coal Saver"

85% MAGNESIA

Steam-Pipe & Boiler Covering

Send for the illustrating book, "*Let '85% Magnesia' Defend Your Steam.*" If you are an Engineer or Architect, send for the Standard Specifications issued by the Magnesia Association, which guides the proper application of this matchless covering, "85% Magnesia."

MAGNESIA ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

702 Bulletin Building, Philadelphia, Penna.

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"Eleven!" murmured Henry. "No chance for me to win that big cup now."

"Aw, what's one cup, more or less?" demanded the Bish. "You'll get something to-day worth more than any cup. You'll get keen competition—and advice."

Indeed that was the truth. The competition was keen enough, and the advice poured forth in a steady stream. The Bish never left Henry alone with his ball for an instant. He was not allowed to think for himself, nor was he allowed to choose the clubs with which to execute his shots. If he wished to use a mashie the Bish would insist on the midiron. If he pulled the midiron from his bag the jigger would be placed in nomination. The climax came when the Bish gravely explained that all putter shots should be played with a slight hook, "for the sake of the extra run." That was when I nearly swallowed my chewing gum.

"He's steering him all wrong," whispered Dale. "What's the idea?"

I suggested that he ask the Bish that question; but we got nothing out of that remarkable man but a cool, impersonal stare; and for the first time since I have known him the Bish kept a careful record of the scores. As a general thing he carries the figures in his head—and when you find a man who does that you have found a golfer. Henry's score would have been a great memory test. It ran to eights, nines and double figures, and on the long hole, when he topped his drive into the bottom of the ravine and played seven strokes in a tangle of sycamore roots, he amassed the astonishing total of fifteen. From time to time he bleated plaintively, but the Bish, sticking closer than a brother, advised him to put all thought of his score out of his head and concentrate on his shots. Henry might have been able to do this if he had been left alone, but with a human phonograph at his elbow he had no chance to concentrate on anything. He finished in a blaze of glory, taking a nine on the last hole, and the Bish slapped him violently between the shoulder blades.

"You'll be all right, Peacock, if you just remember what I've told you. The fundamentals of your game are sound enough, but you've a tendency to underclub yourself. You must curb that. Never be afraid of getting too much distance."

"I—I'm awfully obliged to you," said Henry. "I'm obliged to all you gentlemen. I hope to have the pleasure of playing with you again soon—er—quite soon. I'm here nearly every afternoon. And anything you can tell me——"

Henry continued to babble and the Bish drew me aside:

"Hold him in the lounging room for a while. Don't let him get away. Talk to him about his game—anything. Buy him soft drinks, but keep him there!"

Immediately thereafter the Bish excused himself, and I heard him demanding to know where he might come by a shingle nail.

The Totten Day cups were presented in the lounging room with the usual ceremonies. Sam made the speeches and Jumbo acted as sergeant at arms, escorting the winners to the table at the end of the room. By selecting an obscure corner I had been able to detain Henry for a time, but when the jollification began he showed signs of nervousness. He spoke of needing a shower and was twice on the point of departure when my good fairy prompted me to mention the winning of the Hemmingway Cup. Immediately he launched into an elaborate description of that famous victory, stroke by stroke, with distances, direction and choice of clubs set forth in proper order. He was somewhere on the seventh hole when Totten made his last speech.

"So I thought it all over, and I decided it was too far for the mashie and not quite far enough for the ——"

There was a loud, booming noise at the other end of the room. Over the sea of heads I caught sight of the Bish mounting a table. He had a large green felt bag under his arm.

"Gentlemen!" he shouted. "Gentlemen—if you are gentlemen!—I crave your indulgence for a moment! A moment, I beg of you! I have here an added trophy—a trophy which, I may say, is unique in golfing history!"

He paused, and there was a faint patter of applause, followed by cries of "Go to it, Bish!" I glanced at Sam Totten, and the surprised expression on his face told me that this part of the program was not of his making.

"All the cups presented to-day," continued the Bish, "have been awarded for a best score of some sort. I believe you will agree with me that this is manifestly one-sided and unfair."

"Hear! Hear!" cried a voice.

"Throw that twenty-four-handicap man out!" said the Bish. "Now the cup which I hold in my hands is a cup for the highest gross score ever made by a twelve-handicap man in the United States of America."

Henry Peacock jumped as if his name had been called. If I had not laid my hand on his arm he would have bolted for the door.

"I take great pleasure, gentlemen," said the Bish after the uproar had subsided, "in presenting this unique trophy to one who now has a double distinction. He is the holder of two records—one for the lowest net score on record, the other for the highest gross. Mr. Henry Peacock shot the course to-day in exactly one hundred and sixty-seven strokes. . . . Bring the gentleman forward, please!"

There was a great burst of laughter and applause, and under cover of the confusion Henry tried to escape. A dozen laughing members surrounded him, and he surrendered, sputtering incoherently. He was escorted to the table, and the double wall of cheering humanity closed in behind him and surged forward. I caught a glimpse of his face as the Bish bent over and placed the green bag in his hands. It was very red, and his lower lip was trembling with rage.

"Open it up! Come on, let's see it!"

Mr. Peacock cast one despairing glance to left and right and plunged his hand into the bag. I do not know what he expected to find there, but it was a cup, sure enough—a fine, large pewter cup, cast in feeble imitation of the genuine article and worth perhaps seventy-five cents. And on the side of this cup, rudely engraved with a shingle nail, was the record of Mr. Peacock's activities for the afternoon, in gross and detail, as follows:

HOLES	PAR	PEACOCK
1	4	11
2	4	9
3	4	8
4	5	8
5	3	7
6	4	15
7	5	9
8	4	8
9	4	12
10	5	12
11	4	7
12	4	8
13	4	9
14	3	7
15	4	8
16	4	9
17	5	11
18	5	9
Total	76	167

As Henry gazed at this work of art a shout came from the back of the room. Waddles had come to life.

"Winner buys, Henry! Winner always buys! It's a rule of the club!"

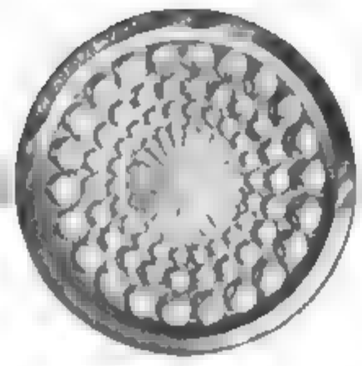
"The club be damned!" cried Henry Peacock as he fought his way to the door.

"Bish," said Frank Woodson, "that was a rotten trick to play on anybody. You shouldn't have done it."

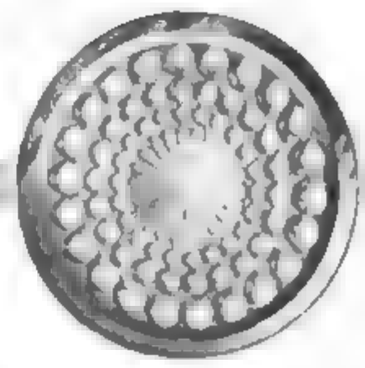
"A rotten case," replied the Bish, "requires a rotten remedy. It's kill or cure; even money and take your pick."

As it turned out it was a cure.

Henry Peacock is once more a member of the Old Guard, in good standing and entitled to all privileges. Totten, Woodson and Miller received him with open arms, and they actually treat the old reprobate as if nothing had happened. I believe it will be a long time before he reminds them that he once shot an eighty-two, and a longer time before he breaks a ninety.



176 Lenses in One. It diffuses the glare rays into a flood of mellow, all-revealing light



No direct beams—no glare rays—no 42-inch restrictions. Legal everywhere

The First Lawful Lens

Is Still the Foremost—and Will Ever Be

Note the Famous Users

America is now almost blanketed by glare-forbidding laws. And it should be, as you know.

How will you comply?

The best way is the way adopted by leading engineers. Note below the list of famous cars which equip with Warner-Lenz.

Vastly Better Than Forbidden Light

The Warner-Lenz is more than law-abiding. It has been adopted by hundreds of thousands where no laws compelled it. Being glareless it is legal under every law. But its great purpose was to remedy the narrow, restricted shaft light.

It illumines one's whole field of vision, not the road alone. It diffuses over-bright rays into a flood of mellow light.

Far and near, wide and close, it makes the whole outlook clear. It lights the curves and turns, the upgrades and the downgrades.

Rise and fall of the car does not affect it, nor does turning of the lens in the lamp-rim. That is vitally important.

No dark roadsides, no hidden turns.
Far and wide the road ahead is lighted.

To Imitate Day

Daylight is a flood-light, not a searchlight. The Warner-Lenz was devised to give the same effect at night. Thus it ends the tenseness of night driving.

There are no direct beams—no glare rays. So Warner-Lenz light is legal everywhere, without any height restrictions.

That has been certified by countless authorities, and by every commission appointed under any state law.

So this ideal light—this wanted lens—is just as lawful as restricted light.

Make Comparison

If someone argues a better lens, please make comparisons. The Warner-Lenz holds supreme place, both with motorists and car makers. And any right comparison will convince you that they should.

Make your headlights legal. Abandon your shaft-lights and dimmers. Before another night goes by have Warner-Lenz on your car.

See your dealer or write to us. The name Warner-Lenz is embossed on the genuine.

Prices of Warner-Lenz

Diameter in Inches	Per Pair
5 to 9	$ 5.00
9½ to 10½	6.00
10½ to 12	8.00

West of Rockies 25c Per Pair Extra
Canadian Prices, $4 [illegible]

PLEASE NOTE—If your dealer hasn't them and will not get them for you, write us and give name and model of your car.

WARNER-LENZ

This is A. P. Warner, of the Warner Auto-Meter Fame, and Inventor of the Magnetic Speedometer

THE WARNER-LENZ COMPANY

918 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Standard Equipment on

Packard	*Marmon*	*Stutz*
Hal Twelve	*White*	*Fiat*
Westcott	*Peerless*	*Moon*
Standard 8	*Anderson*	*Daniels 8*
Doble Steam	*McFarlan*	*Murray*
Cunningham	*Davis*	*Crawford*
Ohio Electric		*Lenox*

BATES

VAN DYKE OXFORD IN BLACK OR THIS SEASON'S POPULAR CHOCOLATE BROWN
FIVE, SIX AND SEVEN DOLLARS

WHETHER the shoes that bear the Bates mark are swinging along at the regulation military pace or treading city pavements on civilian feet, it is reassuring to know that Bates serviceability and outstanding style have conquered war-time conditions, not succumbed to them. They have answered the call of the times.

WITHIN the limits indicated as authoritative style for this season, we offer the most correct shoe to the young man who wants snap and go and a bit of verve; and for the man who must have comfort, all the style usually left out of the so-called comfort shoe.

In between these will be found intermediate notes of style which make certain the satisfaction of every taste, and every foot need.

A. J. BATES CO.
EST. 1885
WEBSTER, MASS.

THE Bates SHOE

WAREHOUSES
NEW YORK
CHICAGO

So when you think "Bates," look up the dealer in your city who caters to the most discriminating men amongst your acquaintance.

Anything less than the price we ask you to pay for the Bates Shoe is not economy.

Write us for your copy of Shoe Life. It tells you all you should know to insure getting out all the comfort and wear built into the shoe. Name of our dealer in your locality on request.

SHOES

MEXICO'S GAME

(Continued from Page 9)

problem, would enable him to weld together the Central and South American nations which had not openly declared themselves in favor of the European Entente. His first proposal was that all the nations now supplying the European belligerents should immediately declare an embargo on exports of munitions and supplies. Such a restriction was to be all-inclusive and to affect all belligerents alike. It mattered little to Mr. Carranza that the British fleet had been stopping all exports to Germany on the high seas for nearly two years, and that the effect of his suggestion would be to halt shipments of fuel oil needed for that same British fleet. Mr. Carranza protested that his measure was not inspired by Germany or in Germany's interest, but was simply a way to stop the war. Mexico would merely keep her oil; and it was suggested that the United States might withhold all her munitions. Between them, Mexico and the United States could end the war—an ambitious program with a simple process. Politely the United States said to Mexico that as for the Washington Government it felt no obligation to depart from the accustomed rules of international law, which recognized the right of neutrals to trade with both belligerents in a war. But President Carranza went on and invited all the nations to whom he had addressed his note to meet in a large conference to discuss neutrality problems.

Simultaneously President Irigoyen, of Argentina—the same individual who several months later ignored the vote of his Congress recommending a break in diplomatic relations with Germany—started a little invitation scheme of his own. He, too, suggested an international conference. Mexico promptly accepted. Brazil said she would if the United States was invited. Discovering that the United States would have nothing to do with it, the Brazilians kept aloof too. Then Venezuela issued a call for a conference of neutrals. Invitations got so numerous that our Department of State couldn't keep track of them, and though nobody openly charged that Germany had anything to do with those neutrality suggestions it looked suspicious to our own Government. For since Germany could not hope to align any countries of this hemisphere on her side, the next best thing to do was to keep those nations from joining the Entente or from growing closer to the United States.

Suspicious Coincidences

Many people have wondered how Germany could possibly invade America—but they have always thought in terms of immediate military invasion. The truth is the Germans have been doing some effective invading ever since August, 1914, and even before. Their constant effort has been to divide the Pan-American family. And whether Mr. Carranza was ever cognizant of the German scheme is not so important as the fact that his policy has been at times identical with what Germany sought to accomplish—at least friends of Mexico in the United States who have championed the Carranza Government have been repeatedly put to it to explain the many odd coincidences of Mexican policy and German purpose.

Some strange things, indeed, happen from time to time that make it hard for the American friend of Mexico to insist that President Carranza has no sympathy with the German propagandista. Not so long ago the United States by means of its black list and embargoes prevented the shipment of white paper to El Democrata, the newspaper admittedly controlled by the German Minister to Mexico. The Mexican Government protested. Such a restriction, it was argued, was an infringement on the rights of Mexico, especially the attempt to dictate to any firm doing business in Mexico just to whom it should sell its wares. Our own officials expressed their most poignant regret that such action was necessary; they even recalled that the United States had been furious over the British black list when we were neutral, but that since we had come into the war black lists and boycotts seemed perfectly legitimate measures of military necessity. Then the Mexican Government asked whether it could have white paper for itself. And of course there was no objection to that; but when our American Embassy discovered that some of the government paper was being used by El Democrata, and that on American-made paper were being printed slanderous attacks against the United States Government, a protest of rather pointed character came from one Henry Prather Fletcher, American Ambassador to Mexico. And at last reports the Mexican Government was cutting down on the supply of paper given by it to Mexican newspapers, with the hopeful prospect that the days of the German organ would be numbered.

On the surface it would seem that to harbor at all in Mexico a newspaper devoted entirely to vicious attacks on the nearest neighbor, a powerful country, whose good will ought to be valuable to Mexico, must mean an acquiescence in Germany's point of view toward the United States. But the Mexican Government's naïve answer was that the Entente countries had their newspaper, which spent its time attacking Germany—thus matters were even. Always the inclination to play one side against the other.

So the United States watches the game, and when the playing operates to the disinterest of the Allied cause Ambassador Fletcher informally calls attention to what is going on. And thus far it must be said that Mr. Fletcher's arguments have been convincing, for whenever he has seriously protested about the extremes to which the German propagandists have gone, some action of a remedial kind has followed.

Mr. Elusive Cabrera

For while our ambassador is a very good friend of the Mexicans and maintains cordial personal relations with the President of Mexico and his associates, Mr. Fletcher is one of the most plain-spoken gentlemen in the diplomatic service. And when he talks he speaks with the full authority and with the confidence of the President of the United States. This is because there are no more special agents, no more emissaries and envoys of the United States in Mexico to explain the American point of view. Juntas and confidential agents have disappeared from Washington. Instead, the Government of the United States does business directly and openly. Ambassador Fletcher expresses himself fluently to Mr. Carranza, and what the ambassador says has the full support of the Department of State back home. Mr. Fletcher has been given a free hand from the start, and he has used it to build up a prestige for his embassy in Mexico City.

The President of Mexico knows that if he can get Henry Fletcher to agree to a proposition, that will surely have the approval of the Washington Government. Recently, when Mr. Carranza decided to send a mission to the United States to settle the difficulties that had risen over our embargo on food to Mexico and other neutrals, Secretary Lansing decided it would be a good thing for Mr. Fletcher to come to Washington too. When he arrived the Secretary of State practically put the ambassador in charge of the negotiations. He became a kind of undersecretary of state for Mexico. And then, when the Mexican commissioner had drawn up a tentative agreement and wanted to go back to Mexico City, Mr. Fletcher returned to his post too. If any information was desired or any further questions were to be asked he would be on hand to explain, amplify or modify as the case might be. This sounds like an itinerant method of doing business, but it was forced upon our own diplomatic representatives by the tactics of Luis Cabrera, an individual with an incomprehensible fondness for eluding the persons with whom he makes engagements, whether they are officials, diplomats, financiers or taxi drivers. On being appointed to go to the United States to conduct the negotiations for a food supply, he waited round in Mexico City for a month, and suddenly sailed for Argentina just a day or two after he had exchanged formal greetings with the Secretary of State in Washington. No one knows yet what he meant by it. The Mexicans explained that he had been delegated to attend also a neutrality conference at Buenos Aires and didn't know till he got to sea that the date had been postponed, if not abandoned. But no explanation ever was made of why he waited a month in Mexico City before starting for the United States.

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Will You Sanction This?

BY REX BEACH
PRESIDENT AUTHORS' LEAGUE

CONGRESS—or a sufficient majority of it—has voted to curtail or destroy magazine reading.

It has accomplished this by passing a simple law reestablishing a postal "zone" system for all publications—a zone system and postal principle that was abolished by President Lincoln in 1863, and by establishing postal rates through a complicated system that mean from 50 to 900 per cent postage increases to all periodical readers.

By this "zone" system American readers of periodicals—home, educational, scientific, business, or religious—are to be penalized by enormous postage increases on the weekly or monthly publications they read, and the greater their accidental remoteness from the city of publication the greater is the penalty that is placed upon them.

Magazines have been a slow growth. In the process of their development and evolution it has happened that publishing is chiefly concentrated in the East. This large magazine increase in postage, therefore, discriminates unfairly but with great force against the entire West—beginning even with western New York and Ohio and increasing rapidly until such States as Washington, Oregon, New Mexico, and California are to pay *nine times the amount of postage* on the advertising pages alone of their magazine as formerly. What this increase means in cost to readers is incalculable.

It means that hundreds of thousands of readers will be compelled to give up their periodicals owing to the terrific increase in their postage cost.

And the tragedy of this 50 to 900 per cent magazine increase postage law lies in the fact that this loss of readers will come from classes and from sections of our nation where widespread reading should be most encouraged—from people in remote sections where life is a bitter struggle on the margin of subsistence—where the habit of reading is just forming and the little weekly or monthly budget for magazines has but so very recently become recognized as an important item in family life. The terrific magazine postage increase will wipe these out. *That* is the real tragedy to this nation.

I could do no better than quote the fine words of a Western woman, Miss Arminda Wood, president of the Woman's Club of Racine, Wis.:

"The many splendid magazines published to-day," she wrote in an appeal to Eastern women from the women of the West, "are a means of education to many a home where other opportunities are lacking. And many of these homes are remote from publishing centers—many even remote from city life. It is the magazine combined with rural delivery that has brought to the door of the countrywoman material which helps her solve problems needing advice more easily obtained by her city sister. Through this medium she has known current events, has guided her children by the educational influences offered, and has been able to keep herself in harmony with the world from which she was separated. Periodicals and newspapers are as essential as food to the country home.

"Then again the attractive magazines in every city home means keeping together the family circle. To make the magazine prohibitive by excess postal rates would be to take away from mothers one of the means whereby they have battled against outside attractions.

"Now just because a woman lives in a Western State remote from publishing centers—and of course home interests affect the woman most—is she to be made to pay a penalty in order to bring opportunities to her door? To enforce the 50 to 900 per cent periodical postage law would be causing mental starvation to many who have only this means of keeping abreast of the times.

"Every thinking Eastern woman should put her full strength into a drive which will give her Western sister the same advantages which she enjoys."

And to this may be added the splendid report of the United States Postal Commission appointed in 1844 to determine the functions and purposes of the Post Office in relation to the people of our nation. The function of the Post Office was, it said:

"...

"To render the citizen how far soever from the seat of Government worthy, by proper knowledge and intelligence, of his important privileges as a sovereign constituent of the Government; to diffuse throughout all parts of the land enlightenment, social improvement, and national affinities, elevating our people in the scale of civilization and bringing them together in patriotic affection."

This was the purpose of the Post Office.

This 50 to 900 per cent postage increase on magazines is not a war tax. Publishers were already taxed by excess profits and income taxes. It is not a war tax; Postmaster General Burleson has so stated in his annual report when he declared it to be permanent postal legislation. Unless repealed through your protests to Congress and Congressmen it will go into effect on July 1. **Will You Write To Your Senators and Congressmen At Once Urging That This Destructive Law Be Rescinded?**

Our own Government was somewhat puzzled by Mr. Cabrera's move—not worried but puzzled. His reception in Argentina was cool. The Argentine newspapers openly accused him of being sympathetic with Germany, and finally the mission of several members distributed itself in other South American countries, where it now is. Some Mexicans smilingly called it a junket—one of Mr. Carranza's ways of getting rid of superfluous politicians. Others solemnly proclaimed it as a logical step in the Mexican policy of strict neutrality. Our own Government said never a word about it, but looked on—an interested spectator.

If Mr. Carranza thought he could get foodstuffs and even financial aid in Argentina, the United States wished him well. With our own shortage of food and with our financial burdens imposed by the war, we had no pride of export. As for financial assistance, wherever Mexico can get money the United States would be glad to see her get it. For a long time President Carranza seemed to think the United States Government was somehow preventing our bankers from loaning Mexico funds. So Ambassador Fletcher conveyed a message from President Wilson himself saying that, far from preventing any loan, the United States sincerely hoped Mexico would find it possible to get one in this country. But American bankers, mindful of the fact that Mexico hadn't shown any signs of paying the interest on her back debt—and the coupons are still held by these bankers—couldn't see Mexico as a banking proposition.

Mexico's Low Credit

For credit depends upon internal conditions—political, military and economic. Pacification of the country has been a slow process. There is no denying, however, that substantial progress has been made. Bandits of course operate efficiently in isolated spots, blowing up trains as of yore. Felix Diaz is still cavorting about in Chiapas and the states of the extreme south and the Cedilla Brothers continue the bandit business at the old stand in the Monterey and San Luis Potosí district, while Manuel Peláez holds sway in the vicinity of Tampico. There is no cohesion between these bands. Each leader operates for himself. But the larger part of the territory of Mexico is either under government control or no one has risen to dispute the authority of the Carranza Administration therein.

No political movement of consequence has been directed against Mr. Carranza, a circumstance that has given him an opportunity to resuscitate the government machinery that went into the scrap heap with the downfall of Huerta. At least President Carranza now has a Congress chosen in a manner that no one has challenged as illegal; the Supreme Court is in session; a modern method of accounting has been introduced through the assistance of Henry Bruère, former city chamberlain of New York, and the president has taken full charge of expenditures.

In that last sentence is contained the greatest germ of safety. For whatever objection the political foes of Venustiano Carranza have registered from time to time against the adroit statesman from Coahuila, no one has successfully fastened on him any charge of dishonesty. He has kept his hands on the purse strings—such as they were—and his parsimony deserves honorable mention. But to restore the credit of Mexico in the money markets of the world many more steps must be taken before Mexico can be considered as back on her feet financially—before American bankers at least can be persuaded to float a Mexican loan.

What stands in the way of regarding Mexico as a good financial risk is her past performance. Until recently no effort was made to balance the budget. Also, the way the funds of the Banco Nacional and Banco de Londres were commandeered by the Mexican Government has not been forgotten. This has often been referred to as illegal. It may have been wrong, but it wasn't illegal, especially as Mexican laws go. Victoriano Huerta caused the self-same banks to accept his bonds as a reserve for the issuance of currency. And of course when Mr. Carranza arrived he repudiated everything that the aforesaid Huerta had ever done. Consequently to the Carranza eyes the reserves of the banks were not up to the requirements of old-time Mexican statutes. So the Carranza Government felt justified in "borrowing" the funds of these two banks. Again, it may have been legal, but it also produced a very bad effect throughout the financial world.

Running the government on the millions obtained from these two banks and by the revenues collected from a higher schedule of taxes, President Carranza has managed to get along—that is, has made ends meet; but—and here is the keystone of it all—not a cent has been paid on the interest of external debt, nothing on the railway bonds and other obligations once solemnly guaranteed by the Mexican Government. And before one man loans money to another he usually finds out what the would-be borrower has done about his past debts or transactions. Credit is not sentimental. It is awkwardly retrospective, and the sins of governmental forbears are always visited on succeeding generations.

Some day there must be a conversion of the whole Mexican debt. For a time it looked as if the war might bring a solution. Under the 1917 war act of Congress the United States is authorized to loan money to any of its allies. But President Carranza never wanted a government loan, and in that he displayed a good deal of Mexican political wisdom, for malcontents in his country would have said he accepted a "bribe" from the United States to modify his foreign policy. Indeed they said it anyhow when the project was only vaguely discussed in the press. Mr. Carranza, the truth is, never asked our Government for a loan and we never offered him financial assistance. On the other hand the moral support of our own Government was always ready to be given to any group of American bankers who wished to loan Mexico money. Obviously the Washington Administration has no power to compel private bankers to invest a lot of money in Mexico, so the long and the short of it is that President Carranza has not been able to get money in the United States. Possibly this has turned his eyes toward Argentina, though that country herself has had to borrow money from New York to pay her bills, and private bankers in Buenos Aires have all they can do to handle Argentinian enterprises.

Settling Accounts

During the war, to be sure, Mr. Carranza will not be embarrassed by his creditors; but after the war, unless he has done something to cancel existing debt, not only will he find the more or less tightly pinched money world still very much inclined to pass Mexico by as unripe for financial ventures, but the diplomatic policy he will have followed will come into close communion with the matter of back debts and future credit. That is where the game he is now playing or will play touches earth. Probably the best friend Mexico has ever had—whether Mr. Carranza believes it or not—is the United States. Just how much the United States has swallowed in the way of protest and trouble from European nations where Mexico has been concerned could hardly be told in a single article or volume. But practically every nation of Europe at one time or another has prodded the United States to do things to Mexico. Even the now "friendly" Germany tried very hard to get England to agree early in 1914 to a joint intervention in Mexico.

When the big war is over European pressure will take on a different form. France and England will owe the United States money. They will most naturally try to collect from all their debtors so as to pay America. What more logical thing than to say to the American Government that the obligations of Mexico be applied on their own debt? This isn't a hypothetical suggestion, either. Our own officials say they would not be surprised to see such a turn of events.

And with Mexico still backward about paying the interest on her previous loans, American bankers will continue to be even more backward about advancing further funds. Time and again have come offers of economic assistance from American companies and firms who could help Mexico to her feet, but President Carranza's tolerance of the German propagandist has unquestionably deterred American capital and made even the best of Mexico's friends wary. The United States Government never exerted the slightest pressure on Mexico to enter the war—never suggested a departure from neutrality. But the biggest disappointment in the whole field of Pan-Americanism has been that the nation which the United States sought so earnestly

(Continued on Page 121)

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Government's War Revenue Tax Extra Charge

(Continued from Page 118)

to befriend still gives full privileges of residence to Herr von Eckhardt, German Minister to Mexico, who was instructed very explicitly a year ago by Herr Zimmermann to do all he could to align Mexico and Japan in war against the United States. Presumably if Herr von Eckhardt is a faithful servant of the Kaiser and obeys instructions, he has been doing all he can in the last twelve months to make Mexico hostile to the United States. And our own embassy in Mexico City has more than once discovered evidence of the German Minister's fidelity to his instructions, his activity in opposition to the interests of the United States, an activity that would delight the said Von Eckhardt if it culminated in war between Mexico and her northern neighbor.

But as for war, fortunately the American Government isn't of the hair-trigger variety and it patiently endures much more from a small nation than it would from a large nation like Germany. But the Mexicans have been given to understand just the same that interference with the shipment of oil to the Allies will promptly exhaust all patience. For if disturbers in the vicinity of the Tampico oil field succeed in interrupting the oil supply for the British and American fleets, particularly if such disturbance originates with certain German persons, protection will be extended the oil properties without a day's delay. That ought not to mean hostilities any more than the incident at Vera Cruz did, but those are things our Government hesitates to talk about. The fact is the Mexicans know or should know that the situation in the oil fields is susceptible of international complications. It isn't that the United States would doubt the good faith or purpose of the Mexican Government, but the fear has been that with the growth of the German propaganda the Carranza régime might be unable to cope with the Tampico situation.

Such things are best handled in the informal conversations of ambassadors, and for that reason the presence of a man of the experience of Henry Prather Fletcher, who won a reputation for tact in a South American capital, is especially happy.

In fact there are lots of ideas related to the progress and probable outcome of the present war which the Mexican Government can get from our ambassador or from any genuine friends of Mexico in the United States. Does President Carranza think Germany is going to win this war? Even assuming that, if under certain untoward circumstances Germany had not rid herself of her present leaders, thus making it necessary for all the Entente countries to unite in an economic boycott—does Mexico think friendliness for Germany would avail her very much? Germany is several thousand miles away and will be busy with a chaotic internal situation, no matter what the decisions of the war. The returning millions of soldiers will insist on having something to say about governmental affairs in Berlin, and there will not be very much time to worry about far-off Mexico and her friction with the United States.

The Test of Sincerity

On the other hand, if—as everybody in the Entente world believes—the cause of democracy and self-determination, which was indeed one of the fundamental principles of the Mexican revolution, shall triumph, the help that our neighbor below the Rio Grande will get from American business and foreign capital generally will depend upon the public opinion which has crystallized during the war period. It will not be quickly forgotten who were our friends and who were not at a time when we were engaged in a vital struggle. President Carranza's opportunity to cultivate the friendship of the American people is a contemporaneous opportunity, not something to be left to the indefinite future. Words of friendship count for very little beside deeds of friendship. The test of sincerity is a practical one.

The President of Mexico evidently believes that Pan-Americanism is a policy of interest to Washington alone, and that he can get further in the world by aligning himself with certain nations in South America. But even Argentina and Chile are pretty far away. They would be as little disposed to give Mexico military assistance in a pinch as they have been to join the United States against Mexico in the past. And besides, if there is any grouping or balancing going on, no solid opposition to the United States will grow up in South America so long as Brazil remains the true friend of the United States, which she has been from the very days of Monroe to the present. Brazil has stuck consistently to the United States through thick and thin. She even offered once to make an offensive-and-defensive alliance with us. She was the first of the big nations in the Western Hemisphere to ally herself with us in this war. So President Carranza might better give up the idea that an entente or pact can be made with South American nations which can possibly affect adversely the interests of the United States. Because, if the President of Mexico will stop to inquire about it, public opinion in the United States hasn't been inclined to so much tolerance as President Wilson has shown and has patiently followed under a policy of true friendship for Mexico. And the temper of a nation at war is not always the same as the temper of a nation at peace.

More Friendly Relations

Unquestionably relations are friendlier to-day with the Carranza Government than they have been in two years. There are direct and frank exchanges of view. Ygnacio Bonillas, the Mexican Ambassador to the United States, talks perfect English and is a fine personality, well thought of by our Government and thoroughly trusted. Mr. Fletcher, the American Ambassador to Mexico, speaks perfect Spanish and is personally well liked by the Mexican Government.

But there are many things that governments can't very well say to each other but that are as plain to be seen as if they were written in diplomatic notes.

In the first place a tremendous world-wide economic upheaval is going on, which Mexico hasn't really felt, because her own abnormal economic troubles have turned her trade balances and taxation systems topsy-turvy.

But she will find it out gradually and will want to get into the new partnership of nations that will issue from this war, a partnership that is going to control most of the ships of the seven seas.

In the second place the high cost of governments is here. It touched Mexico with the outbreak of revolution. The business of administration is expensive. Mr. Carranza's estimated expenditures for the next fiscal year, without paying anything on the national debt, are $20,000,000 in excess of what Porfirio Diaz had to spend to run the whole Mexican Government, including the army, and pay the regular interest on foreign-held bonds.

In the third place Mexico cannot run along after this war is over on the same hand-to-mouth basis to which she owes her present lease of life. Moreover, she will not want to do so. She will need the help of foreign capital to recover her economic stability. By a policy of indifference to these considerations, reconstruction—a word so dear to the masses in Mexico because it means an end of the eight wearisome and destructive years of civil war—will be postponed. Our own railway companies, for instance, which hesitate to-day to let any freight cars or locomotives go across the Rio Grande until ironclad guaranties can be given for return or compensation in case of bandit attack, will not be apt to enter into reciprocal arrangements as of old until the Mexican railways are refinanced. Healthy trade can never be established under such conditions.

America would gladly help if Mexico were not so inclined always to be suspicious of our motives and so interested in keeping an anti-American sentiment alive as a means of unifying discordant political elements. About the last thing that Mexican officials have been willing to admit to their people is that the United States is of any help to Mexico or can be. Always there is resentment, expressed or implied, when the suggestion of American aid is mentioned. The Mexicans prefer to boast that Mexico needs no help from any nation, and that if such a thing as food is permitted to enter Mexico the arrangement is merely a reciprocal exchange for products needed by the United States. When, however, eighty per cent of the corn crop in Mexico failed on account of the frost on the central plateau and the food shortage became serious, anxious eyes were turned toward the granary north of the Rio Grande. Ordinarily the United States would let bygones be bygones and send large quantities of food to Mexico, but in wartime restrictions are

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placed upon exports to all neutrals. America herself began early to conserve food. The prime necessity was to feed the Allied armies and populations. What remained would go to neutrals.

President Carranza expressed vehement displeasure over the severity of the embargo, which included gold as well as foodstuffs; and what happened subsequently gives an insight into the workings of his mind. The coquetry with Argentina and other South American countries took on new vigor as we enforced our embargo. Of course we had restricted the flow of gold even to Japan and other friendly countries, but Mr. Carranza held that we were discriminating against Mexico by interfering with exports so vital to her needs. The Washington Government, through the influence of Ambassador Fletcher, announced its willingness to make exceptions in Mexico's favor—to permit a certain quantity of corn to be bought in the United States and a gold credit to be established in this country against which Mexican purchases could be checked. This was merely out of friendship for Mexico. Everything was arranged splendidly between the Federal Reserve Board on the one hand and diplomatic representatives of Mexico on the other.

But President Carranza did not approve. There was a lapse in the parleys. Soon Mr. Carranza obtained from the Mexican Congress extraordinary powers to levy export-and-import duties on commerce with all nations which discriminated against Mexico. Then he appointed Luis Cabrera to renew the negotiations in Washington. Mr. Cabrera lingered in Mexico City a long time, finally came to Washington, exchanged greetings with Secretary Lansing and others and then departed unceremoniously for New York and sailed for the Argentine Republic.

Let Mexico Choose

Ambassador Fletcher and the State Department had to wait for a new envoy. Our Government exhibited more patience. Finally Rafael Nieto, acting head of the Department of Finance, a very intelligent person with a quick grasp of business affairs, arrived. He was given every courtesy and facility at the Food Administration, the Shipping Board, the Treasury Department and the War Trade Board. Mr. Fletcher was with him morning, noon and night, interpreting, explaining, cutting red tape, obtaining all the information Mr. Nieto wanted and generally laying all the cards on the table. Another agreement was drafted and taken back for approval, this time with better prospect of success. While in the United States Mr. Nieto saw the American people rationing themselves. He had an opportunity to see the Food Administration at work and to learn of the extensive demands of the Allies for food. He found that our own corn crop was not immediately available because of transportation troubles, and, all together, carried back to Mr. Carranza a picture of a nation at war.

But will the Mexican executive realize how little any neutral or nonbelligerent nation can hope to get from the United States while we are engaged in a struggle against the powerful military machine of the Central Powers? Such telegrams as he sent to the Kaiser on the latter's birthday may have followed the regular form of congratulatory messages between rulers, but the American people, who control their own Government, aren't likely to sanction the exporting of food in large quantities to a country that is presumed to be seeking favor with our enemy, Germany. Mr. Cabrera's tactics produced a bad effect. And the openly conducted propaganda of the Germans in Mexican newspapers doesn't make the American people or their Government feel any too kindly toward Mexico.

Mexico is playing with fire if she listens to the arguments of German intrigue, which are that so long as there is not proved connection between President Carranza and the Germans he can safely count on the friendly attitude of President Wilson, and that only by exposure of complicity can Mexico forfeit the friendly disposition of the United States. For Mexico should never forget that it is of vital importance to Germany to foment distrust and trouble between the United States and Mexico. We have passed through some ticklish moments in our relations with Mexico and avoided war, and it would be suicide for Mexico to fall for the German game now. Germany alone would gain by it. Because while a break between Mexico and the United States would give us some trouble and expense, in the end it would be Mexico who would pay the piper, and Germany would drop Mexico cold the moment the latter had served her purpose—to distract America's attention and interfere with our efforts in France. Germany's promises of after-the-war assistance as an offset to American, English and French economic penetration may sound well from the lip and pen of the German propagandist, but they are empty promises. Not only are they impracticable but they are eminently selfish on the part of Germany.

What President Carranza may not realize, but what his friends in this country or in Mexico can tell him, is that if he tries to play off Washington against Berlin or even Washington against Buenos Aires, the game is fully understood in the United States and isn't going to help Mexico to reconstruction when once the war is over. Mexico has a right to be pro-Mexican to the extreme. But the road to economic prosperity and stability does not lie through the mournful streets of Hamburg and Berlin, the dwelling places of a bankrupt nation; nor through far-away intrigues in the Argentine, whose people are strongly sympathetic with the cause of democracy and may soon align themselves with us; but it lies through the ships and railroads of the United States of America, over which can be borne to immediate markets the products of Mexican industry and agriculture—through the pathways indeed of American friendship and good will, something easily lost during the sensitive days of war, but which, once gained, can be developed into the most precious of all assets for the Republic of Mexico in the coming days of peace.

Soft for Reggie

THREE gilded he-butterflies of Broadway, all just past the draft age, wound up an evening's long, hard tour of the lobster palaces and the cabarets in an all-night bar. They had reached the patriotic stage. One declared that, regardless of every other consideration, he meant to answer his country's call. "Firs' thing in mornin' I'm goin' enlist!" he announced thickly, clinging for support to the bar rail.

"Thash me!" stated the second man. "I'll go wiz you. We'll go together and get in the good old army and fight for the gran' old flag!"

Then, with one accord, they turned upon their companion and urged him to become a soldier, also. But Reggie—Reggie, it would seem, was his name—shook his head regretfully.

"Fellowsh," he lamented tearfully, "I'd give anythin' in whole world to join you; but I got a family to support."

One of the others had an inspiration.

"Reggie," he exclaimed affectionately, "I'll tell you what: if you can't go as a soldier, go wiz us as our guest!"

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When the war prices struck us, it was our misfortune that almost all the chief ingredients in the Cream increased enormously in cost. One ingredient soared upwards 2500%. The average increase was over 200%. Just the empty tin tube with its paper container costs 4 cents more than before the war.

We could have produced a cheaper Cream and blamed it on the war, but we have won the patronage of over a million men by giving them an infinitely superior article—we could not afford to destroy their faith in the integrity of the Mennen trade mark by changing the formula of our Cream to its detriment

That is the situation. Mennen's Shaving Cream will not be changed even if we are forced to raise its price to 40 cents or even 50 cents. At 35 cents we make no profit. We guarantee, however, that we will supply Mennen's beard-softening lather to you in some form whatever happens.

By the way—use the Cream more sparingly. Almost everyone squeezes out too much. Half an inch is ample for the average shave. Mennen's is a concentrated cream and if used rightly is still very economical at present price. Let us urge, for your sake and ours, to use an abundance of water and take a reasonable time to build up a lather. You will really save time on your shave—to say nothing of comfort.

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The Mountain Lion

By ENOS A. MILLS

RAISING my eyes for an instant from the antics of a woodchuck, they caught a movement of the tall grass caused by a crawling animal. This presently showed itself to be a mountain lion. He was slipping up on a mare and colt on the opposite edge of the meadow. The easy air that was blowing across my face—from horse to lion—had not carried a warning of my presence to either of them.

I was in Big Elk Park, seated on a rock pile, and was nearly concealed by drooping tree limbs. Behind me rose the forested Twin Peaks, and before me a ragged-edged mountain meadow lay in the forest; and across this meadow the lion crawled.

The colt kicked up its heels as it ran merry circles round its mother. This beautiful bay mare, like her colt, was born in unfenced scenes and had never felt the hand of man. She had marked capability and the keenness exacted by wilderness environment.

I watched the bending grass as the lion crept closer and closer. Occasionally I caught a glimpse of the low-held body and the alert raised head. The back-pointing, sensitive three-foot tail, as restless as an elephant's trunk, kept swinging, twitching and feeling. Planning, before the lion was within leaping distance, to warn the mare with a yell, I sat still and watched

The well-developed and ever-alert senses of the mare—I know not whether it was scent or sight—brought a message of danger. Suddenly she struck an attitude of concentration and defiance, and the frightened colt crowded to her side. How capable and courageous she stood, with arched neck, blazing eyes, vigilant ears and haughty tail! She pawed impatiently as the lion, now near, watchful and waiting, froze.

Suddenly he leaped forward, evidently hoping to stampede both animals and probably to seize the separated colt. Instantly the mother wheeled and her outkicking heels narrowly missed the lion's head. Next the lion made a quick side leap to avoid being stamped beneath the mare's swift front feet.

For half a minute the mare and lion were dodging and fighting with all their skill. A splendid picture the mare made with erect tail and arched neck as she struck and wheeled and kicked!

Again and again the lion tried to leap upon the colt; but each time the mother was between them. Then, watching his chance, he boldly leaped at the mare, endeavoring to throw a forepaw round her neck and, at the same instant, to seize and tear the throat with his savage teeth. He nearly succeeded.

Honors to the Mare

With the lion clinging and tearing at her head, the audacious mare reared almost straight on her hind legs and threw herself backward. This either threw the lion off or he let go. She had her nose badly clawed and got a bite in the neck; but she was first to recover, and a kick landed upon the lion's hip. Crippled, he struggled and hurried tumbling away into the woods, while the bleeding mare paused to breathe beside the untouched colt.

The mountain lion is called a puma, catamount, panther, painter or cougar, and was originally found all over North America. Of course he shows variations due to local climate and food. He is now most plentiful in Western Colorado, Southern Utah and Central Arizona.

The lion is stealthy, exceedingly cunning, and curious in the extreme; but I am not ready, as many are, to call him cowardly. He does not have that spectacular rash bravery which dashes into the face of almost certain death; but he is courageous enough when necessity requires him to procure food or to defend himself and his kind. He simply adapts himself to conditions; and these exact extreme caution.

The mountain lion may be called sagacious rather than audacious. Settlers in his territory are aware of his presence through his hogging the wild game and his occasional or frequent killing of colts, horses, cattle, sheep and chickens. But so seldom is he seen, or even heard, that, were it not for his tracks and the deadly evidence of his presence, his existence would not be believed.

Though I have camped in his territory for weeks at a time, and ofttimes made special efforts to see him, the number of lions I have seen—except, of course, those treed by dogs—is small.

When a mountain lion is frightened, or when pursued by dogs, he is pretty certain to take refuge in a tree. This may be a small tree or a large one. He may be out on a large limb or up in the top of the tree.

The lion is a fair runner and a good swimmer. Often he has been known to swim across lakes, or even arms of the sea more than a mile wide. And he is an excellent tree climber, and often uses a living tree or a dead leaning one as a thoroughfare—as a part of his trail system on a steep mountain side. Twice I have seen him on a near-by limb at night watching me or my fire. Once I woke in the night and saw a lion upon two outreaching tree limbs not more than eight feet above me. His hind-feet were upon one limb, his forefeet upon a lower limb, and he was looking down, watching me curiously. He remained in this position for several minutes; then turned quietly, descended the tree on the opposite side and walked easily away into the woods.

The Unclaimed Thousand

It is probable that lions mate for life. Sometimes they live year after year in the same den and prowl over the same local territory. This territory, I think, is rarely more than a few miles across; though, where food is scarce or a good den not desirably located, they may cover many miles of territory.

Lions commonly live in a den of their own making. This is sometimes dug in loose sand or soil where its entrance is concealed among bushes. Sometimes it is beneath a fallen log or a tree root, and in other places a semiden, beneath rocks, is enlarged. In this den the young are born, and the old ones may use it a part of each year, and for year after year.

Though occasionally a mother lion may raise as many as five kittens, rarely does she succeed in raising more than two; and I think only two are commonly brought forth at a birth. These kittens probably remain with the mother for nearly a year, and in exceptional cases even longer. As I have seen either kittens or their tracks at every season of the year, I assume they may be born at any time.

The mountain lion is a big whiskered cat and has many of the traits possessed by the average cat. He weighs about one hundred and fifty pounds and is from seven to eight feet long, including a three-foot tail. He is thin and flat-sided and tawny in color. He varies from brownish red to grayish brown. He has sharp strong claws.

Mr. Roosevelt once offered one thousand dollars for a mountain-lion skin that would measure ten feet from tip to tip. The money was never claimed. Apparently, however, in the state of Washington a hunter did succeed in capturing an old lion that weighed nearly two hundred pounds and measured ten and a half feet from tip to tip. But most lions approximate only one hundred pounds and measure possibly eight feet from tip to tip.

The lion eats almost anything. I have seen him catching mice and grasshoppers. On one occasion I was lying behind a clump of willows upon a beaver dam. Across the pond was an open grassy space. Out into this presently walked a mountain lion. For at least half an hour he amused or satisfied himself by chasing, capturing and eating grasshoppers. He then lay down for a few minutes in the sunshine; but presently he scented something alarming and vanished into the thick pine woods.

One evening I sat watching a number of deer feeding on a terrace of a steep mountain side. Suddenly a lion leaped out, landing on the neck of one. Evidently the deer was off balance and on a steep slope. The impact of the lion knocked him over, but like a flash he was upon his feet again. Top-heavy with the lion, he slid several yards down a steep place and fell over a precipice. The lion was carried with him. I found both dead on the rocks below.

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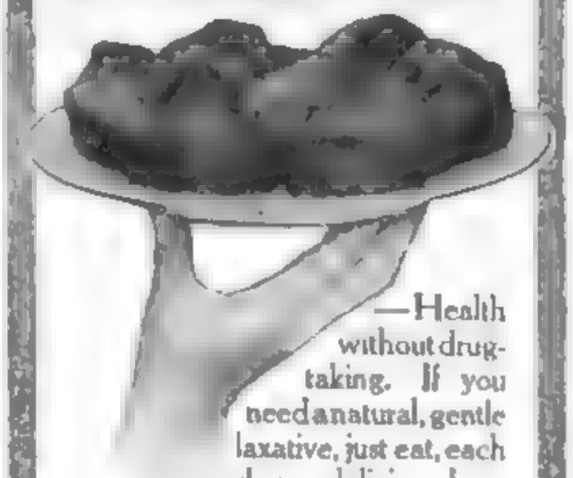

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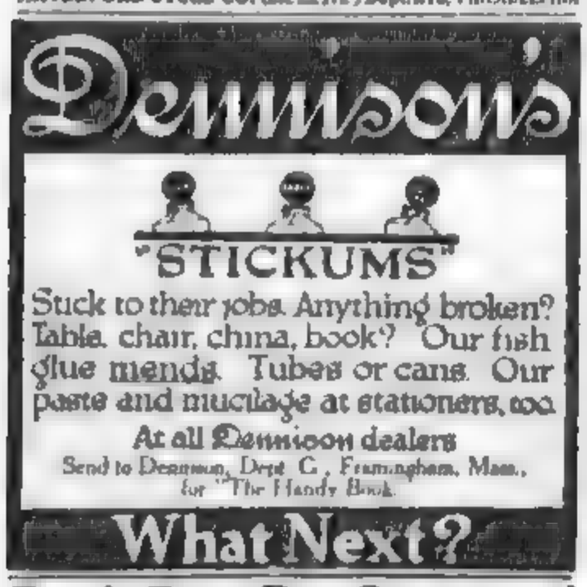
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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
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The lion is a master of woodcraft. He understands the varying sounds and silences of the forest. He either hides and lies in wait or slips unsuspected upon his victim. He slips upon game even more stealthily than man; and in choosing the right spot to wait for a victim he usually chooses wisely and waits, alert, and if necessary for a prolonged time. He generally leaps upon the shoulders and neck of horse, deer or sheep, and then grabs the victim's throat in his teeth. Generally the victim quickly succumbs. If a lion or lioness misses in leaping, the animal commonly turns away to seek another victim. Rarely does he pursue or put up a fight.

A friend wished a small blue mule on me. It had been the man's vacation pack animal. The mule loitered round, feeding on the abundant grass near my cabin. The first snow came. Twenty-four hours later the mule was passing a bowlder near my cabin when a lion leaped upon him and throttled him. Tracks and scattered hair showed that the struggle had been intense though brief.

Not a track led to the bowlder upon which the lion had lain in wait, and, as the snow had fallen twenty-four or more hours before the tragedy, he must have been there at least twenty-four hours, and he may have waited twice as long.

Lion vs. Grizzly

Another time I frightened a lion from a cliff where he was waiting for a near-by flock of bighorn sheep to come within leaping distance. Though it was nearly forty-eight hours since snow had ceased falling, not a track led to the lion's watching place or blind.

The lion probably is the game hog of the wilds. Often I have read his red records in the snow. On one occasion he killed nine mountain sheep in one attack. He ate a few pounds of one of them and never returned to the kill. On another occasion he killed eleven domestic sheep in one night. Inside of twenty-four hours a lion killed a doe, a fawn, a porcupine, a grouse, and was making a try for another mountain sheep when I appeared on snowshoes. He seems to prefer colts or horses for food.

Mr. J. A. McGuire, editor of Outdoor Life, who has made special investigations concerning the killings of mountain lions, estimates that a lion will kill a deer every week if he has the opportunity to do so. From personal experience I have known him to kill four deer in a single week.

On one occasion, when I was hidden and watching the carcass of a deer which a lion had killed, waiting to see what carnivorous animal might come to the feast, I saw a mountain lion walk quietly and unalertly to it and commence to eat. While this was going on the lion suddenly bristled up and spat in the direction from which a grizzly bear presently appeared. With terrible snarling and threatening, the lion held on to the prize until the grizzly was within a few feet. He then leaped toward the grizzly with a snarl, struck at it and dashed into the woods. The grizzly, without even looking round to see where the lion had gone, commenced eating.

From many experiences I believe that much of the killing of domestic and wild animals attributed to bears is done by lions. The lion prefers warm blood and fresh meat for each meal, and will kill daily if there is opportunity. I have known bears to follow mountain lions evidently for the purpose of obtaining food. One day I came upon the recently killed carcass of a cow. Only mountain-lion tracks led to it and from it. The following night I spent at a near-by ranch house, and the rancher informed me that on the previous day he had discovered a bear eating the carcass of this cow which he accused the bear of killing.

The lion is a most capable raider of ranches, and colts, horses, sheep, pigs and poultry are his prizes. In territory where he is at all common it is necessary to hunt and trap him systematically. In the National Parks, where wild life is protected by the Government, the lion is regularly hunted and trapped. He is less difficult to trap than a bear or a wolf, and when hunted with dogs is captured with comparative ease. Though he is not verging on extermination, his numbers are being reduced, even in his most favored localities.

In Northern New Mexico one day I saw a lion bounding across an opening, carrying a tame sheep in its mouth. On another occasion I saw a lion carrying off a deer that apparently weighed much more than the lion itself. The lion appeared to have the deer by the shoulder, and it was resting on the lion's shoulders in such a way that I do not believe it touched the ground.

I suppose when the lion makes a kill in an out-of-the-way place, where he may eat with comparative safety, he does not take the trouble to carry or to drag the victim off. Often, of course, the kill is made for the benefit of the young, and hence must be transported to the den.

It is quite true that he will sometimes wander back to his kill day after day and feast upon it. It is also true, when food is scarce, that lions will eat almost anything, even though they have nothing to do with the killing. They have been trapped at the bait that was out for bears; and so, though a lion prefers blood and warm meat, he will return to his kill to feast, or, if food is scarce, gladly eat whatever he can obtain.

From what I have seen I judge that after eating he usually prefers to lie down and rest, or sleep for a few hours in some sunny or secluded spot, or on a many-branched limb, generally well up toward the top of the tree, but sometimes not more than ten feet above the earth.

The lion has extreme curiosity. He will follow travelers for hours if there is opportunity to keep out of sight while doing so. Often during long snowshoe trips I have returned over the route first traveled. Lion tracks in the snow showed that I was repeatedly followed for miles. In a number of places where I had taken a long rest the lion had crept up close, so that he could easily watch me; and on a few occasions he must have been within a few feet of me.

While walking through a forest in the Medicine Bow Mountains I was startled and knocked down by a glancing blow of a tree limb that fell upon me. This limb had evidently broken off under the weight of a lion, which also came tumbling down; but he caught a claw on a limb and saved himself from striking the earth. Evidently in his curiosity to see me he had leaned out too far on a weak limb. He fled in confusion, apparently even more frightened than myself.

The mountain lion is not ferocious. Mr. Roosevelt, in summing up its characteristics, concluded that it would be no more dangerous to sleep in woods populated with mountain lions than if they were so many ordinary cats.

In addition to years of camping in the wilds in all sorts of places and under all conditions of weather, I have talked with careful frontiersmen, skillful hunters and trappers, and these people uniformly agreed with what I have found to be true—that the instances of mountain lions' attacking human beings are exceedingly rare. In each of these cases the peculiar action of the lion and the comparative ineffectiveness of his attacks indicated that he was under normal mentally or nearly exhausted physically.

Bloodcurdling Stories

Two other points of agreement are: Rarely does anyone under ordinary conditions see a lion; and just as rarely does one hear its call. Of the dozen or more times I have heard the screech of the lion, on three occasions there was a definite cause for the cry—on one a mother frantically sought her young, which had been carried off by a trapper; and twice the cry was a wail, in each instance given by the lion calling for its mate, recently slain by a hunter.

During the past thirty years I have investigated dozens of stories told of lions leaping upon travelers from cliffs or tree limbs, or of other stealthy attacks. When run down each of these proved to be an invention; in most cases not a lion or even lion track had been seen.

Two instances of lion attacks are worth mentioning. One night in California a lion leaped from a cliff, struck a man, knocked him down, and then ran away. Out of this incident have come numerous stories of lion ferocity. This lion was tracked, however, and the following day the pursuing hunter saw it crossing an opening. It suddenly clawed and hit at a bowlder. Then, going on, it apparently ran into a tree, and fought that. As it started on the hunter shot it. This beast was badly emaciated, had a swollen face from an ulcerated tooth, and was nearly if not entirely blind.

Another instance apparently was of a weak-minded lion. As though to attack, it came toward a little ten-year-old girl in Idaho. She struck it over the head with a bridle she was carrying. Her brother hurried to the rescue with a willow fishing pole. Together they beat the lion off and escaped with a few bad scratches. Yet had this been a lion of average strength and braveness he must have killed or severely injured both.

The mountain lion rivals the shark, the devilfish and the grizzly in being the cause of ferocious and fabulous tales. The fact that he takes refuge on limbs as a place of lookout to watch for people or other objects, and that he frequently follows people for hours through the woods without their ever seeing him—and, I suppose, too, the very fact that he is so rarely seen—make him a sort of storm center, as it were, for bloodcurdling stories.

Through many years I systematically investigated plausible accounts of the ferocity of mountain lions. These investigations brought very little information, but they did disclose the fact that there are a few types of lion tales which are told over and over again, with slight local variations. These tales commonly are without the slightest basis of fact. They are usually revamped by a clever-minded writer, a frightened hunter or an interesting storyteller, as occasions offer. One of the commonest of the oft-told tales that have come to me through the years is as follows:

A Friendly Pair

"Late Saturday evening, while Mr. and Mrs. Simpson were returning from the village through the woods, they were attacked by a half-starved mountain lion. The lion leaped out upon them from brush by the roadside and attempted to seize Mr. Simpson. Though an old man, he put up a fight, and at last beat off the lion with the butt of the buggy whip."

Sometimes this is a family and the time of day is early morning. Sometimes the lion is ferocious instead of half starved. Sometimes it is of enormous size. Once in a while he leaps from a cliff or an overhanging tree limb. Generally he chews and claws someone up pretty badly, and occasionally attempts to carry off one of the children.

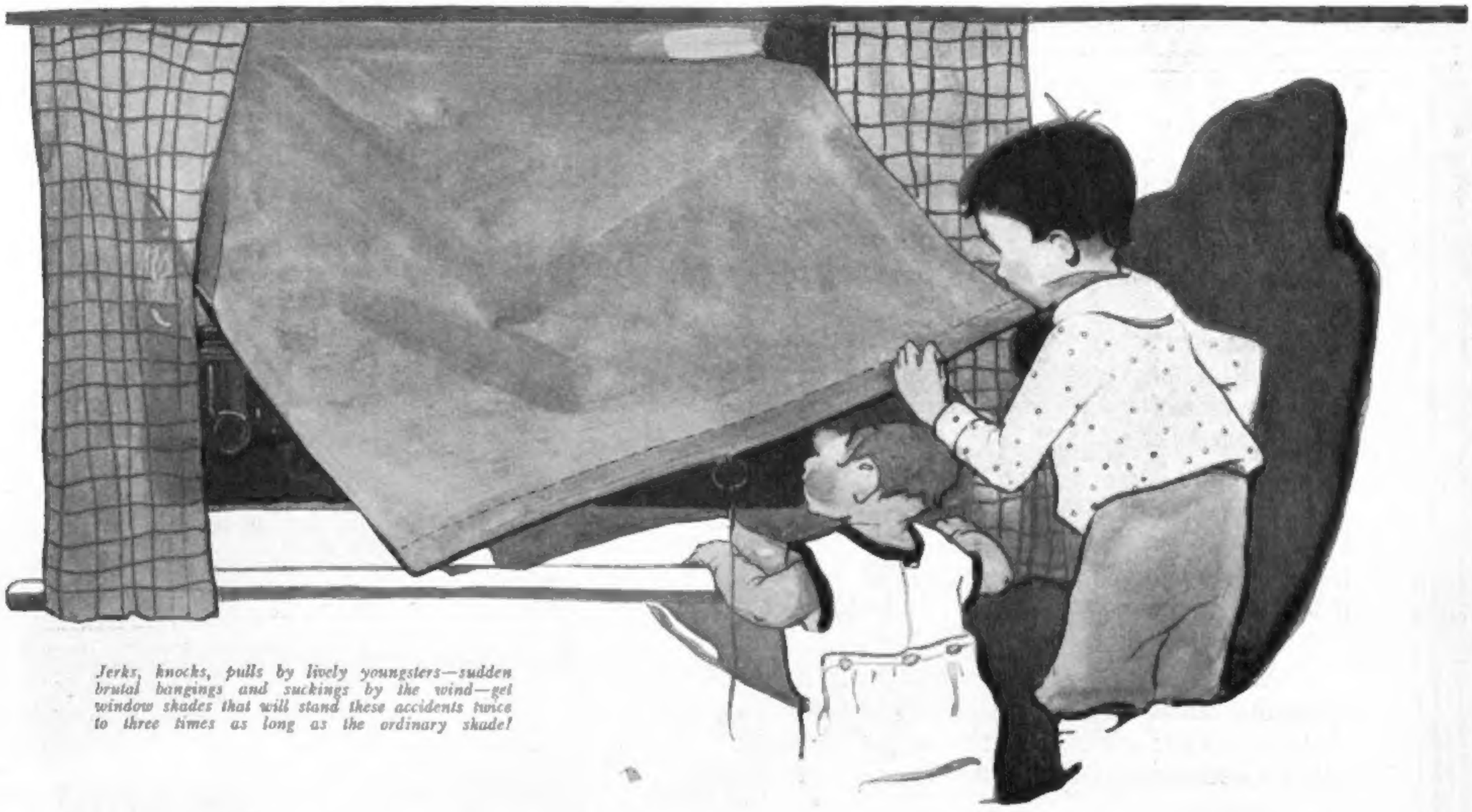
Many times my letter addressed to one of the party attacked is returned unclaimed. Sometimes my letter to the postmaster or the sheriff of the locality is returned with the information: "No such party known." Now and then I ask the sheriff, the postmaster or the storekeeper some questions concerning this attack, and commonly their replies are: "It never happened"; "It's a pipe dream"; "A pure fake"; or "Evidently whoever told you that story had one or two drinks too many."

One day I came out of the woods in the rear of a sawmill. I was making my way to the living room of the place, between log piles and lumber piles. Right round the corner of a slab heap I caught sight of a mountain lion just as it leaped at me. It missed me intentionally, and at once wheeled and rose up to play with me. In the two or three seconds that elapsed between the time when I had my first glimpse of it and when I realized it was a pet I had almost concluded that, after all, a lion may be a ferocious animal.

On one occasion, when I was on a cliff at the edge of a grassy opening, I was astonished to see a coyote trot leisurely across; and just before he disappeared in the woods a lion appeared on the opposite side of the opening, following contentedly along the trail of the coyote. The next day I again saw this friendly pair, but on this occasion the lion was leading and the coyote following. Afterward I saw their tracks a number of times.

Just why they were associated in this friendly manner we can only conjecture. It will be readily seen that the coyote, which has all the wisdom of a fox, might follow a game-hog lion about and thus, with little effort, get a substantial and satisfactory food supply; but why the lion should willingly associate with a coyote is not quite clear. Perhaps this association proved to be of some advantage to the lion in his killing, or it may have been just one of those peculiar unaccounted-for attachments occasionally seen between animals.

In any discussion concerning the mountain lion, or, for that matter, any living animal, hardly can the last word be said concerning the character of the individual of the species. Individuals vary; and now and then a mountain lion, as well as a human being, shows marked and peculiar traits. These may be the result of unusual alertness and sheer curiosity; or they may be subnormal, and cruel or murderous.



Jerks, knocks, pulls by lively youngsters—sudden brutal bangings and suckings by the wind—get window shades that will stand these accidents twice to three times as long as the ordinary shade!

What happens to *your* window shades when the fire engines go by?

YOUR children run to the window and jerk the shade aside! A few such sudden strains and the ordinary window shade is full of cracks and pinholes, is wrinkled and sagging.

That is because all ordinary window shades are made of a coarsely-woven cloth "filled" with chalk and clay, to give it body and smoothness. The knocking of the wind, the pushes and pulls all window shades get, make this filling loosen and fall out—ruin the shade.

A Brenlin window shade resists sudden strains. Brenlin wears two to three times as long as the ordinary shade. It hangs smooth and straight! No cracks, no pinholes! You are amazed at the length of time it wears—and still looks well.

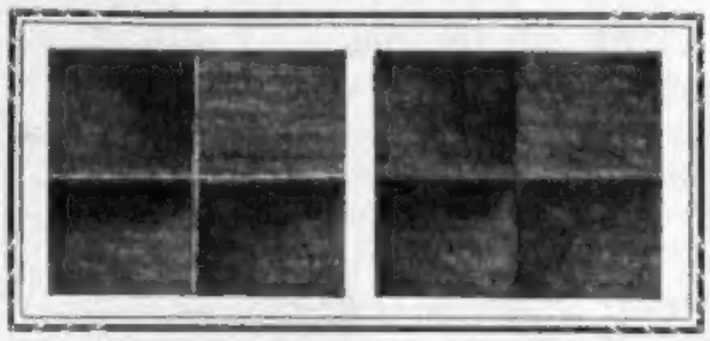
Why Brenlin is so much more durable!

Brenlin contains no "filling" to fall out when severe strains come. It is just a fine, closely woven cloth prepared by a special process to be as durable as a window shade can be made.

To maintain an even, perfect weave, the number of threads to the square inch is counted and kept the same! The cloth is especially treated so that it will not sag—will not wrinkle. A scientifically prepared, expensive color is used to keep Brenlin supple, to reveal its beautiful linen-like texture. Nor will this color spot in the rain nor fade in the hottest sun!

See Brenlin at your dealer's

Go to the Brenlin dealer in your town—see the many rich, mellow colorings he has in this wonderful wearing material. He can also show you Brenlin Duplex, one color on one side, another color on the other.



Make two tight folds in ordinary window shade material. Hold it to the light. See the cracks and countless pinholes

Fold Brenlin, the long-wearing window shade material. It remains unbroken, no cracks, no pinholes

Make sure you are getting genuine Brenlin—try the famous Brenlin folding test in your dealer's shop. Also, look for the word "Brenlin" perforated on the edge—when you buy, and when your window shades are hung.

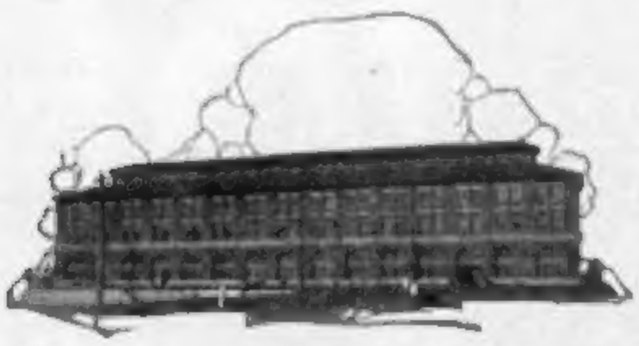
If you do not know where to find Brenlin, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

For windows of little importance Camargo or Empire shades give you the greatest value obtainable in filled window shades.

Free book on how to shade your windows

Send for this attractive book today. It tells how you can make your whole home more beautiful. It suggests delightful ways to use the many charming Brenlin colors. With it we will send actual samples of Brenlin window shade material in all colors.

Chas. W. Breneman & Co., 2019 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio—"The oldest window shade house in America." Factories: Cincinnati, O., and Brooklyn, N. Y. Branches: New York City and Oakland, Cal. Owners of the good will and trade-marks of the Jay C. Wemple Company.



The Government recognized the superiority of Brenlin shades by ordering 300 of them for the U. S. Government Aero Station at Pensacola, Fla., from Marston & Quinn

Brenlin

the long wearing window shade material

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Please send me "How Shall I Shade and Decorate My Windows?"

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You're smoke-set for keeps when you pick P. A. for your pet-pal!

You're going to blow off your smokeappetite to the realest bit of tobacco satisfaction you ever stumbled against quick as you and Prince Albert hook up! Bet-your-bottom-dollar *on that!*

For, *quality* lets you in on the full joys of P. A. without putting your taste or tongue into training! P. A. *quality* gets the flavor, fragrance, coolness *right there instantly!* And, you catch it—*and hang on to it* because it heaves into the discard every kick you ever made against a jimmy pipe.

P. A. *quality* is a smoking-smash-all-by-itself—but realize that behind it is Prince Albert's patented process *that cuts out bite and parch!* You can puff at a traffic-trot or speed-at-sixty—P. A. won't bite—it can't bite.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

just makes smoking what you always wished it might be—a constant *24-hour delight!* Because, no matter how much of the gladgoods you get away with per day, you're keen for more! And, every time you fire-up you do some mental figuring that proves P. A. "tastes just a little better than that last whack"! *And, so on!*

You're in for a spell-of-sport that'll knock into a cocked hat the classiest smokesession you ever ordered through a smokeshop! For, Prince Albert's quality will show *you* some smokekinks that have made men everywhere, and in all walks of life, talk Prince Albert and *smoke* Prince Albert!

P. A. certainly will do a pretty clever job for you, *all right!* Quit plaguing yourself!

Prince Albert awaits your call everywhere tobacco is sold. Toppy red bags, tidy red tins and handsome full pound and full half-pound tin humidors; and, that classy, full pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

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The best of Easter meals

You like to make Easter a festive day. You have flowers in your home, candies and Easter rabbits for the children, and to complete the gladness of the day, you should strive to serve a meal of Swift's Premium Ham.

The appetizing flavor will plainly tell of the special care in preparation. Only the careful, special Premium cure, and the fragrant smoke of slow hickory fires could carry to every morsel of this ham such delicacy, such delicious flavor.

This year make your Easter a memorable one. Choose this specially cured Premium ham. See how heartily your family will appreciate its unusual flavor and fineness. Be sure to see the brand name on the ham you buy—Swift's Premium.

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USE 15% TO 25% BARLEY RYE OR CORN

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